

1912.

6656

MONDAY, The van-guard arrived under very favorable
June 24
Fair conditions, by automobile, thanks to the kindness of
Warn.

Mr. F. A. Danforth. We burst a tire, but as we discreetly
waited till we were safe in our back yard it didn't delay us.
The van-guard was as follows:

Harry Richards *Alvin W. Richards* *John Richards*

Also Duke, but he doesn't like to write his name. We had a good
swim before dinner, and after dinner we did chores and picked
wild strawberries, which we had for supper. After supper we
went fishing, and J. R. got two bass, one of which weighed
two pounds and a half. A lively beginning for the season!

TUESDAY, One might even say hot, for Mrs. Gleason wouldn't
June 25
Fair, let her family plough, on account of the temperature.
Warn.

Still, we did ^hcores and got strawberries, as before. And
in the course of the afternoon arrived

Edward Harding

So we were a merry, if somewhat sleepy quartette.

The eggs were all put out to-day. Putting the rock in
one wheelbarrow and the egg in another, and wheeling them
in procession, makes it a less serious undertaking.

Late in the afternoon a southerly wind came up, and it
looked like a storm, but by bed-time the moon was out.

WEDNESDAY, This morning the boats were out out, and very
June 26,
N.W. gay they look. The two black boats, after various
Cool,
Fair. experiments, are really named at last. They are the
Erebus and the Terror, and plainly marked to that ~~that~~ effect.

96-185

WEDNESDAY The new Rob Roy is the Sandpeen. They are all marked
(cont'd.)
even the Ouananiche.

The next of the company arrived just in time for supper.
They had burst tires to the number of three, and had done it
all along the road. Still, they got here at last, and it is
better late than never.

Laurel Richards

Rosalind Richards

After supper we went out and looked at the moon from
the point. Beware of the hole there, which is large and fierce.

THURSDAY, It was really almost cold, for at bed-time the
June 27

N.W. mercury stood at 59'. This is a record for June, and we
cool

hope it will not be broken in a hurry.

The Ouananiche slip was out out, but it was so cold
that the last horses were not out in place.

After supper the Skimmer and Captain John went out
fishing, and returned with one bass and one white perch. It is
still close time on perch, so don't tell.

FRIDAY, Work goes on in orderly fashion. We feel quite ready
June 28

S.W. for the boys.
Fair

One bass was caught in the afternoon, and many wild
strawberries picked. This is the fifth night in succession
that we have had strawberries for supper. All off our own
place, too.

Two joints of the table at supper, for our party is increased
by two. One came by train, the other by motor-cycle.

Carlton A. Shaw

Eleanor W. Brown

3

A SONG OF ARRIVAL.

Chorus: "The Campbells are coming"

The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers are coming to old Merryweather,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho!

All in the bone-yard I lay, I lay,
All in the bone-yard I lay, I lay,
I looked east toward Messalonskee,
And saw two hay-riggings coming this way.

The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers ~~are~~ are coming, o ho, o ho,
With shouting and singing and flouting and flinging,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho!

Oh, some are old and some are new,
And some are twice as big as you,
But big or little or pretty or plain,
They're welcome to Merryweather again.

The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers are coming to old Merryweather,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho!

Now helter-skelter adown the hill,
And into your bathing-suits with a will!
A skip and a hop and a hop and a skip,
And so they go scampering down the slip;

The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho,
With crashing and flashing and splashing and dashing,
The Brothers are coming, o ho, o ho!

L.E.R.

SATURDAY. It began cloudy, but soon cleared so that the day June 29, may properly be called fair. It was just as well,

N.W.

Cool, for there was a good deal to be done to the Marmoth Cave to get it ready for its inhabitants. The

Fair.

tent was a very tight fit for its frame, but it went on after a while. Soan dishes were put in place; places were drawn for and the usual last odds and ends picked up.

The two Thorndikes arrived early in the afternoon by automobile. Their signitures are with the rest of the crowd, however. Dr. Thorndike had to hurry back to Waterville to catch a train, so we only caught a glimpse of him.

The hay-wagons were no quicker than usual; in fact they were so slow that Francis Perkins and Horace Davis got out and walked, or rather ran. Then came the avalanche, and in a few minutes everyone was in the water.

After supper there was an interval of unpacking for those whose trunks had come, and then we played "Going to Jerusalem". The third round was an exhibition performance by the faculty. Fifteen minutes of "Blind Man's Buff" ended the evening for the half-past-eighters. The half-past-niners voted for a story, so Mrs. Richards began "The Danvers Jewels".

GENERAL REMARKS.

When all the boys get here, camp will be larger than it has ever been before. The big new tent, the Marmoth Cave, takes in the extra ones, and the alcove in the big room has been enlarged to make space for a bigger Tincubator. Of the eighteen new boys seven are younger brothers of old boys, so they don't seem really new.

Twining Lynes
Loring Tiffany Swain
John Radford Abbott
L. C. Zahner.
Prescott H. Wellman
Philip H. Pinion S.
Asner E. Hinds
Geo. E. H. H.

Francis H. Cummings
Richard D. Warner
Philip D. Parker Jr.
Charles F. Batetulder Jr.
Harry H. Cross.
William King
Edmund Billings Jr.
Frederic C. Lawrence.
Charles Thorncliffe
Granville S. Foss.
Frederick Dillon.
H. W. Harris Jr.
O. S. Leland.
F. D. Perkins
C. X. Cummings Jr.
J. H. Hun

Hallowell Davis
Hancock Dorr
Horace B. Davis
Burnham Bowden.
William Chisholm
J. W. Dwight Jr.
Russell Chapin.
Tom Bennett
Arthur H. Hayden
Richard Brodrick
Clarence H. Canning.
Robert J. Paine Jr
Jacob Dunnell
Robert Anny Thomcliffe
Laurence James
Alden S. Foss.

SUNDAY, our new weather-man, Granville Foss, wanted to create
 June 30
 T. 59' a sensation, so he established a new record for cold
 B. 29.28
 N.M.E. weather on the thirtieth of June. We don't want to
 Fair,
 Cold discourage young ambition, but we don't advise anyone
 to break this record.

In spite of unfavorable conditions, the following passed
 the swimming test this morning: Harris, H.B. Davis, Lawrence,
 C. Thorndike, F. Cummings, Cross and King.

At afternoon reading Mrs. Richards began "Macbeth".

As it was too rough and cold for a water picnic, we went on
 assorted walks, to Bickford Hill, the Bog, and Snake Point.
 The Bickford Hillers found strawberries, the Boggers found
 sheer laurel in great quantities, and the Snake Pointers lost
 Bunny Bowden; the loss was only temporary, however.

We picnicked in the pine grove, with cocoa to begin on.
 After supper we sat round the fire, and had much singing, of
 rounds and other things.

The trip home was uneventful, and after hymns we had
 "His Private Honor."

 The pond is up to high water mark, and Pickerel Rock is
 ten inches under water.

Hal Davis and Beef Parker are now half-past-niners.

This year we have three prefects, living up in the Crows'
 Nest; P. Simons, L. Zahner, and A.E. Hinds. Hindsy having thus grad-
 uated from the Log, after long and honorable service, Hal Davis
 has been appointed assistant editor.

MONDAY, The first event of the day was sad one. Mr. Harding July 1st.

T.64' left us by the morning train, with his pockets full of B.29.46

N.N.E. orders for fire-crackers, which he kindly undertook to Fair

see to. He is going to spend the summer at the Harvard Summer School.

At morning reading Skinner explained the origin and development of the Scouting Game, for the benefit of the new brethren, and Mrs. Richards began "The Voyage of the Discovery"

Three more passed the swimming test this morning, Corning, R. A. Thorndike, and Dunnell. "Hi ! for the next one."

The tutoring squad began work to-day. We have not had so many pale and meagre students since 1905. Here is the

list:

C.A.S.	L.T.S.	J.R.	R.R.	E.W.B.
Parker	Hayden	Hun	parker	Bowden
Dwight			Paine	(Abbot)
Warner				
Paine				
Leland				

At afternoon reading we began "Kidnapped"

The work on the Ouananiche slide was finished this morning.

A path has been cleared down the bank for the Crows and Mammoths. There seemed to be no reason why they should all have to crawl under the guy-ropes of the lower tent.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

Blueberry Hill

ABOL.	EBEN.	EREBUS.	IDENTICAL	CORKER.
P.H.W.	Abbot	C.A.S.	L.C.Z.	P.W.S.
E.W.B.	A.Foss	Parker	Billings	Batchelder
Chavin	Dillon	Paine	G.Foss	Warner
Brodrick	Corning		James	Perkins

MONDAY

Philin Mountain.

(cont'd)

<u>Yammerechooner</u>	<u>Williwaw</u>	<u>Terror</u>	<u>Rinogenus</u>
J.R.	J.R.A.	A.E.H.	L.T.S.
F.Cummings	H.Davis	Chisholm	A.M.R.
Bowden	Bennett	C.Cummings	Leland
Dunnell		Dorr	Dwight

Meadow Brook.

Ouananiche

H.R.

T.L.	R.Thorndike
C.Thorndike	Hun
Lawrence	Cross
King	Hayden
Harris	H.B.Davis

L.F.R.

R.R.

The Blueberry Hill party suggest a change of name to "Strawberry Hill", as the ground was fairly red with strawberries. They had plenty of time for their trip, and were the first ones to get home.

Philin Mountain is farther off than Blueberry Hill, but there was time for a hasty meal of strawberries on ton. The ferns on the upper ledges were brown and shriveled with the frost, showing that we were not the only things to feel cold at night. We made slow time paddling up the pond, but the pace improved on the way home, especially after we sighted the ouananiche.

The Ouananiche went up Meadow Brook almost as far as the first bridge. The stream is pleasanter navigating than it was last year.

The Philin Mountain and Meadow Brook crews had a much needed swim when they got home.

After supper we had games on the Hill, followed by the towel game and later by "Mythology".

TUESDAY This morning a very startling heading appeared on July 2

T. 71' the squad list: "Trouble Squad". It sounds like a W.N.W.

B. 29.52' Fair wholesale spanking, but the trouble was nothing worse

than putting the rowlocks into shape. The Pray rowlock, which we had out on all the oars last year, is almost very good, but there are some hitches about it. This spring Skinner had some brass collars made to go on them to remedy the difficulties, and the "Trouble Squad" spent a profitable morning putting these on. The result has already proved entirely satisfactory.

Another squad put new flies on several of the tents.

Sam Hun swam to the Ouananiche slip and back without stopping. It looks as if he might be the next one to swim to the point.

 BASEBALL PRACTICE.
 FIRST JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME
 CHICKS vs. CHUCKS.

The practice was chiefly to try out the new players, some of whom are decidedly promising.

The game was only seven innings, but that was enough to show that the Chicks were too strong for their opponents, especially in batting. Abbot and Chisholm both batted for 1.000. In the fourth inning, Hayden and Foss pulled off a neat double play, putting out Brodrick and Chisholm.

The budding-ball players, hopeful of a swim, had nine strenuous innings. We cannot give a detailed report, but the final score was 32 to 9. Everybody had a chance for a swim, and almost everyone wanted it.

TUESDAY After summer we had Boats, followed by a game of "Old
(cont'd) Fox" until half past eight. Half-past-niners had
ghost stories and songs on the float.

Chicks

vs.

Chicks

of

July 2nd.

at

1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.	
0	0		1 Leland	9		◇	2-3											0	1	0		
1	2		2 H. B. Davis	6		◇				2-3		2-0						4	1	0		
0	6		3 H. Davis	1		03		K		◇		◇						4	2	2		
10	1		4 Abbot	2		◇		◇		1-0		1-0						3	2	3		
0	0		5 E. Thordike	5		2-3		(H) 3			◇		K					4	1	0		
0	0		6 Batchelder	8		K		K			◇							3	1	1		
10	0		7 Chisholm	3			4-6		5-3		0-3							2	0	2	1	
0	0		8 Brodwick	7			◇		9-5		◇							2	2	0		
0	1		9 Bennett	4			2-3		2-2		0-3							3	0	0		
0	0		10 (In 5th) King	9						K	K							2	0	0		
			11																			
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....					Runs total.	3	1	4	1	5	0	5	1	6	3	9	1	10	27	10	8	1
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.	
				2	8	1-b. on errors.																
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	
						Batt'y errors.																

Chicks vs. Chicks of July 2nd. at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.	
1	1		1 Chapin	6	K		K		◇		◇						4	0	0		
3	1		2 Hayden	5	◇		K		◇		K						3	0	0		
8	3		3 P.W. S.	2	◇		◇		◇								3	2	1		
1	1		4 Dillon	4	K		◇		K								3	0	0		
8	0		5 A. Foss	3	◇		◇			◇							3	0	0		
0	3		6 Parker	1		◇		◇		◇							3	0	0		
0	0		7 Cross	7		◇		K		K							3	0	1		
0	0		8 S. Foss	8			◇		◇								1	0	0		
0	0		9 Harris	9		◇		◇			◇						3	0	0		
0	1		10 (7th 6th) Cummings	8							◇						1	0	0		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....					Runs total.												27	2	2		
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				4	7	1-b. on errors.															
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.
					Batt'y errors.																

GRADUATE NOTES.

"Chinny" Burgess has a daughter. We don't know her name, but she looks like a nice baby.

"Nick" Carter has a son, Philip Sidney Carter, who likewise looks like a fine one.

Hall Roosevelt was married in June, to Margaret Richardson. He also graduated from Harvard in three years, cum laude.

Sam Bennett, Francis Gray, Roger Bennett, Lawrence McKinney and Charlie Hubbard also graduated from Harvard this year, and Hubbard is engaged besides.

Phin Chrystie has graduated from Princeton, and Ten Eyck Perry from Yale.

Ambleton Lawrence was married June 1st., to Hannah Cobb.

Conrad Aikin is engaged.

Dr Kimball is married.

Raymond Brown has been married for some time, but we only heard of it this spring.

Miss Hazeltine was married this spring.

Mr. Hackett graduated from the Harvard Medical School this June, and delivered the "Poison Ivy" oration. He has now gone to California, to get married as soon as may be.

Russell Chase entered Harvard last fall.

Alec Biddle, Phil Simons, Louis Zahner, Marcus Morton, and Melbert Cary, all graduated from Groton this year.

Jack Lancaster graduated from Middlesex this year.

Philip Batchelder sailed for Europe June 25.

Harry Fay is in business in Dayton, Ohio.

12

Gregory Wiggins is with R. Clinsden Sturgis this summer. Next September he, Mr. Jackson, and Captain John, are going to St. Paul's to teach.

Mr. Jackson is spending the summer on his farm, at Litchfield, Connecticut.

Edward Harding is studying chemistry at the Harvard Summer School, and enters the Harvard Medical School in September.

George Harding is in Boston, with Bliss, Fabian & Co. Percival Hale, John Simons, and Chester Ladd, are all with Lee, Higginson & Co.

Henry Hun entered Sheffield Scientific School last fall, and is to spend this summer in Labrador.

Mr. Ogilby is at home on a vacation from the Philippines.

Tudor Gardiner broke his arm in the Harvard-Princeton game last fall. It was a very bad break. He had his arm in splints and straws for months, and is still under the doctor's care.

Miss Browne graduated from Radcliffe this June.

Dr. Swan is with Dr. Joel Goldthwaite, in Boston, but is at present taking a vacation at Camp Merryweather.

Dr. Tobey went into the Rhode Island Hospital in November, on a two-year appointment. He was very ill some time in the winter, but we hope that he has recovered entirely by now.

Sam Bennett is reported as in business in Ludlow, but Tom doesn't know exactly what he is doing there.

Jack Lowell died June 27. It is a good many years

12
since he was at camp, but none of us who knew him will forget his unfailing cheerfulness and good spirits. Whatever was to be done, he was always ready for it, as if it had been the particular thing he had been wanting to do.

Rinley Cutler has graduated from the Taft Sshool.

14

WEDNESDAY, To-day's record begins very early. It was exactly
 July 3
 T. 70' 3-40 when two gallant fishermen started for Oak Island.
 B. 29.40
 Calm They came home in time for breakfast, with four good fish.
 Fair.

Sam Hun swam to the point this morning, and G. Foss
 swam to the float.

FIRST FISHING AFTERNOON.

<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>
J. R. A.	T. L.	L. T. S.	L. C. Z.
Bowden	F. Cummings	C. Cummings	Billings
C. Thorndike	James	King	Dorr
	R. Thorndike	Parker	Perkins
2 bass	1 bass		
<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>WOBBLER.</u>	<u>ARKLET.</u>
C. A. S.	P. H. W.	A. E. H.	J. R.
Cross	Bennett	H. Davis	Dillon
Dwight	Hayden	Leland	Harris
E. W. B.			Paine
			2 bass

Total for afternoon, 5 bass.
 Total for day, 9 bass.

Not exactly a record-breaker, but it was not that we can't
 blame the fish for preferring to stay under water. Some of
 us felt that way ourselves.

OUANANICHE.
P. W. S.

Abbot A. Foss
 H. B. Davis Chisholm
 Brodrick Warner
 Batchelder G. Foss
 Chapin Corning

The Ouananiche went to the Mills,
 where her company indulged in
 moccasins, ice-cream, and other
 necessities of life.

Hun

Lawrence
 Dinnell

Late in the afternoon the
 breeze cooled things off a good deal, so

that the announcement of "Games on the Hill" was greeted
 with the usual enthusiasm.

Late in the afternoon four of the missing five campers
 arrived. They didn't all come together, but we give their
 signatures together to save space.

Augustus Aspinwall

J. L. Riegel
 James A. Lowell, Jr.
 Theodore Riegel

15
CAMP CHANTEY.

Air; "The Maria T. Wiley."

Now all you bold Campers,
Come list to the song
I'll warble to you
As we paddle along.
The first Merryweathers
To North Belgrade came,
With their gallant commander,
The Skipper by name,

Chorus. With his dori-li-oo,
Dori-li-oo,
We're all Merryweathers,
And here we come too!

Oh, first there was one boy,
Sam Bennett was he,
And then came John Simons,
As brisk as could be.
And then there were ten boys,
And then there were twenty,
And ever since then
They've been coming in plenty,

Chorus. With their dori-li-oo,
Dori-li-oo,
For we're all Merryweathers,
And here we come too!

From north and from south,
And from east and from west,
The Brothers come flocking
To pass th' canoe test;
And some of them do, sir,
But still you may note
That it's lucky for others
T They know how to float,

Chorus. With their dori-li-oo,
Dori-li-oo,
For we're all Merryweathers,
And here we come too!

Now some boys don't like
To get out of their beds,
And some don't like knowledge
Jammed into their heads.
Some don't like ricá-pudding,
And some don't like fat,
But we can't be bothered
With trifles like that,

Chorus.

16
Chorus. With our dori-li-oo,
Dori-li-oo,
For we're all Merryweathers,
And here we come too!

Long life to the Skipper,
Good luck to the crew,
And plenty of doughnuts
For me and for you!
And plenty of scouting,
Where no man will yield,
When Algonquin and Iroquois
Meet in the field,

Chorus. With their dori-li-oo,
Dori-li-oo,
For we're all Merryweathers,
And here we come too!

L.E.R.

WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

FIRST SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....Chonsticks. J.R., T.L.
2. Song.....A Camp Chantey J.R.
3. Songs.....The Merryweather Quartette
4. Choruses.....John Peel, Voice of the Bell,
Camptown Races.
5. Piano Duett.....T.L., A.M.R.
6. Stunt....."When I was a Bachelor" R.R., Brodrick, R. Thorndike
7. Stunt....."The Warwickshire Hunt" L.T.S., Chisholm, Warner
R. Thorndike, Brodrick, Batchelder, C.
8. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys, Thorndike
Camp Song.

A brilliant beginning of the season. We generally have three players for Chonsticks, but it is quite ^{evident} that Mr. Lynes is twins in disguise, from the way in which he managed to be at both ends of the piano at the same time.

The Merryweather Quartette has made a fine beginning. There are five in it, but the more the merrier.

The first stunt, in which Miss Rosalind recited the ballad, was a wonder. It is hard to say which was finer; the desperate firmness of the luckless bachelor, or the ample charms of the bride.

Dr. Swain sang us the Warwickshire Hunt, and one by one the enthusiastic hunters galloped across the stage. All were good, but perhaps Cheese in white surplice, as the parson, and Mouse in a white wig, as the judge, were the most striking.

And then we played "Boston". Oh yes! A little hot, perhaps but what of that? New and striking resemblances were found; for instance between Cheese and J.R., J.R.A. and J.R., and P. Simons and most people.

18

THURSDAY, Right after breakfast, the Professor started for
July 4
T. 80' Gardiner on his motorcycle. It was pathetic to see
B. 29.45 the grief of the tutoring squad when they realised
Calm. that they were to have no lessons all day.
Fair.

We began our celebration as usual with the Declaration of Independence, "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the firing squad retired to the ball-field, with deadly weapons of every description. Mr. Harding had carried out his commission successfully, so there were plenty of crackers for everybody. The punk gave out after a while, but we got on very well with josh-sticks. One very amusing game that we have never had here before was snapping torpedoes on the surface of the water.

At dinner we had the traditional Washington pie with flags in it, and some wonderful punk lemonade.

We almost forgot to say that Lowell and C. Cummings passed the swimming test and Dorr swam out to the float.

At afternoon reading we had "Zadoc Pine." Next year we are thinking of getting Chick to recite it to us, as he knows it pretty nearly by heart by now.

FIRST REGULAR BASEBALL AFTERNOON
BRANDYWINES vs. SARATOGAS.

At first the game looked like a walk-over for the Saratogas, for they scored five runs in the first inning and at the end of the fourth the score was nine to one in their favour. But in the next three innings the Brandywines, aided by bases on balls and errors, scored eleven runs and finally won out, thirteen to nine. P.W.S. heads the batting list with a triple and two singles. Three double plays were made. In

Hayden; in the seventh, H.B. Davis, P.W.S. and L.C.Z.
pulled off another; and L.C.Z. made one unassisted.

[illegible]

Saratogas vs. Brandywines of July 4 th										at		1									
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
1	3		1 st Dillon	4	2	3	K				3		3				5	0	0		
9	2		2 nd Spinwall	2	K	K	3		3			K					5	0	0		
2	0		3 rd P.H.W.	5		1			5			3					5	2	1		
2	4		4 th Hobot	6			3	3		3		3					3	1	0	1	
11	0		5 th L.T.S.	3						3							5	3	2		
0	4		6 th J. R.	1									4				5	2	2		
0	0		7 th Parker	7				8		8			3				5	1	1		
1	0		8 th Chapin	8					6		6						3	0	0		
0	0		9 th Batthelder	9	K						K						2	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	5	5	0	2	7	2	9	0	9	0	9	0	9	38	9	6	1
Hours..... Mins.....																					
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
						1-b. on errors.															
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed tbrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F't'd'g errors.											Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	
						Batt'y errors.															

THURSDAY
(cont'd.)

20
PUDDING-BALL GAME.
SIMONS vs. SALEMS.

A very close and exciting game of pudding-ball was played to-dat, which should start the season for that sport with a bang.

At the end of the fifth the score was tied, and except for two runs which the Simons made in the sixth, no more scoring was done until the end of the ninth, when the score was again tied, 6-6. This necessitated a tenth inning, during which the Simons, by a batting rally, brought in four runs and the Salems but one. This made the final score 10-7 in favor of the Simons.

Batteries:
Simons, - Foss, Hinds.
Salems, - Chisholm, Billings.

The fire-works began as soon as it was dark enough to appreciate them. We had more rockets and Roman candles than usual, and the biggest mine was a wonder. There was only one wheel, but that was big enough for half a dozen. Special credit is due the Sparklet Brigade, which did addy-humps for us, and then ran round and round in a big circle, waving their sparklets as they ran. The show lasted till half-past nine, and was one of the best we have ever had.

A big three-story tan ended the evening, and then the brethren washed off the mosquito-dome from their expressive countenances and went to bed. At least we hope they washed it off. Some of them were as well-buttered as any Eskimo.

We almost forgot to mention a delightful surprise that Jake Dunnell had for us at supper. When five little red and yellow apples appeared we wondered what they were, but when they were touched off they sent up showers of sparks, and then burst,

THURSDAY scattering little toys all over the table. We
(cont'd.)
have had many interesting things at supper before, but never
fireworks.

FRIDAY, The Professor came back while we were still at
July 5,
T. 77' breakfast, to the great delight of his pupils.
B. 29.45
calm Mrs. Richards made an early start in to Gardiner,
fair
Shower P.M. to spend a couple of days with the Shaws and
the Wigginses.

Tom Bennett swam to the float for the first time this
morning.

The good ship Pie-plant, after being laid up in dry-
dock for some time, has been refitted and launched. The Naval
Department has also constructed a superior new ship for
the Arklet and Wobbler.

The plan for the afternoon was track and field practice,
but a lively shower kept us indoors. Two tables were set up
for Progressive Ping Pong, and the playing lasted until five
o'clock, when the room had to be cleared for setting the
table. We give the winners of the various rounds below:

Table A.

H.B. Davis
G. Foss
H.B. Davis
H. Davis
Chapin
C. Thorndike
G. Foss
H.B. Davis
Chapin
H.B. Davis

Table B.

Abbot
Simons
Abbot
Abbot
J.R.
Abbot
Abbot
J.R.

At the same time, a lively bean-bag game was going on

FRIDAY on the piazza. We haven't the names of all the
(cont'd)
players, but we give the scores of the teams with the names of
the captains.

<u>Chisholm's Team</u>	<u>A.E.H.'s Team</u>
80	70
75	45
85	65
90	60
70	50
<u>400</u>	<u>290</u>

At five o'clock, J.R.A. led a run for the mail. We give the
first ten in the order in which they came in:

Abbot
L.C.Z.
Brodrick
H. Davis
Aspinwall
Parker
H.B. Davis
A. Foss
Corning
Ireland

All the runners had a swim, and judging from appearances,
most of them needed it.

Late in the afternoon, J.R. and T.L. went out fishing and
caught two bass.

After supper we had "Boats", and L.T.S. took out a crew in
the Ouananiche for a good paddle and a ghost story.

Just after supper, the two Miss Riegels and their aunt,
Mrs. Justice, came over from Camp Runoia for a short visit.

There was time for a story and a song on the float before
half past eight, and later we went on with "The Danvers Jewels"

SATURDAY, our sixth hot day in succession. We wish to
July 6, warn Mr. Granville Foss that he had better look
T. 75, out.
B. 29.50,
Calm
Fair

At swim, Arthur Hayden swam to the point; but as his escort was not sufficient it was not official.

Just before dinner, an automobile hove in sight, and revealed to our astonished gaze Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, and Mr. John Gregory Wiggins. Wasn't that a pleasant surprise? Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins had to go back in the evening, but Greg was able to spend the night. We are sorry we didn't get his signature, but it is very difficult to put a signature in the middle of the page and then write up the log to fit it.

TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

For to-day, at least, there were two classes, senior and junior, with a special heavy-weight class for the fifty yard dash. We give the events by classes, for convenience

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

Abbot	12 2/5 s.
Hayden	
King	
A. Foss	

Abbot had no difficulty in maintaining 4 lead.

Second Heat.

H. Davis	12 2/5 s.
Chisholm	
Brodrick	
Parker	

Here also there was no doubt about first place.

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

24
SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

Final Heat.

Abbot	12 s.
H. Davis	
Chisholm	
Hayden	

The first two in each heat qualified for the finals.
Abbot's time was a fifth of a second faster than his time in the meet last year.

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.

Abbot	4 ft. 5 in.
Chisholm	4 ft. 2 in.
Hayden	4 ft.

This is an inch better than the winning jump at the meet last year, which was made by Abbot.

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

Abbot	16 ft. 4 in.
H. Davis	14 ft. 6 1/4 in.
Chisholm	13 ft. 4 in.

Abbot did nine and a half inches better than this last year.

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

Abbot	26 ft.
Asvinwall	24 ft. 8 in.
Chisholm	22 ft.

Thorndike's best put last year was 27 ft. 4 1/2 in.

JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

Corning	13 4/5 s.
Perkins	
C. Thorndike	

Corning had a good lead at the finish.

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

Second Heat.

Dillon	14 s.
Bennett	
L. Riegel	

Dillon led at the finish by three yards.

Third Heat.

H.B. Davis	13 s.
Chavin	
Batchelder	

This was the fastest of the junior heats.

Fourth Heat.

Leland
Lowell
G. Foss

No time was taken, but Leland had a good lead.

First Semi-final Heat.

Corning
Dillon
Bennet

Fairly close. No time taken.

Second Semi-final Heat.

H.B. Davis	14 s.
Chavin	
Leland	

Davis's time was not so good as in the preliminary.

Final Heat.

H.B. Davis
Chavin
Corning

Davis led by four yards, but Chavin had only six inches over the third man.

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

26
JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.

H.B. Davis	4 ft.
F. Cummings	3 ft. 10 in.
Batchelder	3 ft. 9 in.
Chavin	3 ft. 6 in.
Dwight	3 ft. 6 in.

Last year A Foss won'this event with a jump of
4 ft.

JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.

Class A.

H.B. Davis	14 ft.
F. Cummings	13 ft. 2 in.
chavin	13 ft.

The junior classes don't correspond with those of
last year,so comparisons are difficult.

Class B.

Dillon	12 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Leland	11 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
L.Riegel	11 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Lastzyear Dillon didn't get a place in this event.

JUNIOR SHOT PUT.

Class A.

Batchelder	31 ft.
Billings	27 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
H.B. Davis	25 ft. 9 in.

Not up to the record,but much better than any
junior shot put last year.

Class B.

L.Riegel	24 ft. 1 in.
warner	23 ft. 11 in.
Dillon	20 ft 9 in.

L.Riegel did not get a place in the shot put last
year.

SATURDAY
(cont'd.)

FAT MAN'S FIFTY YARD DASH.

R. A. Thorndike
Cross
Hun

9 s.

The contest was fairly close for first place, Thorndike winning by two yards, but Hun had third place only because it was also last place. C. Thorndike and Lawrence were to have entered for this event, but they both sprained their ankles earlier in the afternoon, and couldn't show their pace.

There were no handicaps in any event, but the handicap committee has now plenty of data to work from.

Aspinwall did not try anything but the shot-out, as he was lame, and Bowden did not enter in anything.

--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--

After supper we had a brief interval of boats, and then the real business of the evening began.

--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--

FIRST CHARADE EVENING.

--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--

PARACHUTE. The first scene was really rather shocking, for "Pa" (J.R.) was flirting outrageously with a sweet young thing in pink gingham, (L. Riegel), and it was not till his indignant spouse (J.R.A.) came after him that he came to a sense of his own iniquities. A splendid boat-race followed, in which the winning crew certainly deserved the cheers with which they were greeted. "Shooting the Chutes" was also lively and so realistic that we do not wonder that one timid maiden (H. Davis) shrieked and wouldn't try it again. The whole word was a fine aviation scene.

28

SATURDAY BURGLARS. The towering ice-cliff in the first scene (cont'd.)

was evidently suggested by our morning reading. We thought the swimming figures were seals until one of them remarked "Saved". An imprudent picnic party camped near the lair of a bear, and two of them were promptly devoured. It was a good scene, but the pronunciation leaves something to be desired. The whole word was magnificent. The entrance of the masked ruffians, the desperate struggle, the sudden appearance of the police in answer to the telephone call, quite made our blood run cold.

BARRICADE. We have had "barrack" many times, but the company marching in and going to bed, after Taps had been sounded was very effective. "Aid" was the rescue of two incompetent sailors. Life-belts were thrown out, and a life-line carried by heroic long-shoremen. For the whole word we had an attack on a strongly entrenched position, which was repulsed with great slaughter.

PARADE. This is also an old friend, but this time we called the first syllable "pay". The employees in a mill were dissatisfied with their pay envelopes, and finally Dillon called a strike. For the second syllable a gambling den, full of most awful ruffians, was raided by the police. For the whole word we had a grand procession, marching to the music of horns, megaphones, and clothes-baskets.

And then we finished "The Danvers Jewels." So ended a full day.

SUNDAY
 July 7
 T. 90'
 B. 29.52
 Calm
 Fair

This temperature was taken on the piazza. The regular maximum thermometer, which hangs in better shade, gave us 88 1/2 '. Unfortunately we couldn't all keep in the shade, so we got the higher temperature all right.

Just after service Billy King's mother came over from Mrs. Gleason's, where she had spent the night. She stayed to dinner and afternoon reading, and then took Billy off for the rest of the afternoon and summer.

At morning swim Hayden officially swam to the Point. Dorr, Bennett, and G. Foss are all swimming out to the float and farther now, so James is the only one who still stays in shallow water.

While we were reading at the Point there were two big showers in the neighborhood, but one went north and one went south, so all we got was a very welcome breeze, and the clouds.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>
J. R.	Aspinwall	T. L.	J. R. A.
Batchelder	A. Foss	Billings	Brodrick
James	Bennett	Lowell	R. R.
G. Foss	T. Riegel	Dunnell	Grub
<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>EBENEZER.</u>	<u>RIPOGENUS.</u>
A. E. H.	L. C. Z.	C. A. S.	P. H. W.
L. Riegel	H. B. Davis	E. W. B.	Abbot
Dorr	R. A. Thorndike	C. Thorndike	Perkins
Lawrence	Bowden	Parker	Chapin
<u>CAOGHCOMGOMOCK</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>	<u>SANDPEEP.</u>	
P. W. S.	L. T. S.	J. G. W.	
H. Davis	Chisholm, Cross, F. Cummings		
Warner	Corning, Dillon, Dwight		
Leland	Hayden, Harris, King, A. M. R.		
	L. E. R.		
	C. Cummings, Paine, Hun, Grub		

SUNDAY

The reason for Mr. Wiggins being so very exclusive (cont'd.)

was that he had to come home early to catch the night train from Waterville.

When we reached the point allhands went to work as a broken glass squad. Why will people be so nasty about bottles?

Most of the party went up to the field and played "Wolf" but Lawrence and C. Thorndike found jackstraws more suited to their damaged condition.

The wolves were so hot when they came in, especially as most of them had got more or less lost on the way, that we had a few rounds of "I Apprenticed My Son", to cool off before sunner.

Mr. Wiggins left before we got through sunner, but the rest of us had plenty of time for songs before going home.

By half past eight, all but two of the half-past-niners were ready for their beds, so it was a small and select company that adjourned to the float for poetry and songs.

THRILLING RESCUE ON THE HIGH SEAS!!!!

Sometime between eleven and twelve at night, wild cries were heard from the direction of Oak Island. At first we thought someone was having a good time, and wished he would go home and go to bed; but when Skinner went down on the float and halloed through the megaphone it appeared that our noisy friend wanted to go home but couldn't, for lack of gasoline, and was yelling in hopes of attracting attention and getting rescued. The Skinner, with Captain John, and Mr. Wellman, took a row-boat and a can of gasoline, and in a few minutes the launch went rattling home.

MONDAY, The maximum thermometer recorded 87 1/2' at swim-time:
 July 8, the temperature on the float was 131', and the water
 T. 74' temperature 81'. One might almost as well swim in soup.
 B. 29.37
 Calm
 Fair

This morning Miss Rosalind went in to Gardiner by the early train.

SECOND FISHING AFTERNOON.

IDENTICAL	WILLIWAW	PANTASOTE	AMMERSCHÖNER
L.C.Z.	C.A.S.	A.E.H.	J.R.
Dorr	Chisholm	Lowell	Bennett
Perkins	Bowden	C.Thorndike	F.Cummings
Parker	Harris	Hun	Warner
2 bass	3 bass	1 nickerel	6 bass
EREBUS	TERROR	ARKLET	WOBLER
E.W.B.	H.R.	J.R.A.	T.L.
H.Davis	Dwight	H.B.Davis	Paine
Billings	A.Foss	R.A.Thorndike	Hayden
James	Dillon	Lawrence	10 bass
3 bass	2 bass		

Total number of fish 27.

Best fish 2 1/4 pounds, Dorr.

The Ouananiche does not often go fishing. This afternoon she was manned by all the rest of the campers except L.E.R. and L.T.S.

and headed for the south-east bay. We landed at the old wharf, which looks somewhat older than it did last year, and explored the first little pond in the woods, which we named "Pitcher Pond," because of the many pitcher plants which grow all around it. We made our way through a tropical forest of ferns, and then ventured out on the Schagnum Bog, where the ~~Calogonum~~ was in full bloom.

Four of the fishing boats stayed out to supper, so we had no Tincubator. After supper the Digestion Club met in the shoo, and we began "Tourmalin's Time-cheques." Later we had a good game of "Spin the Platter", and the half-past niners had a spelling game.

32
MONDAY

This morning's mail brought us an announcement
(cont'd.)
to all Merryweathers who were here in 1910. We all extend
congratulations and best wishes.

Reverend and Mrs. Ester Arthur Woods
announce the marriage of their daughter
Hazel Twinburne
to
Dr. Lewis Wendell Hackett
on Monday, the first of July
one thousand nine hundred and twelve
Berkeley, California

TUESDAY, At 1.30 this afternoon, the temperature at faculty
 July 9,
 T. 78' coffee was 89'. However there was a breeze most of
 B. 29.28 the day, which made it less oppressive.
 calm
 Fair

Alden Foss and Chickweed have had good news from their college examinations this spring. Both passed in all they took.

At afternoon reading we finished "Kidnapped!"

CANOE AND BOAT PRACTICE.

<u>Duffer Squad</u>	<u>Escort</u>	<u>Non-duffers</u>	<u>Escort</u>
A.	J.R.,		
Bowden	Boats,	Abbot	A.E.H.
Bennett	Identical	Brodrick	
Corning	&	Chavin	Boat,
C. Cummings	Hecuba	Batchelder	Ebenezer.
F. Cummings			
B.			
Dorr	L.T.S.	Asminwall	P.W.S.
Dunnell	Boat	H. Davis	
G. Foss	Pink	Dillon	Boat
Harris	C.A.S.	Billings	Abol
Hun	Yammer		
King		Chisholm	L.C.Z.
		Dwight	
C.		Leland	Boat,
James	J.R.A.	A. Foss	Corker
Lowell	Boat		
Paine	Squannacook		
C. Thorndike	&	Parker	P.H.W.
R. A. Thorndike	Williwaw	Warner	
H.B. Davis		T. Riegel	Boat
		Hayden	Rinogenus

Substitutes, L. Riegel, Perkins.

The practice was extremely varied, and included extensive practice in timing out and getting in again. Owing to the temperature, this was a particularly pleasant thing to practice. At about five o'clock, four canoe crews were made up, and an entirely new kind of race run off. The course began at Pickerel Rock and ended at the float. Half way in

TUESDAY. the order was given to hold hard, and then to jump
(cont'd) overboard. After this the crews climbed in again,
and the race proceeded in the usual manner.

First Heat.

Ebenezer.

Abbot
Perkins
Brodrick
L. Riegel

Rinogenus.

Chisholm
Dillon
Leland
Batchelder

The Rinogenus won, largely owing to the superior speed of her crew in getting in and out of the water. Perkins slowed the Eben. down by making a poor recovery and landing on the wrong side of the boat.

Second Heat.

Caughcomgomus

Parker
H. Davis
Warner
Chapin

Aboljockamegus

Aabinwall
Billings
T. Riegel
A. Foss

The Corker's crew got in and out in better time than their opponents, and steered a better course beside.

Final Heat.

Caughcomgomus.

Rinogenus.

This was a very close heat, but the crew of the Rinogenus were a little slow in getting into their boat, and the Corker won by a small margin.

A very select ice-bag squad, consisting of T.L. and Cross, spent the afternoon in comparative seclusion, and Fred Lawrence is still out of commission with his sprained ankle.

Digestion Club, "Quiet Games", and a story on the float.

WEDNESDAY, Our brains must be more or less addled by the
 July 10,
 T. 82' heat, for we forgot to say that Miss Rosalind
 M.W.
 Fair. came back from Gardiner last night.

This morning, Fred Lawrence took the first swim he has
 had since he sprained his ankle.

.....

SECOND JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

CHUCKS vs. CHICKS.

This was a very close game from the start. At no time
 did either team have a lead of more than four runs, and held
 for only one inning. One team or the other scored in every
 inning except the seventh. The score was tied in the fifth
 and also in the sixth.

As a double header had been planned, the game was only
 scheduled to go six innings; but the tie score forced the
 game into two extra sessions. The major league game was
 begun, but as it only went two innings, we do not give the
 score. However, it is worth mentioning that in the second
 inning T.L. struck out three men in a row on eleven pitched
 balls.

In the first game, the Chicks out-batted the Chucks,
 but Batchelder's seventeen bases on balls, coupled with
 twelve errors, finally cost them the game, twelve to thirteen.
 The Chicks made two double plays. In the first inning,
 Aspinwall was caught off third on Parker's fly to Batchelder,
 and in the third, Abbot and Chisholm treated Parker and
 Warner in the same way.

Abbot and H. Davis both made three hits, but Davis

34

Chicks vs. Chicks of July 10 at 1.																								
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.			
1	1	1	1	Chapin	6	(K)	K			K		2						6	2	1				
0	0	1	2	Hayden	5			K		K								2	2	0				
13	0	0	3	Hinwall	2	1-2			2-5									3	2	2				
3	2	0	4	Dillon	4	2-2			K		K							4	0	1				
4	1	1	5	A. Foss	3		K		2-8		1-3							5	0	1				
2	1	0	6	Parker	1	2-1		2-3		2-3		K						5	0	0				
0	0	1	7	Warner	7			2-2		2-5								3	2	0				
0	1	1	8	S. Foss	8							K						2	3	1				
1	0	0	9	Harris	9													1	2	0				
			10																					
			11																					
24	6	5	TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.															31 18 5			
			Hours..... Mins....			2 2 2 4 0 4 0 4 4 8 3 1 0 1 1 2 13																		
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.															Earn'd runs.			
				6	9	1-b. on errors.															2-base hits.			
																					3-base hits.			
																					Home runs.			
Infed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.															Lefton bases.			
						Batt'y errors.															Games played			
																					Games won.			
																					Games lost.			

Chicks vs. Chucks of July 10 at 1																						
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.		
0	0	0	1 Leland	9		K				K							3	2	0			
2	0	2	2 H.B. Davis	6													5	3	3			
5	0	0	3 H. Davis	5													3	3	3			
10	5	0	4 Abbot	2													4	1	3			
0	1	0	5 C. Thordike	4								K					5	1	1			
1	2	3	6 Batthelder	1			K		K		K						4	0	0			
3	0	3	7 Chisholm	3													4	0	1			
0	0	3	8 Brodick	7		K		K									4	0	0			
0	0	1	9 Bennett	8													2	1	0			
0	0	0	10 Dorr	8							K						1	1	0			
	*		11 Runners for Thordike																			
21	8	12	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												35	12	10			
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
					17 10	1-b. on errors.																
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed hall.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	
						Batt'y errors.																

37
A SONG OF BEGINNINGS.

Air; "Oh Susanna!"

I came to Merryweather,
A camper for to be;
They put me in a big white boat,
Which sore astonished me.
They said their one desire was
To see how much I knew;
And then they stood and roared aloud
The things I must not do.

Chorus. Oh! you Wobbler!
She's the boat for me!
For I've come to Merryweather,
A camper for to be.

You must not stand up in the boat;
You must not turn around;
You must not dig your ears in,
And try to touch the ground!
But then again,--sit steady, there!
You're clumsy as a cow!
You must not wave them in the air,
As you are doing now!

Chorus. Oh! you Wobbler! etc.

You must not--MUST NOT--change your seat,
Because and if you do,
The Skipper with his elephant-spanker
Will be after you.
You must not row too fast,--but then,
You must not row too slow;
You must not catch another crab,--
You guffin, there you go!

Chorus. Oh! you Wobbler! etc.

Now if you will remember, boy,
The things you have been told,
And put your back into your stroke,
You'll make a camper bold.
And when you lead your college crew
To glory all together,
The world will cry "Hurrah for you!
You learned at Merryweather!"

WEDNESDAY, The swim for baseball players had to be
(cont'd.)
longer than usual, owing to the condition of the field, (and
the consequent condition of their fairy feet), so after
summer there was nothing definite till sing-song.

SECONG SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chomsticks".....J.R., T.L.
2. Song, "General Grant",.....J.R.
3. Merryweather Quartette.
4. Piano Solo.....Lawrence
5. Choruses, Ouananiche, Drink, rummy, Funiculi.
6. Piano Duett.....A.M.R., T.L.
7. Stunt "The Early Birds".....L.C.Z., A.E.H.,
P.W.S., J.R.A., Abbot, H.R.
8. Stunt, A Clog-Dance.....L.T.S.
9. Choruses, In the Morning by the Bright Light,

Carmn Song.

() () () () () () () () () () () ()

The first stunt was a painfully realistic picture.

There lay our three prefects in their little beds, sleeping the sleep of the just. The Skipper's hail stirred them a little, and then he dumped Mr. Abbot and Chickweed into the middle of them, and turned on the spank-stick. Roars of pain! After he had gone, however, they curled up in a peaceful pie, and snored gently to the tune of the phonograph. "Oh Andrew!" caught them still in bed, and the dressing that followed was rather wild. In fact Hindsy went off with the last leg of his pajamas still clinging round his ankle.

Dr. Swiam did not dance himself. He had a queer little

WEDNESDAY, Summatt, such as the Maine lumbermen make for
 (cont'd.)
 their own amusement, and he made this dance ridiculously on
 a shingle. It was hard to realize that it wasn't alive.
 By way of encore, he gave us the story of the tiger, and the
 escaping lunatic.

The quartette started with a familiar song, but surprised
 us all with the following additional verse:

The Skinner leads a busy life;
 His time is full of care and strife.
 He wield the spank-stick well both high and low,
 And fills the Chickweed's life with woe.

We thought it was cool before sing-song began, but
 those of us who took part in the performance decided that
 this was mistake. The half-mast niners made words out of
 "Disfranchisement", but their fingers stuck to their pencils,
 and in some cases their ideas stuck to their minds and
 wouldn't come out.

Water is popular in this weather, both inside and out.

In the middle of the night a roaring wind sprang up,
 with lightning, and every prospect of a heavy shower. We missed
 the rain, alas, but the wind cooled us off a good deal.

The strain on the wardrobe, caused by the hot weather,
 is very severe. Even the sacred shelves arranged to make
 a good impression on the Inspectors have been called into
 service to provide the necessary shirts.

70
Song of the Woods.
(with analogies to R. K.)

There's a call to Nature's man, -let him fight it off who can, -
When the hunting seasons hinge,
And he's off with gaff and gun to the land beyond the sun,
And the forest's frowning fringe.
To the early morning mist, when the wind is in the west
And the shore is wet with dew,
Where the sun steals up the sky till it wines the bushes dry
As it turns the gray to blue.

Chorus. For it's there your heart is fired,
And it's there you're never tired
And it's there you'll always find the finest men,
There it is your mind is easeful
And the very worst is peaceful,
For you know you're quits with God and Man again.

For the fish are running free and there's lots for you and me
If we plot the proper pool,
Where the waters gallon strong to the woods' primeval song
To the wash-ways, deep and cool.
Smell the spruce's heavy scent when you're sprawled beneath your tent
And the fire flickers low,
And the white owl hoots her tack, and the wolves are to the back,
And you want a friend or so.

Chorus. For it's there your heart is fired,
And it's there you're never tired,
And it's there you'll always find the finest men,
There it is your mind is easeful
And the very worst is peaceful,
For you know you're quits with God and Man again.

T. L.

THURSDAY,
July 11,
T. 78'
B. 39.09
N.W.
Cloudy

Two items of interest were omitted from yesterday's log. At afternoon reading we began "Rob Roy"; beginning in the middle, as the first part moves rather slowly.

While the ball-game was going on, six eagles were seen flying round the Point, and a seventh fishing out by Oak Island.

Weather better to-day, but the air is still heavy, and the horizon is still thick and dull.

SUNDRY STUNTS
AND
FISHING.

<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>YAMERSCHOONER.</u>
J.R.	Chisholm	A. Foss	E.W.B.
Lowell	Dwight	Harris	Billings
Dorr	C. Thorndike	R. A. Thorndike	Hayden
3 bass	7 bass	4 bass	2 bass
	Total 16 bass.		
<u>ABDL.</u>	<u>CORKER.</u>	<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>ADLER.</u>
J.R.A.	L.C.Z.	P.W.S.	C.A.S.
Charin	Parker	Perkins	F. Cummings
T. Riegel	Dillon	H.B. Davis	Paine
Batchelder	Abbot	Aspinwall	H. Davis
<u>RIPOGENUS.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		
P.H.W.	H.R.		
Warner	A.E.H.	Hun	
Leland	Lawrence	Cross	
Brodrick	G. Foss	King	
	Bennett	C. Cummings	
	L. Riegel	Corning	
	(bass)		
	James		
	Bowden		
	Dunnell		

The Ouananiche went up the Tiber. It was a long trip for such a crew, but with Tom Bennett and Sam Hun on board she was sure to get somewhere, if only to Pickerel Rock. It was estimated that soon after starting was at least two miles an hour. Owing to the high water, they were able to get

42

THURSDAY, up the Tiber as far as the saw-mill. At this point
(cont'd)

Hunny declared himself exhausted, but as he sat directly in front of Skinner he was soon revived by suitable treatment. The promise of a swim if they bettered their out-going time by ten minutes worked wonders, and the sight of the Rinogenus, also heading for home, was so stimulating that they bettered their time by thirteen minutes and a half.

Professor Shaw, with his crew, started out in the Adler, and returned in the same gallant craft. Their trip to Hamilton Pond was uneventful, but the strange tracks they saw in the road, almost circular, with long parallel lines in the dust beside them showed that they were in the midst of grave dangers. Luckily the Professor knew what these signs meant, and brought his crew safely home.

Mr. Abbot, with three canoes, went down to Bog Brook to continue the clearing which was begun last year. Unfortunately the tools were left behind, though this point was disputed by some, so not much work was accomplished. They went over and under logs, and almost lost Francis Perkins, who apparently forgot that you need to get anything but your head into the boat. They saw no herons, but the swamp was infested by mosquitoes, black flies, horse flies, blood suckers, snapping turtles, devil fish and himenotani.

Mr. Wellman, with the Rinogenus, went up to the North West Brook. He had understood that he was to tow the Ouananiche to the mouth of the Tiber and call for her on the way back, but this arrangement fell through. They found trees across the brook, evidently cut and left on purpose, but got through to the usual landing. Here they found the alarming sign.

43
THURSDAY,
(cont'd)

which we reproduce below:

I FORBID. ANY
PARSONS. CROSS
ING. THIS. FIELD.
NO. TRESPERS.

As for the doings of the stay-at-homes, their chronicle follows a little later.

After supper it was really cool enough for "Games on the Hill". Only the second time since camp began. It has really been impossible for the last ten days.

The report of the Sundry Stunts filled the evening until half past eight, and then Mrs. Richards began "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet". During the reading Gus Aspinwall killed thirty mosquitoes; an average of one to every minute and a half. This item ought to be sent to the sporting papers, but we don't know their address.



45
STAY-AT HOME STROPHES.

What did we do while you all were off?

Just wouldn't you like to know?

You probably think that five in Camp

Would find things a wee bit slow.

Our afternoon it was fairly crammed

With adventures strange and true;

But you'll just have to be content, my dears,

With the things that we didn't do.

We didn't elope in an aeroplane,

We didn't swim round the Horn.

We didn't put ashes upon our heads,

And wish we had not been born.

We didn't go running an obstacle race,

Nor ride upon Dukey's back.

We didn't go fishing for conger eels,

Nor feast upon apple jack.

But what we did you shall never know;

The secret is wraped in gloom.

We all have sworn to bury it deep,

As deep as the silent tomb.

A.M.R.

FRIDAY, The tinker squad repaired ten chairs and the yard
 July 12,
 T. 71' squad has put all the hammocks into commission. This
 B. 29.27
 N. week Dr. Swain has been telling us about Panama and
 Cloudy. the neighboring country.

TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Although the weather had been promising, it was uncomfortably calm during the first game, and the play was correspondingly slow. No runs were made, but the Flatheads won easily on shots. There is a slight discrepancy in the score which could not be adjusted, but it does not affect the result. In the second game the Blackfeet lead on shots, but the Flatheads won on Chisholm's run. The runs were tied in the last game, but the Flatheads again won on shots. In this game, both Abbot and Chisholm killed players on their own side.

There was a good deal of careless play, among old boys as well as new ones. The following dialogue is a fine example of how not to do it.

First Warrior: Get up there, you Dillon; you're dead.

Second Warrior: That isn't Dillon.

First Warrior: Dillon! You're dead. Get up.

Third Warrior, indignantly: I'm not Dillon. I'm Cummings.

After supper, conditions were perfect for Boats, and almost everybody went out. Then came "Monkey in Sight", with an undercurrent of snorting papers. The half-past-niners continued "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet". Many theories have already been evolved.

FLATHEADS

S. I

II

S. III

VS.

BLACKFEET

A. I

II

III

Killed Shots Runs Killed Shots Runs Killed Shots Runs

Killed Shots Runs Killed Shots Runs Killed Shots Runs

J.R.A
C.A.S
P.H.W.
I.C.Z.
A.E.H.
Abbol
Aspinwall
Batchelder
Bowden
Chisholm
A.Foss
Paine
Perkins
L.Riegel
T.Riegel
Warner
C.Thorndike
Corning
Dunnell
King
Cross
Bennett

J.R.
L.T.S.
T.L.
P.W.S.
Billings
Brodrick
Chapin
H.Davis
Dillon
Dwight
G.Foss
Leland
Parker
H.B.Davis
F.Cummings
Hayden
Hun
Harris
Lowell
Dorr
Jones
C.Cummings
R.Thorndike

76 12

15 14

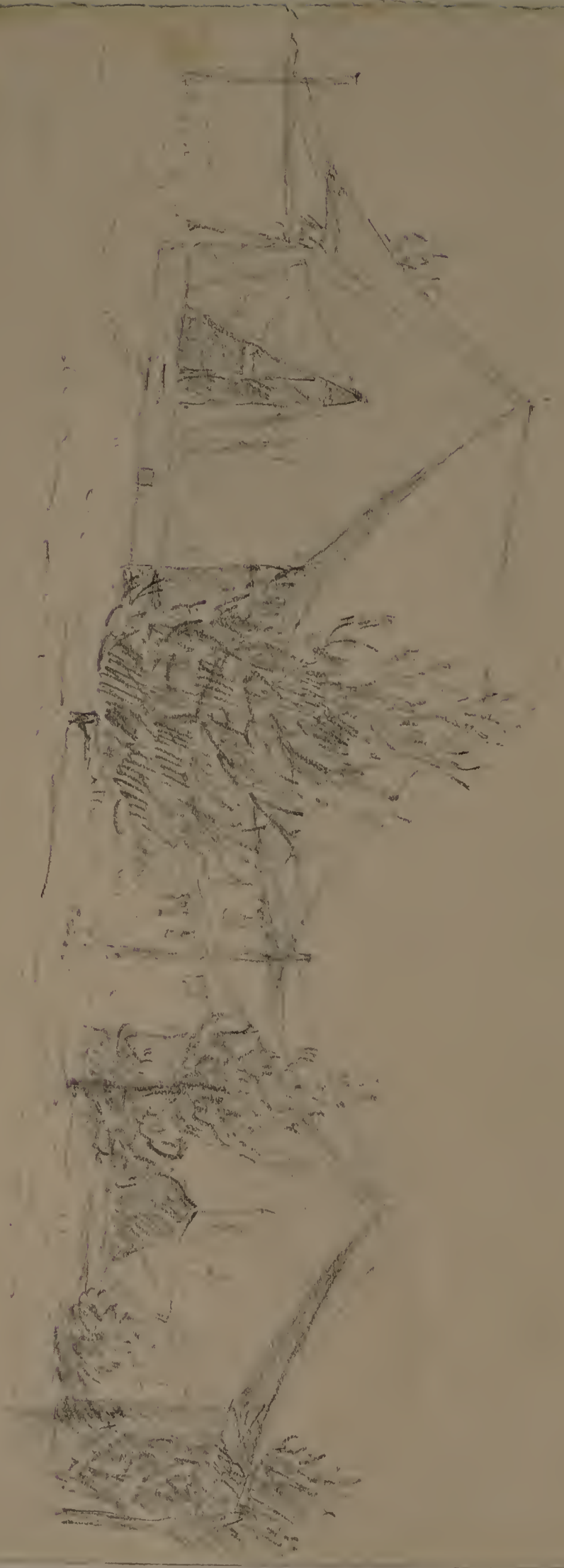
15 16

12 6

14 15

16 13

Mahmouth Cave and
Crow's Nest



J.R.A.

37
SATURDAY,
July 13,
T. 76'
Fair
S.W.

A good cool day. They have been so uncommon of late that we feel like mentioning every one.

SQUAD NOTES.

The boundary of the scouting field is being straightened out, so that we shall not have to depend on tradition and impressions.

Friday's vegetable'squad picked the first peas, and this morning they were shelled in reading, so that we had them for dinner. Last year we didn't get peas till the fifteenth.

Home plate, which has been pretty poor, has been replaced by a new one, so now it will be easier to find.

This morning Captain John swam to the Ouananiche slip under water. A rope has been anchored under water to serve as a guide in this game, and it has shrunk so much that it has pulled its window-weight fifteen feet out of place.

At morning swim Lawrence James swam more than half way down to the Ouananiche slip.

One arrival this morning, just before dinner. He seems to think that Philadelphia has been warm of late.

Francis Rawle Jr.

This afternoon Professor Shaw went in town on his motor-cycle to spend Sunday.

SECOND BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

SOX vs. FROX

This was the best game of the year so far. The Frox started out well, and in the third inning the score was 3-0 in

SATURDAY their favour. But in the fifth inning the Sox
(cont'd.)
brought in three runs, tying the score. The winning run was
scored in the seventh, only one player reaching second in the
last four innings. L.C.Z. heads the batting last, with three
singles out of four times at bat. T.L. has threatened to duck
the entire Sox out field, as each one of them caught a fly
of his. But it shows what remarkable fielders they are. Out of
the nine hits, six were made by the losing team.

Sox vs. Sox of July 13 at 1																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	0		1 P. H. W.	5	K		X		2-3	2-5		K					4	0	0		
4	3		2 Albot	6	2-3		X		2-3	2-2							4	0	0		
6	4		3 L. J. S.	2	K		2-1		X		X						3	2	1		
11	0		4 J. R.	3		2-3		2-2	X			2-3					3	1	0	1	
2	0		5 J. R.	1		2-3		X	X			K					4	2	2		
0	4		6 Dillon	4		2-3		X	X			X					4	0	0		
2	0		7 Parker	7			2-3	X	K			2-3					3	0	0		
1	0		8 Chapin	8			X	2-4		X		2-3					2	0	0		
0	0		9 Batchelder	9			K	K		K							3	0	0		
1	0		10 Chisholm	9								K					1	0	0		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																
Hours..... Mins.....					0 0 0 0 0 1 1 3 4 0 4 1 5 0 5												31 5 3 1				
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				4	6	1-b. on errors.															

Frox		vs.		Sox		of July		13		at		1.									
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
10	0		1 L. C. Z.	3	◇		◇		◇		23						4	3	3		
1	2		2 H. B. Davis	4	23		23		21			23					3	0	0	1	
0	3		3 P. W. S.	6	◇		◇		23			K					3	1	1		
11	1		4 J. R. A.	2	K		◇		16			26					3	0	1		
1	0		5 H. Davis	5	29		K			03		26					2	0	0		
1	1		6 T. L.	1		27	23			28			29				4	0	0		
0	0		7 C. Thorne	7		23		23		26			K				4	0	0		
0	0		8 Warner	8				23			27						3	0	1		
0	0		9 A. Fox	9		K		23			K						3	0	0		
			10																		
			11 * H. B. Davis runs																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																
Hours..... Mins.....					2 2 0 2 1 3 0 3 1 4 0 4 0 4 0 4												30 4 6 1				
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				6	9	1-b. on errors.															

41
SATURDAY,
(cont'd.)

PUDDING-BAIL GAME.

ANTELOPES vs. HINDS.

This was also a very close game, as the final score shows. For a while the Antelopes looked as if they were to have it all their own way, but their opponents rallied splendidly in the fifth and brought in five runs. After that it was a very lively contest.

Batteries, Chisholm Billings.

Brodrick, Lowell, Hinds.

After supper, while waiting for "Games on the Hill", Cross fell out of the water-side hammock, with a fine splash. This is generally done by rather solid people. We have a vivid recollection of the original "Dutchy" Hun doing the same thing.

SECOND CHARADE EVENING.

PERDITION. The first syllable, being really a proper name, was easily acted. Mr. P. Simons was in a great hurry to get somewhere, but we were not told exactly where. Some of the audience thought that the second syllable must be "nig", the table manners of the supper party were so bad. And the "shunning" of the undesirable guests at the picnic looked as if it were deserved. The whole word was splendid. Faust and Marguerite came in lovingly, and sat down on a mossy bank; and just there came in a little hitch. Marguerite expected to sit on something solid, and dropped herself so hard that she went over backwards, pulling Faust with her. It was a wild moment, and even the iron features of Menhastopheles were

SATURDAY seen to relax. It was only for a moment, however, and (cont'd.) there is no doubt that Faust got what he deserved.

SACRIFICE. The sack race was won by Dorr, Bowden getting off the course as usual. The shipwreck on the reef was marred only by the fact that one of the hapless mariners fell on top of the breakers, so that they could not overwhelm him so thoroughly as might have been desired. The last syllable was a scene on the Mer de Glace. The whole word was very fine. A solid and smiling idol was brought in, set up on an altar, and gratified by the sacrifice of a pig. The grunts of the pig and the calm dignity of the priests were both very well represented, and the massive calm of the idol was worthy of Buddha himself.

ANTARCTIC. No one who has read La Fontaine's fables could fail to recognize the Grasshopper and the Ant, for the former was as airy and irresponsible as the other was steady and industrious. The building of Noah's Ark showed a careful study of the book of Genesis, while the disbelief of Mrs. Noah and the scoffing of the wicked were all that the heart could desire. The anger of the camping party at the watch that disturbed them was just a little too realistic, for they smashed the glass of the clock, thus putting it out of commission. The whole word, with the narrow escape of Captain Scott after being buried in a snow drift, was stirring in the extreme. We never knew before what a frost bite really looked like.

COAL-SCUTTLE. This word began with a scene in a coal mine, and the second and third were acted together, a peaceful merchant

4/3
SATURDAY. vessey being scuttled by bloodthirsty pirates. For the
(cont'd)

whole word we had a dark and designing burgler whose scheme of robbery was nipped in the bud by his tripping over the coal-scuttle and rousing his would-be victim from her slumbers.

The half-past-niners played "Boston", with the usual comedy of errors. Perhaps the prize performance was that of the brother who, after an exhaustive examination of Mr. Lynes, announced, with an air of triumph, "Gus Aspinwall". The resemblance had hitherto escaped us.

The Mammoth Cave is now filled, as our last boy arrived this afternoon. Mr. Mali stayed to supper, and then went away in the evening.

Harry Mali (a forgery, by A. M. R.)

44

SUNDAY, We don't know just who ate the weather report,
July 14.
Rain, W. but we hope it disagreed with him. The rain began
clearing

before daylight, and came down hard. In fact the front
beds in the Mammoth Cave had to be protected, or their
inhabitants would have been washed away.

This morning P. Simons swam under water to the Ouananiche
slip. This is the latest fashionable stunt.

PICNIC AT SAND BEACH.

<u>CORKER.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>RIP.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>
J. R.	P. H. W.	P. W. S.	L. C. Z.	J. R. A.	A. E. H.
Leland	Dwight	Warner	Perkins	L. Riegel	Aspinwall
T. Riegel	Paine	Chavin	Dillon	Hun	Dunnell
E. W. B.	H. Davis	Batchelder	Billings	Lowell	Dorr
<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		
T. L.	Chisholm	Abbot	L. T. S.		
Brodrick	Parker	A. Foss	F. R. jr.	Hayden	
James	Harris	R. Thorndike	King	C. Thorndike	
Mali	Bennett	C. Cummings	G. Foss	F. Cummings	
			Corning	Cross	
			H. B. Davis	Lawrence	
			L. E. R.		
			Bowden		
			Grub		

The beach in question is the beach where we built the
city in 1910. No traces of these great works remain, so it is
just as well that we made a man. The great oak in the field
is split, which is a pity. The place is for sale, and the owner
asks ten thousand dollars for it. We doubt if he gets it just
yet.

There was much sunner and much singing, and on the way
home the line was kept well till nearly in. Then came "Go as
you please, with a lively scramble for first place.

After hymns we had two poems (one by Mr. Lyns) and then
"The Finest Story in the World."

45

MONDAY, The fog was so thick at
July 15
T. 70' breakfast time that you couldn't
B. 29.38
S.W. see your ground, but by the
Fog. time the canners got off, it was
lifting fast. They made a wonderful
flying start, for by the time we got
down to the float to say Good-bye to them
they were well under way.

SQUAD NOTES.

The boundary squad has been putting
in some fine work lately. A swath has been
cut through the thickest part of the
south end tangle, as well as through the birch bushes in
the middle field, and white flags have been set up as
markers. This will save many complications, for the boundary
has been a very indefinite thing.

This morning a new method of starting squads went
into effect. No list was posted on the door, but at half
past nine each squad-master called his crowd. This saves
a great deal of confusion and rubbering, and puts a stop
to the pleasant little game of "I'm waiting for Mr. So-
and-so", which some people are so fond of playing.

-.-.-.-.-

Great doings at swim this morning. G. Foss passed the
swimming test and James and Mali both swam beyond the
Ouananiche slip. Another ten days ought to wipe out the
non-swimmer class.

Early this afternoon, our two new fishing-boats came.

Camping Trip

July 15th

Aspinwall
H.B. Davis
Billings
C. Cummings
King
J.R.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

MONDAY. They are of much the same build as the Arklet,
(cont'd) but much more dressy, being pale green inside with
moveable flooring of a handsome chocolate brown. Their names
are the Hornmout and the Chub.

(())(())(())(())(())(())(())(())(())

THIRD FISHING AFTERNOON

<u>Williwaw.</u>	<u>Pantasote</u>	<u>Yammerschooner</u>	<u>Wobbler</u>
F.R.Jr.	L.C.Z.	J.R.A.	E.W.B.
Hayden	Parker	Dillon	H.Davis
Dwight	Paine	Cross	Bennett
1 bass	1 bass	Dorr	3 bass
		2 bass	
<u>Erebus</u>	<u>Terror</u>	<u>Arklet</u>	<u>Identical</u>
C.A.S.	L.T.S.	P.H.W.	T.L.
A.Thorndike	A.Foss	C.Thorndike	Abbot
Warner	Corning	Lawrence	Hun
	4 bass	James	2 bass
		2 bass	
Total number of fish 15.			

All the fest, excent H.R., L.E.R., A.M.R., and R.R. went
north in the Ouananiche, heading for Himo Hill, with P.W.S. as
captain and A.E H. as first officer. They had not time to climb
the hill after all, but they had a good paddle. They report
some rather sad changes in the north west corner of the pond,
including the spoiling of the sand beach by an embankment,
and the erection of a bright yellow log cabin.

Late in the afternoon, there were two arrivals which we
hail with delight. One never can get too much North Andover
in camp. *Samuel D. Stevens Jr.* *Caroline Stevens*

After supper we had "Games on the Hill", followed by "Earth,
Air, and Water" and "Predicament and Cure". and then the half-
past-niners went on with 'The Boule Cabinet', uninterrupted
excent by L.C.Z.'s spanking excursion to the South Dormitory.

4/7
MONDAY

But the day did not end there, though the page (cont'd.)

did. About half-past eleven some of us were waked by a motor-boat coming in to the Ouananiche slip. Her crew realized their mistake, and after getting a little mixed up among the boats, landed at the float, asking for a doctor. They were from Pine Island, and one of the boys was sick enough to worry them a good deal, as their own doctor was away, and wouldn't be back till morning. Skipper waked Dr. Swain, and off he went.

He came back about quarter past twelve, and we are glad to say that it didn't seem to be anything serious. Pine Island helped us manfully once, on the day of the North Dormitory fire, and we haven't forgotten it. We don't see much of each other now, as the two camps have grown big enough to be pretty ^{busy} at home, but we are still neighbors; and as another neighbor of ours once said, "We warn't sent into this world to live alone."

TUESDAY, The only event of the morning was a valiant
 July 16
 T. 74' attempt at a williwaw. The sky darkened, the breeze be-
 E. 29.27
 N.W. gan to wurr across the water, but really very little
 Fair
 ham ened. The rain lasted only a few minutes, but people
 must have got pretty wet in Waterville.

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.
 (Handicapped)
 ALSO RUBBER SPORTS.

The handicapping committee always has a hard time, so
 it is a good thing to have its labors beging early, in case
 revisions are necessary.

The juniors were more or less divided into two
 classes.

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

	Time .	Handicap.
Abbot	Lost	Scratch.
Brodrick		3 yds.
Chisholm		2 yds.

Second Heat.

	Time.	Handicap.
H. Davis	Lost	1 yd.
Hayden		10 yds.
Parker		6 yds.

Abbot was not straining himself in his heat,
 and led Brodrick easily. In the second heat Davis sprinted and
 beat out Hayden in the last few feet, though the latter had
 a much bigger handicap.

Final Heat.

	Time.
Abbot	11 4/5 s.
H. Davis	
Brodrick.	

This is the best time Abbot has made in the
 hundred, and he was inclined to question it, but the watch had
 it plainly stated.

TUESDAY
(cont'd.)

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.

	Height.	Handicap.
Abbot	4 ft. 4 in.	Scratch.
H. Davis	4 ft. 3 in.	5 in.
A. Foss	4 ft. 3 in.	6 in.

The jumping this time was not quite so good as last time
All the leaders have done better before.

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

	Distance.	Handicap.
Brodrick	15 ft. 11 in.	3 ft.
Abbot	14 ft. 11 in.	Scratch.
H. Davis	14 ft. 10 in.	1 ft.

A strong head wind counted against the jumpers, and
handicaps came into the results a good deal.

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

	Distance.	Handicap.
Abbot	25 ft. 7 in.	Scratch.
Chisholm	25 ft. 1 in.	2 ft.
Parker	24 ft. 4 in.	6 ft.

Aspinwall's absence may have had something to do with
these results, though Chisholm has improved over a foot.

JUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

First Heat.

	Time.	Handicap.
Batchelder	13 3/5 s.	2 yds.
Perkins		6 yds.
Corning		Scratch

Batchelder won by two feet, and Corning was boxed.

Second Heat.

	Time.	Handicap.
Charin	13 1/5 s.	Scratch
Dillon		4 yds.
Bennett		5 yds.

Charin won by half a yard.

Third Heat.

	Time.	Handicap.
Leland	14 3/5 s.	1 yd.
Harris		4 yds.
G. Foss		6 yds.

Leland led by two yards, in spite of the fact

TUESDAY
(cont'd.)

of the longer handicaps of the next two men.

Fourth Heat.

	Time.	Handicap.
Warner	14 1/5 s.	Scratch
Dwight		Scratch
Mali		3 yds.

Dwight was not supposed to run at all, but got in before he was seen. He did not run in the finals.

Final Heat.

	Time.
Charin	13 2/5 s.
Batchelder	
Dillon	

A very close race, the first three men all bunched.

JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.

Class A.

	Height.	Handicap.
Perkins	3 ft. 8 in.	6 in.
Charin	3 ft. 7 in.	2 in.
Harris	3 ft. 6 in.	7 in.

A difficult event to report. A number who didn't really jump anything to speak of were given a fictitious height of 2 ft. 11 in., and with the maximum handicap, nine inches, appear as tied for first place. The ^{second} best jump was made by Batchelder, who failed at 3 ft. 4 in, but has gone higher. As he was scratch man, he did not get placed.

Class B.

	Height.	Handicap.
Bennett	3 ft. 11 in.	9 in.
T. Riegel	3 ft. 11 in.	9 in.
Dunnell	3 ft. 10 in.	9 in.

In this class also there were some who failed at three feet.

JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.

Class A.

	Distance.	Handicap.
Harris	14 ft.	2 ft. 6 in.
Paine	13 ft. 9 1/2 in.	2 ft. 6 in.
Warner	13 ft. 9 in.	2 ft.

57

TUESDAY, H.B. Davis, who won this event in the first
(cont'd)
practice, was off on a canning trip.

JUNIOR BROAD JUMP.

Class B.

	Distance.	Handicap.
L. Riegel	12 ft. 3 in.	1 ft. 6 in.
G. Foss	12 ft. 1 1/2 in.	1 ft. 6 in.
Dwight	11 ft. 9 in.	1 ft. 2 in.

Mali made the best actual jump, 11 ft. 1 in., but as we had no data to go by, he was scratch.

FAT MAN'S HUNDRED.

	Time.	Handicap.
C. Thorndike	15 1/5 s.	Scratch
R. A. Thorndike		
Cross		
Hun		

A fine race. We are not sure of the handicaps, except that Hun's was much the longest, and C. Thorndike was scratch. The fact that all the contestants wanted a hundred yards instead of fifty shows a noble enthusiasm.

The Rubber Sports, which followed the regular events, were not very thoroughly reported, so we cannot give many details. The Leap-frog race, in which three teams were entered, had to be stopped and started over again, but the second attempt was very successful.

The Junior Heel and Toe race, a slow but thrilling event, was won by Warner.

The Boot and Shoe race, for seniors, is a new contest. The runner starts with his shoes tied in bow-knots, runs to a certain point, takes them off, runs on fifty yards, turns, runs back, puts his shoes on, ties the laces in bow-knots, and runs back to the starting-point. It was a splendid race. A. Foss won, getting his shoe-laces tied at a remarkable pace.

The backward crawl was not wholly successful, as some

TUESDAY, simply ran backwards, dragging their hands on the
(cont'd.)
ground.

The faculty Backward Crawl, however, was a different matter. It is easier to illustrate than to explain but they crawled face up and head first. It looked as if necks might be broken, but fortunately no casualties occurred. P.H.W. won by a hat, with Stevens a close second.

When we came down we found Camp Aborigyne disporting themselves in the water. They were in great form, but they seemed to have chips on their shoulders. At least, they didn't like to be slapped on the back.

The Digestion Club finished "Tourmalin's Time Cheques," by making a long session of it. We wonder that we never thought of this book before.

Our first game of half-past eight Boston went very well, though there was sometimes a little too much noise for the highest artistic perfection.

The Boule Cabinet grows more mysterious every night. As for the theories, they prosper and grow.

We forgot to say that three gallant fishermen spent the afternoon on the pond, to see if they could add to the chowder for supper.

T.L.
L.T.S.
F.R. jr.

3 bass

53
Camp Aborigine

We Aborigines showed we were Tartars at the start by beating all previous records for getting away, leaving the astonished Merguethers gasping on the float. Then we ~~skipped~~ away across the pond with two trolls out for wandering bass, and cherub and General paddling in the middle of their respective canoes, like machines.

Up Meadow Brook we went, twisting and turning in the traditional style, and reached Koth Pond. Here we had lunch, and a fine swim, but, as several cottages have been built on the old swimming beach, we took our swim on a beach to the East of the brook, wading a long way through reeds before we got to deep water. Along the beach were thousands of baby white perch, and we had great fun chasing them.

We camped by the southernmost of the three beaches on Little Pond. This has a better spring than the middle one, is on

54

higher ground, and has not been so much used. After gathering stores of firewood and propping up the tent, most of the band went a-fishing, while Neddy Billings and J. R. stayed behind to fix the tent a bit better and to cook. There was a sunrise, too, before the fishing. The fishermen brought in several white perch, and we sat down to supper of bacon, cocoa, crackers and fried potatoes; (it is still a matter of dispute how successful Neddy's potatoes were,)-also africant steen. We slept well in our tent, thanks to the fine night and the mosquito net. Neddy Billings, the mosquito-proof aborigine, slept outside.

Next morning, we got up at four-thirty, after being rudely awakened by a king-fisher. The General and J. R. hid themselves over the hills, so free, to buy a pail of milk. The milk was bought and skillfully led to camp, where the skittish General stepped in.

it, making the aforesaid trip over the hills of little avail. But any gloom caused by this catastrophe was soon dispelled by breakfast. The fried mushes and the fishes, (one for each of us, mostly caught by Spinwall) were mighty good.

We had meant to take a walk, but a threatening thundershower coupled with a choking fit indulged in by General King, kept us close to the tent. The rest of the day remains in our minds as a long succession of swims, and, when we think of the swims, we remember especially the old sea cow, otherwise, the Great original Aborigine, otherwise, Jussie as Spinwall, who hardly left the water ^{even} to feed.

The word Aborigine is a corruption of aborigine, applied to these canines because Aborigines wear few, if any, clothes. The great Original was "if any." The other Abori-

gynes were - The mosquito-~~proof~~ proof Aborigine,
 (Edmund Billings) - The red-whiskered Aborigine,
 (J.R.) - The Cherubic Aborigine (Charlie Cummings),
 The Sumac Aborigine, (Horace Davis) - and
 The "worklike but clumsy" Aborigine, (General
 William King.)

We finally hauled Jessie out of the
 water, and started for home. The Abel had
 a bad time crossing North Pond in a gale,
 with her nose too far up in the air, but on
 Great Pond we sailed very swiftly. We
 came roaring home in fine spirits in time
 for a much needed ironing soaking before supper.

57
WEDNESDAY, Skinner's birthday, and a grand day. Some might
July 17.

T. 65' call it cool, but it is rather fun to shiver a little
B. 29.44

N.W. after sizzling as we did last week.

Fair.

The wind flattened out during the morning, and a squad
consisting of Parker, Chisholm, Aspinwall, and L. Riegel swam
from the slip to Oak Island. The usual swim, by the way, is
from the Point.

Harry Mali swam to the Point easily. Tom Bennett did it
also, to all intents and purposes, but as he hit bottom once,
and kicked a log once, he doesn't count as passed. James and
Dorr both came beyond the Ouananiche slip, so the swimming
class thrives.

~~THIRD-BASEBALL-AFTERNOON.~~

SOX vs. FROX.

We tried out two new pitchers in this game, but decided
that they were rather too good for us. Twenty-eight men
struck out in all; S.D.S. getting fifteen and P.W.S. thirteen.
But the Sox got five hits, and with the aid of errors piled
up eight runs. On the other hand, the Frox could only get
four men to first base, and one of these was doubled off.
The game was much more exciting than the score shows,
and except for one rather ragged half inning, the game went
very fast. S.D.S., Abbot and J.R. pulled off a fast double
play in the fifth which spoiled a possible chance of a
score. Abbot and L.C.Z. are both credited with two hits; but Chick also
hit a fly to the out-field over which there was much
argument, but was finally called an error.

PUDDING-BALL.

As our numbers are now rather large, a new scheme was

58
WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

tried. Two mudding-ball games were organized, one on the usual field, the other on what we call for convenience the old tennis-court. E.W.B. and Mr. Rawle acted as scorers and umpires. All hands report a great improvement in the game. The players get to bat oftener, there is therefore much less hanging round and yelling, and as the outfield is not so crowded there is more of a chance for hits.

In the game on the usual field Foss's team beat Hinds's team 17—6. Almost everyone pitched in turn, so we can't give the batteries.

Cheeselets vs. Wriglets.

The Cheeselets won 16—12. They got a good lead early in the game, and though the Wriglets rallied bravely they could not quite overcome it. The winners made what is believed to be a mudding-ball record; four double plays.

Batteries:

Cheeselets;	Chisholm, Billings
Wriglets;	Brodrick, L. Riegel,
	L. Riegel, Lowell.

While the games were in progress two guests arrived. This is their first visit, but we hope it is only the first of many.

Ernest Peabody
Samuel Peabody

After supper there were "Games on the Hill", except for the people who had to rehearse; a rather large number this time.

WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

THIRD SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....T.L., J.R.
2. Violin Solo.....Brodrick
3. Sextette from "The Sorcerer,..The Faculty.
4. Piano Solo.....R.A.Thorndike.
5. Choruses.....The Water Rats, Old Towler,
October, Rolling down to Rio.
6. Duett.....T.L., A.M.R.
7. Scouting Song.....L.T.S.
8. Songs Personal & otherwise.....Merryweather Quartett
9. Stunt, "Nonsense Rhymes".....Various Persons.
10. Stunt.....Camp Aborigyne.

CAMP SONG.

Of course we ran over time, with such a coruscation of talent, but what can we do when we are all so clever?

Steve Brodie did his solo well, with A. Thorndike accompanying him; and then Amory gave us the "Evening Star" from Tannhauser.

It is a comfort to the sopranos to have the sextette a little lower than it is written. A flat is a horrid thing to sing.

The characters in the nonsense rhymes were as follows:

Young Lady of Norway,	C. Thorndike.
Young Lady of Hull	Leland.
Virulent Bull	Simons.
Old Person of Cadiz	L. Riegel
His Daughter	C. Stevens
Old Man of Coblentz	Chisholm.
Scouters	Dillon, C. Cummings

All these did their parts beautifully. Perhaps the prize performance was that of Chisholm. If he didn't go at

WEDNESDAY one wance from Turkey to France, he went in three
 (cont'd.)
 steps from the pantry door to the window, which is "going
 some."

Our readers will recognize the incident on which the
 following is based:

Said a valiant young scouter, "HE-HE!

I'll hide on the shore by a tree."

Said another, "You're caught."

Said the first, "No, I'm not.

This Cummings, not Dillo, you see."

The personal verses of the quartette were on the familiar
 model of "Mses in the bulrushes". We omit the repeats, to
 save space, and give each line by itself. Anyone who knows the
 tune can do the rest.

Blubber on the Thorndike boys.

Dutchy on the running track.

Cummy in the miz-tree ton.

Prescott on the boat-house roof.

Snoring from the Spinwall's bunk.

Baseball on the Domehead's brain.

Radish has no batting eye.

Skinner and his birthday cake.

We were so late that the half-past niners didn't have
 much time, but what there was we spent with the Boule Cabinet.

The Song of Camp Aborigyne follows on the next page.
 The Log has to run over time these days to keep up, but as we
 said before, what is to be done when this camp is so clever?

CAMP ABORIGYNE.
(Tune, "Jingle Bells")

I.

A day or two ago we thought we'd take a trin,
And so our two canoes were waiting at the slin.
We beat it for the float, with long and stealthy stride,
Threw the Cherub in the boat, and o'er the pond we hied.

Chorus: Un the pond, un the brook,
 Paddling all the way.
 Won't they be an envious bunch
 Around the Camp today? (repeat chorus.)

II.

Un by Little Pond we slept and snored all night.
As the sun was rising we surely had a fright.
A king-fisher flew in and lit by Neddy's head.
Cried, "Quack, quack, you sleeny boys, get quickly out of bed!"

Chorus: Un the pond, un the brook etc.

III.

Listen while I sing a verse tha's full of woe.
General saw a nail, and kicked it with his toe.
The nail was full of milk, the farmer's very best;
A little went on General's shoe, the ants they got the rest.

Chorus: Un the pond, un the brook etc.

IV.

All the food was fine, mush-tails, fish-tails, goo.
General King he liked 't, ate a great deal too.
He drank a cup of cocoa, and then began to squeal
"Gee! that's great, I swan, by heck, how tinsy I do feel! "

Chorus: Un th pond, un the brook etc.

V.

If you'd have some fun, here's what you must do.

Get a bail of mush, and a light canoe;

A few Aborigynes, to paddle her along,

Speed away across the lake and sing this camping song.

Chorus: Down the brook, down the pond,

Paddling all the way.

Won't they be an envious bunch

Around the Camp to-day?

J.R.

We haven't spoken of the action which preceded this song. The Cherub's skill as a wood-chomper surprised us. We should advise all campers to take him along. As for Gus, we always knew that he was a walrus in disguise, so we were quite to find that he spent all his time in the water. His bubbling song and his wet feet were fine realistic touches.

Box vs. Fox of July 17 at																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	2		1 L. C. Z.	5				K									5	3	2	
0	0		2 H. B. Davis	4													4	1	0	
1	2		3 Abbot	6	K												5	1	2	
1	3		4 S. S. jr	1													4	1	1	
9	0		5 J. R.	3													3	1	0	
15	2		6 J. R. A.	2		K	K										4	0	0	
1	0		7 Parker	7		K	K					K					4	0	0	
0	0		8 E. J. Holmike	8				K					K				4	0	0	
0	0		9 Batchelder	9				K									4	1	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	9		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												45	8	5	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				2	15															
Muffed fly.	Missed fly.	Muffed fly.	Muffed fly.	Wild fly b.	Passed ball.	F'd'g errors.		* Parker runs.												
																	Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.

Lrox vs. Sox of July 17. at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. hits.
1	3		¹ H. Davis	4	K		P3						K				4	0	1	
3	1		² P. H. W.	5	P3			K		P1			K				4	0	0	
2	4		³ P. W. S.	1				K			K		P3				3	0	0	
0	1		⁴ T. L.	6	K			K			K						3	0	0	
12	2		⁵ Aspinwall	2		K			P6		P7						2	0	0	
8	0		⁶ L. J. S.	3		K			K			K					3	0	0	
0	0		⁷ C. A. S.	9		K			P3								3	0	1	
0	0		⁸ Chapin	7			P3			P3		P3					2	0	0	1
1	0		⁹ Dillon	8			P3			P3		K					3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	10		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	0	2	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base bits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			1	13	1-b. on errors.														
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'd'd g errors.											Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.

ODE TO A PIG.

Oh, little nig! Oh, little fat black nig!
That's posted up upon my cub'cle wall,
I hate thee--yes, I hate thee with a hate
With which no nig e'er hated was before.
But while I gaze upon thy rounded form,
Before my eyes a vision dread doth come.
The faculty I now see marching down
The aisle, a smile upon the face of each,
For everyone so far has got an A.
But now before my cubicle they pause,
And frown, and one at length breaks forth in speech.
"Give him a D! Oh John, just see that bed! "
But one, with flash-light armed, looks on the floor.
"Just --look--at--that!" A PIG! "say all at once;
And Skinner, coming, says, "What's matter here?"
He goes, and looks, and then delineates
Thy lines, oh nig, oh hateful little nig.
The morning reading finishes, and next
They come with spank-stick armed; "You got a nig! "
And punishments are falling on my head.
Boys threaten duckings--oh, what shall I do?

By Nemo.

THURSDAY,
July 18,
T. 79'
B. 29.34
S.W.
Cloudy.
Rain. P.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody left us soon after breakfast. Next time we hope they can stay longer.

We also suffered a temporary loss in the departure of the second canning trip, according to the accompanying list. They got off in very good time and so far as is known they have not left anything.

The new canoe arrived to-day. She has not been named yet, but she belongs to the same class as the Hecuba and the Squannacook.

A powerful lumbering squad is getting out logs to reinforce the lower edge of the path on the bank.

The witcher's box is being remodled. Nothing had been done to it since 1907, and the clay worn out.

At afternoon reading we finished "Rob Roy".

FIRST "POMERETTA" AFTERNOON.
BUMBLEBEES vs. ELEPHANTS

At first this game was just a mixture of regular foot-ball and soccer. The foul rules were very slack, and hands were used freely. There was little or no team play, but simply a general scrimmage and an occasional long kick. However, after the first half hour hands were ruled out; and as the playres got more used to the game, more team play was introduced.

Owing to the large number of players on each side, there were few opportunities for individual playing, but two or three times Charin succeeded in rushing the ball down an almost clear

65

THURSDAY field, and once in shooting a goal after such a
(cont'd)
rush. The Bumblebees won by a score of two to nothing. Only
good work by the goal guards prevented a larger score.

The entire game was played in a light drizzle, and
everyone was thoroughly soaked when time was called.

At Digestion Club we read "Uncle Remus".

This evening a new form of "Still Palm, No More Moving"
was invented. Each person caught is blindfolded in the next
round, so that the number of catchers increases as the
number to be caught decreases. This makes it practically
an indoor version of "Wolf".

"Boston" was suggested, but most of the company were too
tame for anything but willows on the floor; so we continued
with 'The Boule Cabinet'.

FRIDAY. It poured guns and pitchforks about four o'clock
July 19, this morning, but by breakfast time the clouds were
T. 64' lifting all along the hills, and by the middle of
B. 29.09 Cloudy.
W. by S. the morning the sun was out.

The wind got up to a gale, and just before swim blew in

John W. Simon

We had expected him Thursday, but the main point is that he came.

Two more arrivals in the afternoon brought us up to fifty-eight. Quite a household.

Helen Peabody
Rose S. Peabody

Various people tried the canoe test to-day, but as the wind was fierce, no one passed. The test has been changed this year. The course is now a triangle, instead of straight out and back.

At afternoon reading Mrs. Richards began "Great Expectations!"

THIRD
SECOND JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON

RED SOX vs. GIANTS.

This game was perhaps the noorest we have had this year. The result was never in doubt after the first inning. Although the Giants out-batted their opponents, their fielding was wretched, nine errors being chalked up against them. Parker was very wild, and his twenty-one free passes aided the Red Sox greatly. On the other hand, H.B. Davis, a new pitcher, was steady at all times. In no inning were more than two runs scored against him. H. Davis heads the batting list with two singles and a double out of five times at bat. Many substitutes were put in on both sides toward the end of the game.

As the pitchers box of the regular field was undergoing

FRIDAY repairs, the game was played on a new diamond, laid
(cont'd)
out on the same place as but in a different direction than
the budding ball field.

Red Sox vs. Giants of July 19 at																			1	
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
3	2		Dillon	6	2-5	◇	2-3	◇		◇	◇						2	2	1	
1	0		Hayden	5	K	K		K	◇								4	0	0	
0	5		H. B. Davis	1	◇	◇		◇	◇	◇	◇	◇					5	3	2	
11	3		Spinale	2	◇	◇		◇	◇	◇	◇	◇					4	5	0	
10	1		Chisholm	3	◇		◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇					6	1	0	
0	3		Mali	4		K	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇					6	2	1	
0	0		D. Cummings	7		◇	K	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇					2	3	0	
0	0		Bright	9		◇	◇	◇	◇	K		◇					2	2	0	
0	0		Riegel	8		◇					K	◇					0	1	0	
2	0		Bennett	8		◇											2	1	0	
0	0		5 in 6th														1	0	1	
27	13		King	8						◇	◇	◇					34	20	5	
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	2	2	4	6	2	8	4	12	1	13	4	17	18	20		
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h's.	Struck out.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.h.	Muffed fly h.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.												Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.

[illegible]

69
FRIDAY.
(cont'd)

While the game was still going on, Camp Blacc came sailing home. They had sailed all the way from Blueberry Hill, litterally under spreading canvas. (It sometimes is blankets, but they used their tent bags.) We shall have their doings later.

After supper we had "Games on the Hill", followed by "'Quiet' Games" until half past eight.

The game of "Boston", which followed, was distinguished by the triumphant recognition of J.R.A.'s moustache. One person mistook him for Per; and vice versa, entirely because of their moustaches.

Camp Blace Trip

At 9.30, exact, - we started from the float with a rush that would have a record, had not Chick forgotten the fact that he was one of the party. By 10.10 we arrived at the mouth of Meadow Brook, - good time for boats, - and there settled down to business. We found that two pairs of oars and a paddle furnished good propelling apparatus to the first bridge, where we adopted three paddles per boat. The brook is very high and the going was easy for the most part. We stopped for lunch on North Pond at 12.15, and decided that, as rain seemed inevitable, we would camp on Little Pond, instead of trying the Smithfield camp and West Pond, as intended.

Then came the making of the camp. Perfect order and economy of wiley wood-craft in the smooth methods of auto-construction prevailed. The careful Cummings and the lovely Leland were wonderful helps in the settling of the hoop. There was plenty of dry wood, lots of hemlock boughs, and a wonderful cold spring, all with easy glance (at the front door, so to speak), so the only thing needed was nothing. This, however, we could not find and were

71

obliged to put up with what we had with us. By the time things were sung, the weather had decided to weep a few misty tears. But what did our hardened campers care for such casual calamities?

We wanted milk, we wanted fish; and what else could such campers wish? So Chickweed, Batch and Coming took a hike up through the field, to find if any cow in sight a quart of milk would yield. They failed in this, but, having cash, they walked about the land, and soon returned, a supper earned, two quarts of milk in hand. And meanwhile Mr. Lynes and rod had left the Tena firma sod with Cummings, Leland, twain, to catch the wily bass and perch, (which thing they did without much search,) and then came home again. Then joined the valiant Trios in a wet and watery wash; they splashed about, with roar and shout, that scared the fish, By Gosh! Then came the cleaning of the spoil, a scaly kind of task, and Chick refused to see I used these fishes (Do you ask why Chick the Tender-hearted closed his eyes at such a sight?) His share he ate, and we relate it helped his appetite.

The evening was pretty wet and so we built a puppet, and wood collected (dry), and built a fire two feet higher than Oldy Leland's eye. The food we had

that dampish night was excellent to eat, the stories that came after it were various and fleet. And soon we all were sleepily grouped cosy for the night, and all was still, while nothing moved except the fire-light.

Our Chick had volunteered to keep the milk all nice and cool, and so ^{he} put the can into a deep and watery pool. It hung in safety through the night, and when the morrow came, he fetched the can as he was bid, and carefully took off the lid, and then looked down in shame. For he had done an awful thing, he'd put the corn-meal in the spring, as bland as any child; the milk had soured on the slope, and tasted like mosquito dope. I tell you, ~~we~~ were wild!

But then - the weather had turned fine, we struck our camp at half-past nine, and passed through Meadow Brook. We ate our lunch upon North Pond, and walked a mile or two beyond, until we reached a grove, which held in thrall a country-store of musty smell and dirty floor, wherein we spent our cash, on things that every boy must buy; we ate 'em all, and bye-and-bye, we went back with a dash.

By this time it was half past three, the wind became a gale, by gee! a nother, too, and strong; and

so we put our tent-bags up, and sailed ⁷³ before the wind, to sup
with manyweather lug.

SATURDAY.
July 20.

T. 59' first time, and its results were greeted with cheers
B. 29.43
W. by H. at dinner.
Fair

Mr. and Mrs. Parker came to lunch to-day. We were sorry they could not stay longer.

We also had another visitor, for in the afternoon Dr. Edward Niles dropped in for a short time.

(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)

FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The conditions to-day were ideal, for there was a good breeze, and the recent rain had softened the ground a little.

Lawrence's ankle still keeps him out of the game, and C.A.S. went in town to spend Sunday, but J.W.S. and S.D.S. both played.

The first game was a quiet one. No runs were scored, but the Algonquins won by eight killed to ten.

Owing to the wind, four Algonquins did not hear the "all in" at the end of the first game, so to all intents and purposes their side was four men short in the second game. Three of the Algonquin guards were killed, and in consequence the Irduquois made eight runs; a very unusual score.

The third game went to the Irduquois on shots, twelve to eighteen.

There is still a good deal of careless and stupid play, though the new players have improved since the trial games. Everyone should remember that to lie still when he hears his name called is a serious breach of honor. On the other hand, everyone should remember that it is often impossible to hear, especially in a high wind, and not jump

ALGONQUINS.

I.

II.

III.

Killed Shots, Trans.

Killed Shots, Trans.

Killed Shots, Trans.

J.R.

L.T.S.

T.L.

P.W.S.

Bennett

Billings

Bredrick

Chapin

F. Cummings

H. Davis

H.B. Davis

Dillon

Dorr

Dunnell

Dwight

A. Foss

Hunt

King

Leland

Lowell

Mali

Parker

C. Thornbake

Lawrence

A.M.R.

X

X

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SATURDAY, to the conclusion that a person is trying to
(cont'd)
cheat when he does not get up at once.

.....
The Digestion Club began Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad".

~~75-75-75-75-75-75-75-75-75-75~~

THIRD CHARADE EVENING.

We do not often have anything but charades Saturday evening; but the presence in camp of the historic group of Johns was a chance not to be neglected. Adding Jack Dwight and John Lawrence Riegel, they gave us the great "John Stunt", as given in 1908. "Oh bring the wagon home, John", was heart-rending in its pathos. The grier-bowed shoulders of one John, the convulsed countenances of the others, almost moved us to tears. As for "Mother, please christen me Johnny", it is one of the best stunt songs we have ever had. We wish we could all be named John.

HOROSCOPE. The first two syllables were given together. The lights were lowered, and the visitors to a ruined castle were dreadfully horrified by loud groans, and the attack of a most awful monster. "Cone" was a splendid wrestling match between Dutchy Hun and General King. For the whole word an astrologer (P.H.W.) conveyed much painful information to his clients. Mr. Lynes learned that his house had burned down, and that everything in it was lost except three shoe-strings and a string bean. Miss Peabody was to be married three times in one week, and Chick was overwhelmed by the news that St. Louis would win the pennant.

MANDALAY. We have seldom seen two more timid old ladies than Neddy Billings and H. Davis. Their rheumatism and their fears made them easy victims; but their screams

SATURDAY. when the man came out from under the bed were so
(cont'd)
prodigious that we don't wonder at his flight. The delay of
the bride and the anxiety of the unlucky bribegroom, raised
our sympathy. We question, however, whether the parson ought to
have worn a mitre at a wedding. We have never seen it done.
The whole word was charming. There were the natives, "and the
hathis bilin' teak", and in the foreground the Burnah girl,
sitting with her head on the shoulder of her British soldier.

Alterations For the first two syllables we had a
crowd of worshipers round an altar. The priestesses waved their
arms in invocation, a flame shot up, and slowly and majestically
the form of their god rose into view. (We wonder if Dr. Swain
found Amory Thorndike heavy.) The rations, consisting of one
candle, were consumed by a party of ship-wrecked mariners.
For the whole word, we had the "transformation machine", with
which most of us are familiar. The short were made tall, the
tall were made short, white was changed to black, and finally
Miss Peabody was changed to Mouse.

'The Boule Cabinet' continues to thrill. This evening
there was a slight interruption. There came "a hurry of hoofs
in the village street", and Captain John, Mr. Lynes and Mr. Abbot
vanished simultaneously through two windows and the door. It
was Mr. Cook's whole herd of cattle, looking for newspapers to
eat, and the faculty drove them home to their own premises.

72

SUNDAY. Our new weather-man wanted to do something
July 21 original, so he gave us a beautiful rain storm
T. 65' B. 29.38 S.W. which broke up all plans for the afternoon, and
Cloudy Rain P.M. necessitated an indoor picnic. The rain was needed,

but it is possible to get too much of a good thing.

Mrs. Richards is reading us "Henry the Fourth", as we had finished "Macbeth".

After reading we had an amusing round of "Consequences;" with many wierd and funny results; but the one that brought the house down was, "Double-jointed Teddy Roosevelt cusses loquaciously in Kalamazoo".

Then, with Mr. Lynes as conductor, we practiced a number of songs and rounds.

A set of cross-country runs had been planned, but as a down-pour seemed imminent, indoor games were substituted. The Clothes-pin game was tried. There was much rivalry between the two teams, the Visigoths and the Huns, when the play began. The championship match was for the best out of seven games. The Huns won the first three easily, and had apparently won the fourth; but they had lost one pin, so the Visigoths were credited with the game. Then, amid much excitement, they reeled off three straight games and the match. But although defeated, the Huns are by no means discouraged, and have challenged all comers at any time.

Ouananiche

H. R.

A. M. R.	J. W. S.
P. W. S.	T. L.
J. R. A.	L. C. Z.
Abbot	P. H. W.
S. D. S. Jr.	C. A. S.

The Sub-Editor soliloquizes.

The Editor has gone away,
And I, the Sub, can say
Anything I like today.
(I don't know much about rhyme,
But give me time!)

What do I think of Camp ?
It's damp!
We brushed our teeth under a cascade,
And were not afraid;
We slept in a huddle,
All in a puddle,
(Or very near it; we did just clear it!)

We did just clear it!)
And dark--!! I fell into Cheese's boot,
And had to be pulled out by the foot!
I met a bear--or was it a cow ?
Galumphing along with a fearful row,-----
I found 'twas Hnnny!
Rather funny ?

And Skipper found four little boys,
(Guided to them by the noise,)
Who had got so mixed up, not a mother
Would have known her youngster from another.
He pulled 'em apart and sprted 'em out,
But still there's some doubt
Whether Dorr has got his own nose,
And James isn't sure about his toes;
But Skipper divided the screech,
Gave a fourth to each,
And still each has plenty
To serve for twenty.

MONDAY.
(cont'd)

FIRST BOAT-BUILDING AFTERNOON

Even though the rain had stopped, it was too damp and windy to do very much out of doors, so the afternoon was devoted to boat-building. Some of the brothers have already made pretty good progress on their boats, but there was a very long waiting list for the saws and lumber. Let us hope that this year all the boats will be ready on time.

Most of the brothers are sticking to the old skimming-dish design; but quite a number of "Sharks" are being attempted. Also a few slight variations of the regular type are being tried; notably that of having a greater beam than length.

At about five o'clock, baseball practice for all hands was called. It consisted principally of catching flies and batting, but there was no time for very much.

"Games on the Hill" was greeted as usual with cheers. Then the Visigoths accepted the challenge of the Huns, and both teams lined up for the clothes-pin game. This time the Huns turned the tables on the Visigoths; for when the score was three to one in favor of the Visigoths, and one game needed to win, they rallied, and won three games and the match. The sides were almost the same as before except that some of the faculty took the places of the canners. As each team has won one match, there has been some talk of another to settle definitely the championship of the Belgrade Lakes.

We then had ten minutes of the Voice game until half past eight, and then the half-past-niners finished 'The Boule Cabinet'. It was an excellent story, and we were sorry to leave it.

Camp Hurycame.

The sky was overcast; it was drizzling a little; a chill wind was blowing from the northwest, and altogether it did not look like a very pleasant day for a camping trip to start out on. But we were a husky lot, and the very fact that the wind was from the northwest showed that the storm would soon be past. Accordingly, about ten o'clock we—Arthur Hayden, Reef Parker, Teddy Riegel, Harry Mali, the elongated Chisholm, and J.R.A.—pushed off undaunted in the teeth of the blooming gale, and after an hour's lively battling with the waves, reached the mouth of Meadow Brook.

After a short rest we started up the brook. It was hard work against both wind and current, but we consoled ourselves with visions of sailing home the next day and paddled on. We came in sight of North Pond at about one o'clock, but it wasn't until about fifteen minutes later that we reached the sand beach a hundred yards away. It was all we could do to land in the howling gale that was beating down on the open beach. When we had landed and dumped the canoes, we were so cold that we were obliged to drape ourselves in blankets and betake ourselves some distance inland out of the wind in order to eat lunch.

At 1:15 we pushed off again, resolved to make North Brook, about three miles away, or die.

in the attempt. We almost did the latter, for it took two solid hours of heartbreaking paddling straight into the wind before we entered the quiet waters of the brook. In half an hour more we had reached the head of navigation. From there we carried our duffle and grub



about a quarter of a mile further to Mr.

Tracey's old saw-mill. This was the place where "Hoof-it-and-Wade" and several other renowned trips had camped, and an excellent place it is with a fine cold spring close by, any amount of fire wood ready cut, and Mr. Tracey's farmhouse within easy striking distance. While casually looking about we found amongst the charred and blackened embers of a former fireplace the remains of the famous pie plate that Eddie Harding stole. There is no doubt about the authenticity of these relics and we brought home a piece by way of souvenir.

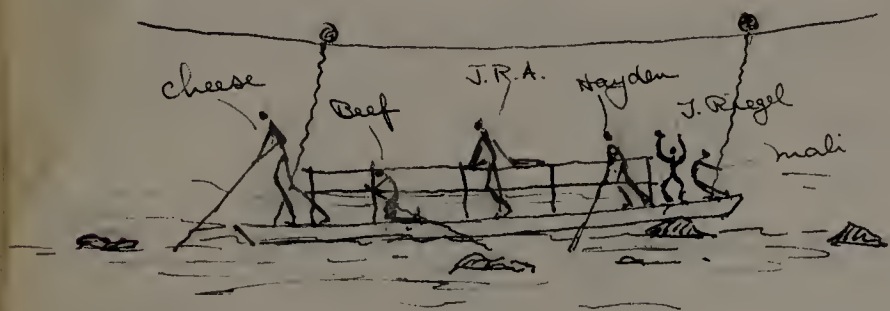
We pitched our tent in the open, facing south away from the wind, and pegged it down firmly. After starting the fire, Cheese and Teddy — our prize beauties — set out for Mr. Tracey's farmhouse to get some milk. They soon returned with two quarts bought at the exorbitant price of six cents a quart. They must have made a great impression also, for as we were finishing up supper that evening Mr. Tracey and three of his

family appeared. They stayed for half an hour and made us a very pleasant call. Soon after they left we turned in. The wind was still blowing hard outside, but inside the tent it was warm and comfortable. Altogether it was a splendid night for sleep and we made the most of it.

Nothing eventful happened during the night except that Reef and Arthur Hayden woke up in the morning with each others blankets. By 6:30 we were all up and cooking breakfast, and an hour and a half later we had everything packed up. At 8:10 we started out to walk to Davis Ferry on Sandy River. After covering a short distance we saw a small hill on our right that looked easy and we decided to climb it for the fun of it. It was open on the summit and what was our surprise to find it one of the most charming viewpoints around this part of the country. In the valley below we could catch glimpses of the Sandy River. The Kennebec was just hidden by a low hill, but the town of Norridgewock was in full view. Beyond was the range of Mt. Blue and Saddleback and behind the latter Mt. Bigelow. We also thought we saw Mt. Washington in the distance but were not sure. The view equals, if it does not surpass, that from Hampshire Hill.

Pushing on again we soon reached our destination. The ferry is a flat skow, large enough

to hold a horse and carriage. It is kept straight by chains at each end running on an overhead wire and is pushed across by poles. We all jumped aboard and pushed off with great glee but



soon came to an abrupt stop. The river was low and we spent all our time running onto and pushing off of rocks. How-

ever, we finally did get across and back again too, though we could have waded in one tenth the time.

On our way back we went through the town of Mercer, and as our time was short we bought a box of corn flakes so that we wouldn't have to cook lunch. We reached our camping place at 1:00, gulped down a hasty repast of corn flakes and dates, loaded up, and got under way at 1:40. In twenty minutes we came to North Pond and found the wind blowing harder than ever and the waves literally mountainous. All we could do was to sit still and coast with the wind and try to keep the boat straight. It was a wild and exciting trip across the pond. We enjoyed it but were glad to reach Meadow Brook just the same. It had taken us just thirty-three minutes to cover the same distance that had taken two hours the day before. We hereby claim a record from North Brook to Meadow Brook and believe it will stand for some time. After an hour and a half's quiet paddling we came in sight of the stormy waters of Great Pond. Forty-five minutes more of hard work, during which we nearly swamped several times, brought us home to Camp at 4:45 with plenty of time for our only swim. Camp Hurricane was a great trip, so say we all of us.

TUESDAY. The wind and cold weather still continue,
July 23. and the cold and sore throat squad is not allowed
T. 60' in the pond.
B. 29.17
N.N.W.
Clear

In the middle of afternoon reading, Miss
Alice returned from Gardiner.

SECOND POMFRETTE AFTERNOON.

POMERANIANS	vs.	POMME-DE-TERRES.
T.L.		L.C.Z.
C.A.S.		J.R.
P.H.W.		A.E.H.
H. Davis		Abbot
Aspinwall		Chapin
A. Foss		H.B. Davis
F. Cummings		Batchelder
Brodrick		Billings
G. Foss		Dillon
L. Riegel		C. Thorndike
Leland		Lowell

Fifteen minute quarters were played, with three-minute
intermissions, except between the second and third, when there
was a ten-minute rest, devoted to stick-knife.

Neither side scored, though both came very near it. The
best shot at the goal was too high, going over the bar.

The smaller number makes a much better game, allowing
faster play.

PUDDING-BALL.

In the mean time the Huns and the Bunnies were having a
fast and furious game of pudding-ball. The Huns obtained a lon
lead, but the Bunnies rallied, and in the ninth inning the
score was tied. Then the Bunnies scored five runs, while the
fiery Huns could not do better than one.

Aside from the excitement of the score, the feature of
the game was General King's errorless game at first. He was
easily the star.

27

While the games were going on, Camp Hurry-came arrived in glory. They had been up to Davis ferry and Sandy River; but their great feat was their trip down North Pond which was done in about a quarter the time it had taken them to paddle up. It was so windy that no sails could be thought of, and it was really just surf riding. The campers brought with them an interesting relic. It was a blackened fragment of F. Harding's historic pie-plate. We thought of having it mounted in gold and giving it to him for a scarf-pin, but it is perhaps a little large.

After supper "Games on the Hill" was the obvious sport, and it was kept up until nearly eight o'clock.

Then two circles of towel filled up the time for the half-past-eighthers. We note the following as a graceful compliment:

FIRST PLAYER; You threw that towel right in my mouth.

SECOND PLAYER; Oh that was easy.

The half-past-niners took two more letters of "disfranchisement". Mrs. Richards scored thirty-six on two letters, "a" and "c".

We add a clipping from the Boston Herald which is of interest to all old Merryweathers.

Wealthy Young Men In Overalls In Hub Romance

Son and Daughter of Prominent Boston Physician, Both of Whom Will Soon Be Married.

Templeton Briggs and Charles
W. Hubbard, Harvard Men,
to Wed Shortly.

HEIGHT STATISTICS.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Gain.</u>
Chisholm	6 ft. 3 3/8 in.	3/4 in.
A. Foss	5 ft. 9 7/8 in.	3 1/4 in.
Abbot	5 ft. 8 1/2 in.	1 7/8 in.
Aspinwall	5 ft. 8 3/8 in.	1 7/8 in.
L. Riegel	5 ft. 8 1/4 in.	3 1/8 in.
Batchelder	5 ft. 7 1/4 in.	3 1/2 in.
Brodrick	5 ft. 6 7/8 in.	2 1/2 in.
Corning	5 ft. 6 7/8 in.	
H. Davis	5 ft. 6 3/4 in.	
F. Cummings	5 ft. 6 1/8 in.	
Hayden	5 ft. 5 5/8 in.	
Billings	5 ft. 5 1/2 in.	2 5/8 in.
Parker	5 ft. 5 3/8 in.	3 5/8 in.
King	5 ft. 5 1/8 in.	
Perkins	5 ft. 3 3/4 in.	2 3/4 in.
Warner	5 ft. 3 5/8 in.	2 1/2 in.
H. B. Davis	5 ft. 3 in.	
C. Thorndike	5 ft. 2 7/8 in.	
Hun	5 ft. 2 1/4 in.	
Lawrence	5 ft. 2 in.	
G. Foss	5 ft. 1 1/2 in.	1 1/8 in.
Cross	5 ft. 1 in.	
Dwight	5 ft. 3/4 in.	2 3/8 in.
Lowell	5 ft. 1/2 in.	
T. Riegel	5 ft. 3/8 in.	2 1/8 in.
Mali	5 ft. 1/4 in.	
Harris	5 ft.	
R. A. Thorndike	4 ft. 11 1/2 in.	
Bennett	4 ft. 11 in.	
C. Cummings	4 ft. 11 in.	
Chapin	4 ft. 10 7/8 in.	2 in.
Paine	4 ft. 10 7/8 in.	2 in.
Dillon	4 ft. 10 5/8 in.	7/8 in.
Bowden	4 ft. 10 1/2 in.	2 in.
James	4 ft. 8 1/8 in.	
Dorr	4 ft. 7 1/2 in.	
O. Leland	4 ft. 7 1/2 in.	1 5/8 in.
Dunnell	4 ft. 5 1/2 in.	
H. R.	5 ft. 11 1/2 in.	
J. R.	5 ft. 10 1/2 in.	
T. L.	5 ft. 9 7/8 in.	
J. R. A.	5 ft. 11 1/4 in.	
L. T. S.	6 ft. 1 in.	
C. A. S.	5 ft. 7 5/8 in.	
P. H. W.	5 ft. 6 1/8 in.	
L. C. Z.	5 ft. 10 1/2 in.	
P. W. S.	5 ft. 7 in.	
A. E. H.	5 ft. 9 1/4 in.	5/8 in.

Total length, 88 yds., 2 ft., 5 3/8 in.

Greatest gain since 1911, Parker, 3 5/8 in.

Average height 5 ft. 7 1/8 in.

WEDNESDAY,
July 24th.

T. 64'

B. 28.96

N.W.

Strong

Fair.

Did anybody complain about the heat this

summer? Or was that last year?

This morning Captain John finished the talks he

has been giving us on ways and means in camping.

.....
SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions were almost ideal to-day: plenty of wind, and cool everywhere. In fact it was too cool for water play, but at least that is a great relief to the feelings of the shore guard.

The Iroquois won the first two games by runs, killing some of the Algonquin/guard. In the first game, Aspinwall, after scoring through the swamp, caught two guards from behind. In the second game, F. Cummings, who had missed the "all in" at the end of the first game, killed Dillon, a guard on his own side. As Cummings was not properly in the second game at all, this shot was cancelled and Dillon was sent back to his post, but Aspinwall got him on the way. The third game went to the Algonquins. They made more shots than the Iroquois and also scored a run.

On the whole, in spite of some rather poor performances, the playing has improved very much since the first day.

It is rather painful, when you are lying flat on your face guarding, to be almost stepped on by a strange young lady and gentleman. Even if you explain that you are playing a game, they probably take you for a lunatic.

After supper we had brief "Boats," for the first time in twelve days.

Algonquians.

Iroquois.

Algonquians.				Iroquois.			
Killed shots		Killed shots		Killed shots		Killed shots	
Tans.		Tans.		Tans.		Tans.	
J. R.	•••	X	•	J. R. A.	1	X	•••
L. T. S.	X	X	•••	C. A. S.	X	X	•••
T. L.	X	X	••	T. H. W.	X	X	•
P. W. S.	X	X	••	L. C. Z.	X	X	•
Bennett	X	X	••	A. E. H.	X	X	•
Billings.	X	X	••	Abbot.	X	X	•
Droick.	X	X	•	Aspinwall	X	X	••
Chapin.	X	X	•	Bathelder.	X	X	•
P. Cummings	X	X	•	Bowden.	X	X	•
H. Davis.	X	X	••	Chisholm	X	X	•
H. S. Davis	X	X	•	Corning.	X	X	••
I. H. W.	X	X	••	Cross.	X	X	•
Dorr.	X	X	•	C. Cummings	X	X	•••
Dunnell.	X	X	•	A. Foss.	X	X	•
Dwight.	X	X	••	Hayden.	X	X	•
G. Foss.	X	X	•	Harris.	X	X	•
Han.	X	X	•	James.	X	X	••
Hind.	X	X	•	Paine.	X	X	•
Island.	X	X	•	Perkins.	X	X	•
Lowell.	X	X	•••	L. Riegel	X	X	•
Mali.	X	X	•	T. Riegel	X	X	•
Parker.	X	X	•	T. Thordike.	X	X	••
C. Thordike	X	X	•	Warner.	X	X	•
Lawrence.	X	X	•				
A. M. R.	X	X	•				
	8	9	1		9	8	4
	11	9	1		9	11	7
	11	17	1		17	11	

WEDNESDAY,
(cont'd.)

FOURTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chonsticks".....T.L, J.R.
2. Mandolin Solo.....L. Riegel.
3. Duet for violin & piano.....Miss R. Peabody, T.L.
4. Choruses.....March of the Cameron Men,
Forty Years On, Lyon of Preston.
5. Duet, "Barcarolle",.....Miss R. Peabody, P.W.S.
6. Stunt.....T.L. and Company.
7. Stunt, "To See the Waters Gliding", Brodrick, King,
Aspinwall, and family.

CAMP SONG.

We ran over time again, but what is one to do when there is so much talent of all sorts running round loose?

It is pleasant to have a mandolin again. It is the first time this year, and we have missed it. The violin and piano duet was splendid. Some of us had heard it before on Sunday morning and were very glad to hear it again. The vocal duet was received with an enthusiasm which called for an encore, but unfortunately there was not time.

The adventures of Mr. Lynes's camping trip were presented with elaborate stage setting. The fire glowed with a fine ruddy light, and the fish they had was so large that it had to be cleaned with an axe. The episode of keeping the corn meal cool over night in the spring was done full justice to. We give the song farther on. The walk which they took was represented by a brief charade. The whole company appeared most gorgeously attired in togas and full armor and proceeded to roam about. We hope that everyone guessed it.

WEDNESDAY The second stunt, which was got up by R.R.,
 (cont'd)
 illustrated a song with which we are all familiar. The gallant
 bearing of Steve Brodie as the Soldier, and the graceful charm
 of General King as the Lady, were things to be remembered.
 The sympathy between them was shown by their gestures. We
 must not forget to mention the fine appearance of the husband
 from the Northland (Aspinwall), followed by the six children.

After a scouting day we never feel very strenuous, so it
 was good to sit on the floor, or even lie on it, and begin
 "The Lunatic at Large."

(%) (%) (%) (%)

SONG OF CAMP BELLACC.

I

Six doughty men

With food for ten

Set out for an East Pond nook.

So they rowed up north

And soon came forth

At the head of Meadow Brook.

They stopped for feed

And all agreed

That with only rain in view-ew-ew,

They had best make camp

Before too damn,--

Which thing they all did do.

Chorus: So row, ye campers, row,

A-camping we will go.

We'll stay no more

On Great Pond shore,

So let the donkeys bray-ay-ay.

We'll camp on Little Pond

A mile or two beyond,

And we'll sail back home

Where the white-cans foam

On the road to Mandalay.

II

When morning came

Off went the rain,

In scattering clouds and mist;

And we sang a hymn

And we had a swim,

And a cold one too, I wist.

So we pulled once more

To Great Pond shore,

And merrily ate our lunch-unch-unch,

And we climbed Blueberry

A view to see,

And descended in a bunch.

Chorus: So row, ye canoers, row, etc.

III.

And we sailed back home

With our tent-bags blown

And a hurricane gale behind,

And the wind that blew

Dismayed one crew,

Because of a squall of wind.

So we all came back
 On the starboard tack,
 Till we sighted the well-known slip-in-in,
 And we jolly well knew
 That the days were few
 That we spent on Camp Blacc trip.
 Chorus: So row, ye canners, row, etc.

T.L.



Climbing ye Faculty Tree

THURSDAY.
July 25.

T. 62'

B. 28.91

M.W.

Cloudy

Mrs. Richards left for Gardiner

by the early train this morning.

The camping trip made a beautiful

flying start, although we hear they

carried some extra weight in their bags.

In the middle of the morning, arrived a distinguished guest whom we have not seen for several years.

He tells us many interesting things and is going to talk to us about the Philomenes to-morrow. Next year the Jelly-fish is going out to teach in his school at Baguio. Quite a Merryweather colony.

T. Bennett passed the swimming test to-day. The weather has been very unfavorable for practice lately, or the non-swimming class would have been wiped out before this.

Just as swim began, we were amazed by the dramatic entrance of the logging squad, towing and pushing their raft, waist deep in water. They made a fine businesslike appearance, but Batchy says that khaki trousers are nasty to wade in.

There is a thrilling competition going on between two members of the yard squad to see which can pick up the greatest number of burnt matches. We approve of this form of sport.

At dinner to-day, we had most wonderful oranges, a birthday present to and from Steve Brodie. We don't know just when Steve's birthday is, but we think we can find out.

Camping Trip

July 25th

Chapin

Cross

Foss

L. Riegel

C. Thorndike

T.H.W.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomock

THURSDAY
(cont'd.)

If we have any more sore throats in camp, Dr. Swaim is going to try the method of cure that is fashionable among the Aleutian Islanders, which Mr. Lynes told us about this morning. The doctor puts on queer clothes, and throws things at the patient. If he doesn't recover at once, he puts on queerer clothes, and throws more things. Mouse had better look out.

EXPEDITIONS.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

<u>ADLER.</u>	<u>PANTASOTW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>
C.A.S.	L.C.Z.	T.L.	L.T.S.
Dwight	H.B. Davis	F. Cummings	Parker
King	C. Cummings	Lowell	Paine
Chisholm	Lawrence	Dunnell	Bowden

<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		<u>EREBUS.</u>
H. R.		Abbot
R.B.O.	E.W.B.	Billings
Hayden	Brodrick	A Thorndike
T. Riegel	Perkins	
Hun	Corning	
Mali	Leland	
H.P., R.P.		

HORNBEAM HILL.

<u>RIPOGENUS.</u>	<u>EBENEZER.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
P.W.S.	J.R.A.	J.R.	A.E.H.
Dillon	Bennett	Batchelder	Aspinwall
Harris	G. Foss	James	Dorr
H. Davis	A.M.R.	Grub	Grub

The Rocky Mountain party were delayed in getting off. Their salmon wasn't fried quite on time, and there was trouble with a broken row-lock. It was six o'clock when they reached the mouth of Rocky Mountain Brook, so they had to content themselves with the brook, and let the mountain go until another time. The brook was looking as lovely as usual, and Clarence Corning was so pleased with it that he got in up to his neck, and was rescued with

THURSDAY.

(cont'd)

difficulty. Otherwise the trip was free from danger, and the party arrived at the float at exactly half past eight.

The Hornbeam Hill party got the first lot of salmon, and so were able to start at three ten. The Yammerschooner had one bad oar-lock, and so the crew had to row with one oar a piece. Nobody knew exactly where to land, but finally we landed in the first big bay below the narrows. It soon became evident that if we went to Hornbeam Hill we should not get back until ten o'clock at night, so we turned off through the woods and did a bit of exploring. We found a fine rocky brook with the abutments of a bridge, which we christened "Broad Jump Brook". Next time we are going to take Mr. Wellman over to show us how to do it.

We summed "not wisely, but too well", and after separating Hancock Dorr from his last piece of cracker and jam, we started homeward. We made the carry at the Mills in good time, with the assistance of two kindly strangers, who walked the Eben over on their shoulders, and in spite of the salmon we reached the float at exactly eight o'clock. Coming down the stream, the Williwaw almost collided with a launch, which delayed matters a little.

Needless to say, there were no half-past-eight games. We found the two stay-at-homes, Mouse and R.R., in peaceful occupation of the camp, and all the lights going to help us in.

As for the half-past-niners, all they asked for was pillows and the 'Lunatic'.

FRIDAY
July 26
T. 63'
B. 28.90
N.W.
Light Clouds

This morning Mr. Ogilby told us some
very interesting things about the native
Philippinoes. He had a complete costume with

him and he dressed Batchelder up to show us
what a native warrior looked like. But we should also have
liked to have seen how they carried things in their ears,
for his story of a man with a box of matches in one ear
and a pack of playing cards in the other seemed a little
incredible to some of us.

At swim to-day Hancock Dorr passed the swimming test.
We hope that by next week the non-swimming will have
entirely disappeared.

Mrs. Richards returned from Gardiner to-day.

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FOURTH FISHING AFTERNOON

Williwaw	Yammerschooner	Identical	
T.L.	C.A.S.	E.W.B.	
A. Thorndike	Dwight	H.B. Davis	
Corning	Lowell	F. Cummings	
1 bass	2 bass		
Pantasote	Erebus	Terror	
R.P.	J.R.A.	H.P.	
Billings	T. Riegel	Chisholm	
G. Foss	Hun	Leland	
3 bass		2 bass	
Arklet	Wobbler	Hornpout	Chub
A.E.H.	H. Davis	J.R.	L.C.Z.
Bennett	Mali	Hayden	C. Cummings
Dorr	Perkins	1 pickerel	Paine
1 bass	2 bass	3 bass	1 bass

Total number of fish 16

It was not a particularly good day for fishing, as
there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water
until after it began to get dark. Five of the boats stayed
out to supper.

FRIDAY
(cont'd)

The Ouananiche, with most of the non-fishermen on board, went to the Mills. There her crew spent their time and money absorbing sodas and such necessities of life. Also, as nearly as we can find out, fully forty-two, or thereabouts, films were acquired. Let us hope that these pictures succeed.

Together with the fishing boats arrived Camp Six-skeeter-scratchers. We have not yet found out just what they did with themselves except kill mosquitoes.

"Games on the Hill" were in order after supper; and then followed the 'Observation Game'. We only had the three minute trials, but we hope to have the thirty second trials soon. We regret to say that one or two very good scores were handed in with no name. Having no names they could not be counted, but we give the five best:

Chisholm 27

Corning 27

F. Cummings 26

Abbot 23

Dwight 22

We almost forgot to mention the glorious although late arrival of Sam Hun's trunk. The poem and picture tell the tale.

BEFORE and AFTER.

His slender shoulders day by day
With heartsick grief were bowed.
He scarce could raise a pallid smile,
And never laughed aloud.

But now his roars of joy and mirth
Come sounding thick and fast.
Our Hunny is himself again;
His trunk has come at last!

(If you don't believe it, just look at
his hat.)



The Six Skitter-Scratchers.

It was 9.30 o'clock on the morning of a bright July day and the Merry weather float was cleared for action. Two noble ships - The "Coker" and the "Abol" - were tugging at their moorings in anticipation of the record-breaking start that was soon to be pulled off. A low rumble was heard followed by a scampering of feet - we were off in a cloud of dust - no, we should have said in a cloud of spray. Up the lake to the north we paddled. Soon after starting we bore in sight of a launch - a hydroplane, but we soon lost sight of it again, and we suppose it was left far in the rear. The "Coker" was manned, (or shall we say "boyed"), by L. Riegel, C. Thordike with A. Fors in command, while the crew of the "Abol" consisted of Chapin, Cross and P. H. W.

We reached the north end of Great Pond with mishap and plowed bravely into the lops-weed. Here we experienced our first delay for the mouth of Meadow Brook was no where to be found. (We would suggest that if certain members of the faculty are desirous of covering their mouths - they try lops-weed in lieu of mustaches as the effect is much better)

However, we found the brook after a systematic search in the sea-soaked sea-weed (put in for the effect of the alliteration) - and proceeded

101

to North Pond, landing on the shore to the west of the head of the brook in time for lunch. Here we enjoyed such delicacies as clams and Ecks doughnuts.

After fumbling about a bit on the forward sward we again launched our boats and proceeded to Little Pond. Be it known that between North and Little ponds there are rocks that make the passage between Scylla and Charybdis look like the road a calm Pacific. After

landing as high and dry as the Ark on Ararat, and sliding down on the other side we reached Little Pond and hastened for the South Shore. There we found everything for our living including a spring. Tent-poles already set up &c, &c. It didn't take us long to pitch camp - for there were pine trees all around - and we were soon in the water.

After a sumptuous supper we curled up about the fire and told wild tales each one vying with the other as to improbability.

About this time we were attacked by small insects with wings, a hum and a bite - in short by mosquitoes and as we had no netting, (it would be a mean trick to tell whose fault it was) we were obliged to cover ourselves with our blankets and we were soon asleep.

About 6.30 we awoke and breakfasted on smoked corn meal mush, smoked potatoes,

smoked fish things and smoked apricots.

About 8 o'clock we were on our way, and after again leaping from craf to craf between the ponds, paddled to Smithfield reaching that metropolis about 9 o'clock. We then decided that Norridgewock-on-Kumbeek was to be our goal and we set out in a burst of speed. We soon came to a farmer of whom we inquired the distance to our destination. "Well, now, it's about 6 mile from here right along the road". We trudged on bravely, and soon came to another country gentleman. "How far to Norridgewock, Mister?" we asked in one breath. "It's a good seven mile from there past, afore ye fetch up in the town". — Every cloud has a silver lining" we thought as we saw in our minds' eyes heaping plates of ice cream. Our dreams were soon fulfilled and we returned to Smithfield by the way we had come. Here, in the shores of the pond we had our lunch of smoked things but with the improvement in taste caused by the fact that they were now cold.

As we were about to start down Meadow Brook, one of the boys said; "Mr. Wellman, I'm scared of hitting rocks — the current is fierce." "Never fear," replied the

Mellman; "I know just where every rock in
 the Brook is." Hardly were the words out of
 his mouth when, crash! - his canoe was stuck
 on a rock. He merely closed his eyes wear-
 ily and remarked. "There's one of them now."

We were soon down the Brook and
 across the pond; and finally we brought up
 with a jerk at the float - the trip of the
 Six Skutter Scratchers was over!

SATURDAY, This morning the two Miss Peabodys and Per
July 27,
T. 64' left us. Per's moustache left a little earlier
B. 29.01
N.W. (Light) than he did. Mr. Ogilby also departed by the
slightly cloudy
early train to Oakland.

As long as we are chronicling departures, we must
mention that of the Mouse, although it did not occur
until the afternoon. He was going August first anyhow, and
as he didn't seem to be coming around from his cold as
quickly as one could wish, his father, who had come down
to Waterville, decided to take him along with him. So he
went off by automobile with Dr. Swain to keep him out of
mischief, and we hope to hear soon that he is all right
again.

The arrivals to-day were somewhat temporary. Mr. Foss
was here for swim and dinner, but had to leave early to
catch a train. As for Mr. and Mrs. Corning, who came over from
the Mills in the afternoon, they were here for such a short
time that most of us didn't see them at all.

There was a shower lunch time, but it was so slight
that we almost forgot to mention it.

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FOURTH BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
LEATHERY APES vs. HAIRY MAMMOUTHS

For the first seven innings this was an extremely
good game. Up to the eighth, only five hits had been made
and the score stood four to two in favor of the Leatherly
Apes. But in the eighth the Hairy Mammouths went up in the
air, and the Apes scored five runs on one hit. they were
aided by four walks and three errors.

SATURDAY. One double play was made; in the fourth with (cont'd)
T.L. on first, H.B. Davis lined to Abbot who easily caught T.L. off his base. Mr. Lynes made the greatest number of hits, with a double and a single out of five times at bat, but H. Davis's average is better with one out of two. Each team made seven errors which rather spoiled the game; but as most of them came in the later innings, the first part of the game was good baseball.

Hairy Mammoth vs. Lethery Spec										of July 27										at		1	
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.			
5	1		¹ P. H. W.	3	K	9-3			9-3		K						4	1	0				
16	3		² Ininwall	2	9-3		9-3					9-3					4	0	1				
0	1		³ J. R.	1			9-8		9-3								5	2	1				
4	2		⁴ bbot	6			9-3					K					3	1	0				
0	2		⁵ Dillon	4				(K) 3		9-6			2	9-3			4	0	0				
1	0		⁶ Parker	5				E		9-3							3	0	.1				
1	0		Childsm	7	K		9-3			K		9-3					4	0	0				
0	0		Bathelder	8		K	9-3				K						3	0	0				
0	0		⁹ Hayden	9		9-3			K		9-3						4	0	0				
0	0		¹⁰ Mali										K				1	0	0				
			¹¹																				
27	9		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.		1	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	1	3	4					
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base bits.											35	4	3				
				6	16	1-b. on errors.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.			

SATURDAY. "Games on the Hill"roused the usual cheers,
(cont'd)
and then we settled down to the serious business of charades.

TOTALLY. We were rather thrown off the track on "tote",
for though it was splendid scene, and the younger ones were
toted across the river in great style, there was a misleading
emphasis laid on "Broad-Jump Pete," and his record of 25 ft.
2 in. "Sally in our alley" was truly lovely. Such a plump and
placid damsel is not often seen, and we do not wonder that
Gus was fascinated by her. The whole word represented a sad
expedition. They were totally exhausted ("my middle name is all
in"), the food was totally eaten; and finally Mr. Lynes, totally
abandoned by the rest, picked up all the baskets and went out,
murmuring sadly, "Everybody works but father".

SINECURE. For the first syllable we had an aged couple
about to sign the deed conveying their farm to an insinuating
stranger, (Cheese), when a friend (A.E.H.) rushed with a speci-
men from a vein of radium which he had just discovered on the
premises. "Knee" was the usual foot-ball scrimmage, with its
attendant injury. The third syllable was suggested by what
Mr. Lynes told us about the methods of the Aleutian Islanders.
General King was the Shaman, and he threw bean-bags at the
patient until he brought him round. For the whole word two
"grafters" were exposed by an investigator from the Women's
Club.

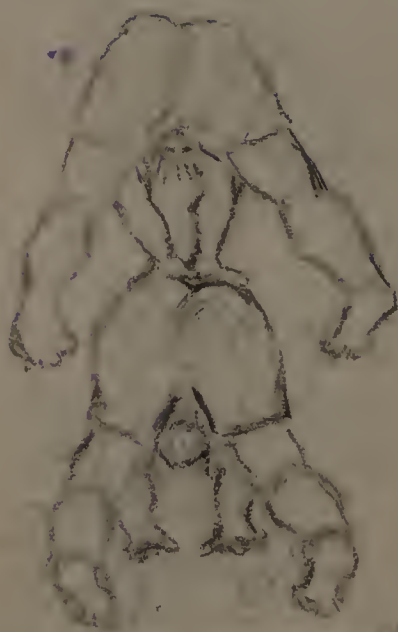
ASSASSIN. The first two syllables were practically contin-
uous, and accompanied by the song, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent
Road", sung by J.R. The part of the donkey was superbly
rendered by Mr. Abbot, in spite of the difficulty of dragging
a wheelbarrow, especially when you are wearing a long wrapper

SATURDAY and a donkey's head. For "sin" we had the garden of
(cont'd.)

Eden, with Adam and Eve sitting happily at the foot of a stately
apple-tree. The gree-blaid serpent gave them the apple, and
then they fled in conscious guilt. For the whole word we had
C. Thorndike, a most majestic monarch, assassinated by a horrible
ruffian.

After this, more "Lunatic".

The "Twinkles", which made their first appearance, this
afternoon, show signs of increasing numbers. We shall put the
whole collection together, to show the contagious effect of
inspiration.



Leap Frog

TWINKLES.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Cheese!
How I wonder if you'll freeze,
Up above our heads so high,
Like a lamp-post in the sky!

Twinkle, twinkle, little Steve;
How I wonder if you'll grieve
When the barber comes to cut
All that mop from off your "nut"!

Twinkle, twinkle, little Chick!
You are up to any trick,
From the catching of a fly,
To the eating of a pie!

Twinkle, twinkle, General King!
Well, you are a funny thing!
When you play at "Boston", it's
Enough to send one into fits!

Twinkle, twinkle, little Beef!
How you grow is past belief.
If your brains would grow as fast,
Soon your tut'ring would be past!

(Further twinklings are solicited. A prize, consisting of one quart of Pat Regan's peanuts, (the best in the world) will be offered for the best Twinkle, and awarded at next Sing Song.)

Twinkle, twinkle, little Zoo,
Twinkle, twinkle Radish, too.
Whiskers of prodigious size—
Which will win the booby prize?

Twinkle, twinkle, little Per,
Gone to spend a week with "Her";
Had to shave his upper lip
"Fore she'd let him take the trim.

Twinkle, twinkle, playful Pete,
Flashing forth your fairy feet;
Ever are you known to fame,
"Broad-Jump" is your middle name.

Twinkle, Twinkle, south-paw boy,
Catcher's woe and batter's joy.
You are not much good at bat,
And worse on bases, 'cause you're fat.

159
Twinkle, twinkle, whirlwind Zoo;
Batting was a cinch to you
Till your average went to smash--
Now you're down among the trash.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bunny B.
What a scare you give to me.
When your fist you wave on high,
We all fear that we will die.

Twinkle, twinkle, John the pitcher,
Not a batter that can hit yer.
But whene'er to bat you swagger
Scorer credits "one three-bagger."

Twinkle, twinkle, Loring Swaim;
High your purpose, true your aim.
But when Mizzy Man has treed you
You must hustle same as we do.

Twinkle, twinkle, Sister Perks.
On a squad she never works.
And whene'er she has to speak,
Reels it off in French or Greek.

Twinkle, twinkle, Dutchy Hun,
Oh, I wonder how you run.
But your fat does not impede,
And you show amazing speed.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Dutch.
His calm laziness is such
That he has himself to thank
For each loudly-echoing spark!

Twinkle, twinkle, Neddy Bill.
Neddy's tongue is seldom still.
But his smile is like the sun,
Warm and bright for everyone.

Twinkle, twinkle, tuneful Ty!
Just you watch his fingers fly!
Rag-time, symphony, or hymn,
All sounds good if played by him.

Twinkle, twinkle, brothers all,
Fat or skinny, great or small.
Fortune speed you, near or far,
Luck be yours, wher'er you are.

Various other twinkles were thrown out, on account of
faulty rhyme or metre; and one was so nearly an exact copy
of one that had already been so weeded out that it didn't seem
best to keep it.

112.

SUNDAY, A little rain again to-day, but nothing serious.
July 28
T. 61' The wind stiffened in the afternoon, so that a water
B. 29.09
N.W. picnic was out of the question.
Cloudy.

Between swim and dinner a grand series of wrestling matches was held, first out behind the infirmary, and then up on the field. The first, between Dutchy Hun and C. Thorndike, lasted through four rounds before any fall was made. Then Thorndike laid the Dutchman on his back.

In the match between Cross and King, the Pride of Pomfret speedily downed the General twice.

Dorr and Dannel gave a spirited exhibition, and were so evenly matched that no decision was possible.

Harris gave Lowell one fall, and Chavin did the same for Dillon, after a desperate encounter.

Professor came back in time for dinner, (afraid we forgot to say that he had gone in to Gardiner Saturday.) and Dr. Swaim and Mr. Lynes went down to Pine Island to dinner, all so gay, in a canoe and a high wind.

"The First Part of Henry IV" was finished at afternoon reading.

"Wolf", over in Gleason's pasture, was the event of the afternoon, and we had supper under the southeast oak tree on the scouting field.

After much singing round the fire we came down for hymns and then the half-past niners had "007."

Two fishermen went out by moonlight (J.R. and T.L.) but had no luck beyond a very good time in the

MONDAY.

July 29,

T. 63'

B. 28.89

F.
cloudy.

Showers.

We owe an apology to Mr. Bunny Bowden and the Cherub for omitting their wrestling match from the list of yesterday's encounters. Each got a hold that the other could not break; and as it seemed a pity to let them spend the rest of their lives sitting on each other's heads, the match was finally called off.

SQUAD NOTES.

A fine piece of work is being done along the shore to the south, filling in stones, logs, and dirt to save us from losing any more by washing away.

A very select squad of one mended two windows this morning. The brown paper patch was fine, but glass is certainly more transparent.

(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)(-)

Just now we are devastated by a plague of frogs of all sorts and sizes. We hope they will not be followed by "all manner of flies". Gus Aspinwall has done his best to reduce the number, but we can not tell as yet whether they are discouraged or not. His efforts have been rewarded by the enormous sum of about one dollar and thirty cents. He is still trying to collect outstanding debts.

As nobody has really been responsible for the Infirmary floor, we wonder if it would not be possible to have an Infirmary boy on the same footing as the piazza and boat-house boys. The parlor squad does it occasionally, and between times the editors take it in hand, but on rush days they haven't much time.

MONDAY. SECOND CANOE AND BOAT PRACTICE AFTERNOON
(cont'd)

As before, each of the faculty had a squad to run, and there was much shifting of positions to give everyone a chance at steering. There was no timing out practice, however, as it seemed a little cool for it.

Camp Kiddo

July 29th

Bennell

Bowden

Dorr

Dunnell

G. Foss

James

Leland

Paine

C.A.S.

L.C.Z.

Williwaw

Terror

Erebus

Camp Kiddo went off in great style, feeling very scornful of the lowering sky. There were three boat-loads of them, and a lively bunch they were.

After a good thorough practice, there were two races. Camp Kiddo and the cold and stomach-ache squad reduced the number of possible contestants, but they were very good races.

RANGELEY RACE.

(Juniors)

(coxes paddling)

IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.
Lowell	C. Cummings	A. Thorndike	Lawrence
Cross	Harris	C. Thorndike	Mali
Chavin (cox)	Dillon (cox)	Dwight (cox)	T. Riegel (cox)

It was a very pretty race, from Pickerel in. The lining up for the start was very difficult, but at last they got away. We have given the boats in the order in which they finished. The winners steered rather a wild course, otherwise they would have had a longer lead. As it was, each boat led its rear neighbor by about half a length.

FOUR-PADDLE RACE.

(mixed)

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	EBENEZER.
Abbot	Aspinwall	Parker
Dillon	T. Riegel	Chavin
King	Perkins	Corning
Batchelder	A. Foss	Billings

MONDAY This race, which was once out and round Pickerel,
 (cont'd.)
 was so close that it was hard to judge. Each canoe had its own
 stake boat to round, so there was plenty of room. On the turn Abbot
 gained a little, and finally crossed the line six inches ahead
 of the Corker. The latter had the Eben by about a foot. We
 don't often have races as close as this.

The Eben lost a little on the course out, as she had drifted
 down to leeward enough to give her a little longer distance.

After supper we had Digestion Club in the Infirmary.
 It was a tight fit, even with eight Kiddoes away.

Half-past eight "Boston" was distinguished by the
 amazing skill with which Hunny dodged his pursuers. He was
 helped by the fact that his trousers are so tight that
 you can't get any real hold on him, unless you get his shirt.

The "Lunatic" continues merrily. It is a pity that the
 author has never been able to do anything so good since.

We wish to call attention to the record of Camp Aborigyne,
 which has just been inserted under its proper date.

114

TUESDAY, Word from our Mouse this morning, and he seems
July 30.
T. 62' to be getting on very well.
B. 28.93
S. F. Mr. Riegel came up for a while this morning, and
Light
Showers took Lawrence and Teddy off for dinner at Camp
P. M.
Runoia.

Mr. Lynes is telling us wonderful things these days about Mexico and the Aztecs. They seem to have had more sense about planning a city five hundred years ago than most of us have got yet.

All sorts of plans were made for this afternoon, including baseball practice and a trip to Wonderland, but the rain came down and drove us indoors. Progressive ping-pong kept us busy till five o'clock, and then, as the rain had stopped, we got in some baseball practice after all. We give the results of the ping-pong games.

Table A.

J. R.
Abbot
J. R.
Abbot
T. L.

Table B.

Chavin
Chavin
H. B. Davis
H. Davis
Chavin
Chavin

The players at Table B. dropped out a little faster, so they got in one more game than Table A.

Boats after supper, for the first time in some days.

"Dumb-Crambo" as a half-past eight game was a great success. Why haven't we played it oftener?

More "Lunatic" for the half-past niners. Alas! We have nearly finished it.

By the way, Hayden got a bass after supper, trolling off the point.

WEDNESDAY,

July 31,

T. 60'

B. 29.10'

N.W.

Light

Foggy

Rain

W.P.

The barometer has been rising, but it doesn't seem to make much difference. Even the frogs will get discouraged if this weather goes on much longer.

The Riegels went off with their family this morning, for fishing and dinner.

Just before swim a motor-boat came in sight, bringing the first of our August boys, escorted by "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts". (Not literally true, but the principle is the same.) Hurrah for Dicky! *Dick Halliwell*

Boat-Building Afternoon

C. A. S.

L. T. S.

L. C. Z.

Master Builders

All hands pipe to ship to build great
angry mammoth ships

Ouananiche

to

Wonderland

R. R.

and

Kiddos.

Violent Subscription Run

at 5.00 hrs

J. R. A.

and many others.

116
STEVE BRODIE'S BIRTHDAY.

WEDNESDAY The Wonderland trip got off in good time, in
(cont'd.)
site of lowering skies.

OUANANICHE.

R. R.

E. W. B.	Paine
Leland	Dorr
G. Foss	Bennett
Dunnell	Bowden
C. Cummings	A. Thorndike
James	

This gallant crew went to the wild shore by Cook's farm, and spent the afternoon in the barn, jumping in the hay. Three valiant souls turtle-dived (or turtle-dove), R. R. holding on to her nose while she did it. New styles of jumps were invented, notably Leland's "Oliver Twist", and Thorndike's "Italian Caprice". And then they summed, and came home in time for Digestion Club.

Boats come on well. H. Davis's is already so light that he can't leave her in a draught for fear of her blowing away. Dr. Swain has a very peculiar model, while the Professor clings to the good old Bent Pin school of architecture.

The runners really ran for the glory of running, for Millard brought the mail just after they had started. They came in

as follows:

J. R. A.
L. C. E.
H. B. Davis
Corning
J. R.
F. Cummings
King
Hayden
Perkins
L. Riegel
Harris
T. Riegel
L. T. S.

Batting practice was eventful to-day, as it was the other day when Captain John landed a pitched ball on Steve Brodie's

117
WEDNESDAY his. This time Buster Chanin tried to take a bite
(cont'd.)
out of Gus Aspinwall's shoulder. It was too big to go into his
mouth, and he got rather damaged in consequence. It sounds rather
like Tom Bennetts attempt to put his bed in his eye.

After supper we had Digestion Club in the show, and then
came down for our

FIFTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....J.R., T.L.
2. Piano Solo.....Lawrence.
3. Song.....J.R.
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell, Scouting
Song, Camptown Races. .
5. Piano Solo.....T.L.
6. Stunt.....Assorted Faculty
7. Merryweather Quartette
8. Stunt.....A.M.R., Abbot, J.R.,
Dorr, Leland, Durnell.

CAMP SONG.

We let Mr. Lynes off with three this time, but we
wish it distinctly understood that there are a great many
more things that we want him to play to us.

The faculty stunt was the old song, "Be good, be good," with
two new verses, which we give below. There were really three, for
J.R.A. had a silent one, of which we do not know the words.
At the end the chorus became an orchestra, and played the tune
through on various instruments.

There were two brothers brave and bold,
And Cummings was their name;
And just a month ago, I'm told,
They justified the same.

118
WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

Put now, alas,

It's come to pass

A change of front they're showing.

For though to-night

They're coming all right,

To-morrow they'll be going.

Chorus: Be good, be good, etc.

Another little boy there is

And Tommy is his name.

Some thirteen years or more ago

He looked the very same.

They called him Sammy Bennett then,

Last year he was a master;

But now he's shrunk

Like a bathing-trunk,

And isn't that disaster?

Chorus: Be good, be good, etc.

The second stunt, the tragic song of "Mother Tabby-Skins," has been done before, but never better. There had really been no regular rehearsing, but all took their parts well. Chick as the wicked cat was really quite appalling. Dr. Dog certainly gave him all he deserved. Dr. Dog (J.R.) made a very fine appearance, and the final struggle under the bed-clothes was appalling.

And then we finished the Lunatic. He has been very good company.

The announcement of the winner in the Twinkle contest was made to-night. Captain John gets the prize, with "Twinkle, twinkle little Per."

119

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES.
FOR JULY.

	G.	A.B.	H.	Av.
P.W.S.	3	11	4	.363
C.A.S.	1	3	1	.333
L.C.Z.	4	18	6	.333
Warner	1	3	1	.333
J.R.	4	17	5	.294
H. Davis	4	12	3	.250
J.R.A.	4	14	3	.214
L.T.S.	3	11	2	.181
T.L.	4	18	3	.166
Asminwall	4	14	2	.142
Abbot	4	15	2	.133
Parker	4	15	2	.133
H.B. Davis	4	16	1	.063
P.H.W.	4	17	1	.058
Batchelder	4	12	0	.000
Brodrick	1	3	0	.000
Chapin	4	10	0	.000
Chisholm	2	6	0	.000
Dillon	4	16	0	.000
A. Foss	2	6	0	.000
Hayden	2	7	0	.000
Lowell	1	5	0	.000
C. Thorndike	4	16	0	.000
(S.D.S. jr.	1	4	1	.250)

Compiled by J.R.A.

120

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES.
FOR JULY.

	<u>G.</u>	<u>A.B.</u>	<u>H.</u>	<u>Ave.</u>
Abbot	2	7	6	.857
H. Davis	3	12	8	.666
Lowell	1	2	1	.500
H.B. Davis	3	14	5	.342
P.W.S.	1	3	1	.333
King	2	3	1	.333
Apinwall	2	7	2	.285
Chisholm	3	12	3	.250
Cross	2	4	1	.250
Billings	1	4	1	.250
Dillon	3	9	2	.222
G. Foss	3	5	1	.200
Batchelder	2	7	1	.144
A. Foss	3	12	1	.083
P.S. Parker	3	13	1	.076
Chapin	3	13	1	.076
C. Thorndike	3	13	1	.076
Bennett	3	5	0	.000
Brodieck	2	6	0	.000
O. Leland	2	3	0	.000
Hayden	3	9	0	.000
Harris	3	6	0	.000
F. Cummings	1	1	0	.000
Dorr	1	1	0	.000
Warner	1	3	0	.000
Dwight	1	2	0	.000
L. Riegel	1	1	0	.000

Compiled by J.R.A.

THURSDAY, "Hing be the heavens with black!" Nothing but a
Aug. 1, rain would have been suitable for so many departures,
T. 63' and rain it did, as hard as if a drought were just
B. 29. 22 breaking.
E. Rain

Fred Lawrence went by the early train, Miss Rosalind going with him as far as Oakland, on her way to Gardiner. Soon after eight the Cummingses and Oliver Leland started, the Cherub with a large dirty towel, sticking out of the front of his rubber coat. Poor Cherub! He began the day by climbing the Miz-tree, in a heavy rain and his pajamas. What shall we do, now that he is no longer sitting up aloft?

The rain was so heavy that all but the necessary squads were omitted, and boats were built instead. But the poor lamp-squad always has to toil.

After reading a great ping-pong tournament began. There was not time to finish it, of course, but some matches were run off after supper, and the rest will come later. The official score-card must occupy two pages by itself, so we shall give it later.

The Great Inter-Dormitory Bean-bag Tournament was run off on the piazza, while the Ping-Pong tournament was going on. We give the teams, and the official score. Each man had three turns at shooting five small bags and one Pickwick. Small bags counted one, Pickwick two.

SOUTH.	NORTH.	SHORT.	MAMMOTH C.
J. R.	T. L.	J. R. A.	C. A. S
H. Davis	Aspinwall	T. Riegel	L. Riegel
H. B. Davis	Chisholm	Dillon	Hayden
Abbot	Chavin	Parker	Mali
Brodrick	Batchelder	Hallowell	Billings

122
THURSDAY
(cont'd.)

Inter-Dormitory Bean-Bag Tournament.

<u>Short</u>	}	<u>South</u> 50-31	}	<u>South</u> 64-45		
<u>South</u>						
<u>North</u>	}	<u>Mammoth</u> 52-38				
<u>Mammoth</u>						

When the sun found that we were not sitting round on rocks deploring, it came out; and just about that time came the arrivals. We can't give all the signatures, because Mr. Parker went away right after summer, but he came, and we were very glad to have him.

Barbara Bennett
Elliot Cabot
Haven Parker

E. Francis Beland Jr.
Charles F. Allen

After summer all who were not immediately binging (or bonging) went up for Digestion Club. Then we played "Indoor Wolf", with great success.

The half-past-niners had mythology, for the first time in many moons.

By the way, future generations may realize how dark it was this morning when they read that we had the lamps lighted at breakfast, and one of them for morning reading. One night almost as well have been within the Antarctic Circle.

FRIDAY, This morning we finished "The
 Aug. 2, Voyage of the Discovery", and Mr.
 T. 62' B. 29.17
 N.W. Lynes finished his talks about
 Fair Heavy strange people. Both have been
 shower n.n. very interesting, and we wish they
 had lasted longer.

Camping Trip
 Aug. 1st
 -- --

Abbot
 Brodrick
 Harris
 Perkins
 R. Thorndike

A.E.H.

Abol
 Corker

The campers were to have started yesterday, but the weather was not exactly propitious. This morning they went gaily off, with every prospect of two fine days. But alas! You can't always tell what will happen.

SQUAD NOTES.

The old car-racks are being replaced by an expert squad of cabinet-makers.

The fire-wood squad, under command of J.R.A., did all sorts of fierce things this morning. The woods were full of them, and you had to be careful where you went, lest great brandies come down on your head.

Haven Parker swam to the Point this morning. All the other August boys are old and experienced swimmers.

Just before swim a canoe appeared, with Clarence Corning's brother John among his crew. He is from some camp with a queer name, and they were on a four-day trip.

At dinner to-day we had lovely peaches, a present from our Mouse. We wish he were here to have some of them.

After reading a shower was visible, but it decided to go

124

FRIDAY north and east, so we started out gaily, as per
(cont'd.)
list.

SUNDRY S UNTS.				
YAMMERSCHOONER.	EBENEZER.	ADLER.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.
Chisholm	J.R.A.	L.C.Z.	C.A.S.	T.L.
Batchelder	H.B.Davis	Hallowell	Corning	Allen
G.Foss	Billings	Chapin	Dunnell	Dorr
	Leland	Aspinwall		2 bass
TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	OUANANICHE.	
J.R.	E.W.B.	A.Foss	P.H.W.	
Hayden	L.Riegel	C.Thorndike	A.M.R.	T.Riegel
Cross	Mali	H.Parker	B.B.	P.Parker
The fishing boats went out in various directions but owing to the shower there was very little luck. In			Hun	Bowden
			Cabot	Dillon
			H.Davis	Paine
			James	King
			Lowell	Bennett

fact Mr. Lynes's boat was the only one that did not come
empty-handed. Is that a mixed metaphor? One of his two was a
2 1/2 pounder, which is pretty good.

The crew of the Adler started to explore the shore to
the east of Meadow Brook, but not finding the brook they had
hoped for, turned to the left, and climbed the hill above
the North Beach. Finding no shelter when the rain struck them,
they "got an' tuck it", like Brer Tarrypin in the fire, and
came home very damp indeed.

The Ouananiche went round Hoyt's, and observed a fine
tumble of rocks on the west side that would be fun to climb
some day. The trip home was made in very good time, as we hoped
to beat the shower; we didn't, though.

Mr. Abbot and the Ebenezer made a record-breaking trip.
They got away the instant reading was over, and in spite of
the rain, which was worse on Long Pond than it was with us,
they made the top of Rocky. Oh you hustlers!

The fishing boats came in wet or dry, according to
circumstances. Captain John beat the shower home. Miss Brown

FRIDAY and Cheese got pretty wet before they landed.
(cont'd.)

The Professor took refuge in a camp on Snake Point, and came home after the rain had stopped, dry and happy. For a while it looked as if Mr. Lynes and Alden Foss weren't going to come at all, but at 6.40 they appeared. Neither had a watch, and each had been relying on the other. The shower was light down south, where they were, and they kept dry under the trees on Hemlock Point.

Oh dear! Here I have forgotten our visitors; but when you write on the piazza there is a good deal to distract you. Just before dinner an automobile came down, with Mrs. Shaw, Harry, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Darling. Wasn't that fun? We only hope that they got home dry.

After supper we had Digestion Club, for the third time running, and some more ping-pong matches were run off.

Then we played "Towel", and nearly burned one towel up.

After that we had telegrams, with great success. We give some of the funniest below.

Miss Rosalind came home this evening, after an eventful trip. Freddy's train was an hour late, so she stayed by, and thereby missed her own train, and didn't get to Gardiner till all hours.

TELEGRAMS.

Word, Presidency. Subject, the Chicago Convention.

T.R. to Sen. Dixon.

Puny Rats! Eliminate such insignificant duffers.

Exhausted noodles can't yell.

Roosevelt to Taft.

Ponderous rascal! Even simmering idiots dumbly elevate noses condemning you.

126
FRIDAY

T.R. to A.D.Hill.

(cont'd.) Pandemonium reigns. Excruciating silliness induces
demonstrations. Elephant now canned. Yip!

To T. Franklin Pierce:

Plan rush exit. Send in Dooley; even Wero could yodel.

(Signed) Hinkley.

To A.L. Tenyson.

Plot revealed. Extraneous symptoms ineffectively
developing, even now. Can you?

(Signed) Dewey.

Progressives, regulars emulate screaming idiots. Damned
empty nonsense; criminal yowlings.

(Neither addressed nor signed.)

To Eoh. Hayrick East Sandwich, Conn.

Pshaw! Rest easy since I don't elect no candidate yet.

(Signed) Silas Mowdown, Chicago.

To Silas Mowdown, Chicago.

People round East Sandwich is denouncing elected
nominee. Choose yourself.

(Signed) Eoh. Hayrick.

To the Czar, St. Petersburg.

President Roosevelt eats sausages incessantly. Do edi-
ble nuts captivate you?

(Signed) Ballinger.

First N.Y. Delegate-at-Large to Also-Randolph.

Pandemonium reigns. Ex. shouts "I", darned energetically.

Nice candidate, yes?

Word, Pretending.

Subjects, England & Germany, Cnt. Scott.

English Ambassador to King.

Fesky Reichstag expecting trouble. Emperor's elegant
new dreadnought no good.

To King of England.

Please read effectively the extra newspapers' daring
inuendoes now, George.

(Signed) Bill.

Friday

(cont'd.) Potztausend! Ridiculous English trying naval display.

I naturally guffaw!

(Not signed, but it sounds like the Emperor.)

Prussian roysterer! Eat thy expressions now. Dutch immigration no go.

(Evidently a reply to the above.)

Pemmican really entirely nourishing. Damaged Ingersoll no good.

(Signed) R.F.Scott.

To Baron of Saxe-Weimar-Hesse-Cassel,
from a Spy.

Pig-headed rascally Englishman talking excitedly, nervous devil in new goloshes.

Ping-Pong Tournament

Table A.

Abbot.	6-0	Abbot	6-0	Abbot	6-1	Abbot	
Davis H.	Abbot		Abbot				
Bennett	6-0						
Dillon	Dillon						
J.R.A.	8-6						
Foss G.	Foss G.		6-3	Foss G.			
T.L.	6-1						
Corning	T.L.					10-8	J.R.
E.W.B.	6-1						
Chapin	Chapin		6-0	Chapin			
Dorr	6-2				6-4		
King	King				J.R.		6-2
Parker.			6-1				J.R.
J.R.			J.R.				
Thorndike R.			6-0		6-1		
Riegel T.			T. Riegel		P.H.W.		
P.H.W.			6-0			6-0	
Batchelder			P.H.W.			P.H.W.	
Hallowell			6-0		10-8		
A.E.H.			Hallowell		L.C.Z.		
Hayden.			7-5				
L.C.Z.			L.C.Z.				

Ping-Pong Tournament

129

Table B.

Aspinwall	6-0			
Foss A.	A. Foss	6-0		
Bowden	6-0	A. Foss		
Dunnell	Dunnell		6-3	
Billings	6-1		H. B. Davis	
C. A. S.	C. A. S.	6-3		
Davis H. B.	6-3	H. B. Davis		
Cross	H. B. Davis		6-4	
A. M. R.	6-1		H. B. Davis	
Chisholm	Chisholm	6-0		
Hun	Chisholm	6-2		
Brodrick	6-3	Brodrick		
Harris	6-0		6-2	
L. T. S.	L. T. S.		H. B. Davis	
Lowell	6-1			
James	6-0			
Riegel L.	L. Riegel		7-5	
Perkins	6-3		L. T. S.	
Thorndike C.	C. Thorndike	6-3		
Mali	6-0	C. Thorndike		
Paine	Mali			

Winner A. vs. Winner B.

J. R.	
H. B. Davis	6-2, 6-3, 6-4
	J. R.

130

SATURDAY, The weather was pretty uncompromising this mor-
Aug. 3, ning. The regular squads went to work in rubber coats
T. 57' and boots. AS for our unlucky canners, we could with
B. 29.6 N.E. Rain them.

At morning reading Mr Abbot began telling us about his
trip abroad, and Mrs. ^{RICHARD'S} began reading "Smiles's" "lives of the
Engineers".

At morning swim Lawrence James passed his swimming test,
the kindergarten squad ^{IS} now a thing of the past.

One distinguished ^{GUEST CAME} in the middle of the morning. Andrew
was all ready for him with a handful of flower so we home he
felt at home from the start . *Abbot Stevens*

The announcement for the afternoon read "Thirty-seventh
week of boat-building. Two or three ring-rong matches were also
run off.

Later the following crews went fishing :

J.R.	R.R.	E.W.B.
Hayden	C.A.S.	B.B.
one bass		

P. Simons returned from his wanderings this afternoon.
It is estimated that "Twinkle, twinkle, little Per" was quoted
to him at least twenty-five times in the first five minutes.

The canners came home a little before five, so soaking
wet that they decided to call themselves the ugly ducklings.

After supper it was too wet for anything out of doors, so
digestion ^{CLUB} met for the fourth consecutive night. Mr. Swaim took
charge , and began "Rudder Grange" .

CHARADES

BANQUET The bank scene was very dramatic. We doubt if any

SATERDAY cashier would care to figure long by such a light, cont'd"

but what are probabilities compared to stage effects? The murderous bank robbers looked like most awful ruffians so we were not surprised at their conducts. The second scene was also tragic. It represented the arrival of the boys in a heavy rain with the wood-piles so wet that fire and hot food were alike impossible. The whole word was a banquet scene from Macbeth. Zoo made a splendid ghost, even if some of us had seen him crawl under the table before his appearance.

INDEPENDENCE The first two syllables were acted in one scene.

A bull-frog chorus solemnly chanting "jug-a-run", while the luckless travelers sank deeper and deeper into the mud.

"PEN" was a pig-pen and the pigs showed that aversion to going where they belonged that is characteristic of pigs.

The scholars that enacted "dense" certainly lived up to that adjective. The whole word was effective though easily guessed. When you see gentlemen in cocked hats occupied with pen and ink you can be pretty sure what they are doing.

CALAMITY The first was really a tragedy-comedy, entitled "Miss Wellman's Lovers". The lovely lady, tastefully attired in pink, received her two suitors with equal pleasure, but the gift of the tooth-brush turned the scale. Mr. Stevens won her, and Mr. Lynes had nothing to do but depart, muttering darkly, "Me for the river." Mary's lamb was very good too; and though we protest against the pronunciation, "mighty was extremely impressive, with King Eliot I on his throne. But the climax of the evening was the eruption of Mt. Pelee. (?) Not only was the summit of this awful peak glowing red with fire, but the smoke rose from it in clouds, and stones and scoriae (rather proud

SATURDAY, of that word) hurtled through the air. Finally the
(cont'd.)
top of the mountain blew up, overwhelming the terror-stricken
by-standers.

The halfpast niners had a rousing game of "Boston", and
the North Andover Rail-splitter showed all his old-time
form. Zu's moustache has got so big that he was mistaken for
Mr. Abbot. Congratulations, gentlemen both.

An Object Lesson.

- Q. "What is this?"
A. "This is a lantern."
Q. "What do you burn in it?"
A. "We burn kerosene."
Q. "Then why is it full of water?"
A. "Ask Chickweed Abbot."

Yes, he really went in off the slip lantern and all; a
feat that has not been done since Jeffy illustrated his
famous inherited sense of balance. Bunny Bowden went off
earlier in the evening, but we understand that he was in the
dark, as well as in the water. Altogether it was a lively
evening.

SUNDAY, We could hardly believe that we had got a pleasant
 Aug. 4,
 T. 67' day at last, but it was really true. It stayed pleasant,
 F. 29.22
 N.W. too.
 Fair

Mr. and Mrs. Hallowell came down to see Dicky, and stayed to dinner. Later Mrs. Munroe came down from Pine Beach to see Freddy Dillon, and later still Mr. Dwight came for a look at Jack, who has been on the Infirmary squad for several days.

At afternoon reading Mrs. Richards began "Henry V."

PICNIC AT PINKHAM'S POINT.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIP.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.
P.H.W.	L.C.Z.	J.R.	P.W.S.	J.R.A.	Aspinwall
Charin	H.B. Davis	Dillon	Allen	Hayden	P. Parker
Perkins	T. Riegel	Leland	Hallowell	Dunnell	James
Brodrick	Billings	L. Riegel	A.M.R.	Bennett	Paine

IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	TERROR.	OUANANICHE.
A.E.H.	T.L.	Abbot	A.S.
H. Davis	Batchelder	A. Foss	B.B.
Dorr	Mali	A. Thorndike	Cabot
Bowden	Grub	Grub	Hun
			Harris
			King
			G. Foss (pass.)
			Grub

<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	
C.A.S.	
Corning	
Lowell	

We don't often go so far as this for a Sunday picnic, but after our long stretch of bad weather we wanted to be up and doing. We landed at the old wharf, and left Tom Bennett under the care of C.A.S. and T.L., while the rest of us started out to find the three little ponds east of the Hamilton Pond road. We overshot our mark, but reached a little hill in a hayfield from which we could see Messalonskee. On the way back a select company of two, A.M.R. and Batchelder, did some exploring, and found all three ponds, getting their feet wet in the biggest one. They are very pretty ponds, rather in the style of Pitcher Pond, and now that we know just where they are we can easily

SUNDAY find them again. That makes six ponds in that
(cont'd.)
region: Hamilton, Fred Somebody's, (forgotten the gentleman's
exact name), Pitcher, and these three little fellows.

When we got back we found the fire going and the cocoa
kettle on the road towards boiling. Summer was good, and we had
time for a few rounds before starting home.

Time for hymns was a little shorter than usual, but we
had some good ones; and then we had "Bread upon the Waters", to
our great satisfaction.

But there was some rain in the twenty-four hours; only
a few minutes of it, but enough to drive the pointers in to
seek the shelter of the boat-house.

Camping Trip
August 5th

Aspinwall
Cabot
H. Davis
Leland
Hun

J.R.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

MONDAY,
Aug. 5,
T. 63'
B. 29.21
H. W.
Fair

The campers made a very artistic start, in spite of an accident. Gus Aspinwall ran so fast that he couldn't turn to go along the slip, but shot right across it, into three feet of water. He scrambled out, and proceeded on his way.

This morning six bats were found in the Crows' Nest; not baseball bats but real birds, as one of the younger brothers remarked. Shall it be christened the Bats' Nest in future?

At morning swim there was great racing, across the float, into the water, out again, across again, and so on till the racers had had enough. Mr. Lynes beat Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Abbot beat Zu. Personally we would rather watch this sport than try it.

About twelve o'clock a very dressy company went off in a launch^{mc} to dine with Mrs. Monks and spend the afternoon. They were P. H. W., P. Parker, A. Thorndike, C. Thorndike, Hallowell, Lowell, Harris.

TWIN SUPPER EXPEDITIONS.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

EBEN.	IDENTICAL.	RIP.	OUANANICHE.
A. S.	P. W. S.	C. A. S.	T. L.
T. Riegel	Chisholm	Chavin	A. M. R.
Dillon	Dunnell	Perkins	B. B.
Billings	Grub	Riegel L.	Hayden
			All en
			King
			Dorr
			James
			E. W. B.
			Corning
			Brodrick
			Cross
			Perker H.

HORNBEAM HILL.

EREBUS.	ADLER.	TERROR.
J. R. A.	A. E. H.	L. C. Z.
A. Foss	H. B. Davis	Abbot
Paine	G. Foss	Mali
Grub	Batchelder	Grub

MONDAY By cutting out afternoon reading we got away in continued very good time, the Hornbeams a little before half-past one and the Rocky Mountaineers a little after. The Hornbeam crowd went further South than the ^{last} ~~first~~ party who tried the trip, but they report that they did not land far enough south. They went straight through the woods and swamps, found very rough walking, especially in the swamps. But they reached their hill and climbed it, too. This trip has not been taken very often except by people on camping trips.

The Rocky Mountain crowd reached the mouth of their brook in a shower, but fortunately it was a little one. On their way up they found a familiar looking tent, and a few minutes later met Captain John, who reported his party as in good condition. When the mountaineers reached the top and the blueberries they passed the time of day with the campers, down on the shore of the pond, and relieved Gus Aspinwall's mind on the subject of the Red Sox. It was too far off to see whether Hunny had lost weight or not.

The party went along the front of the mountain under the cliff as far as the slide, and then came down as they came up. The only accident was to General King, who fell on the rock and smashed his poor nose quite badly.

The last Rocky Mountain boat was launched just as the first Hornbeam Hill boat came over the carry, so the two parties connected pretty well.

In the meantime there had been many visitors at camp; Mr. Dwight, more friends of Freddy Dillon's (Fred is a popular man,) and Neddy Billings's family. And there had arrived the Man from Methuen, whose signature closes this page.

Monday

~~SUNDAY~~

Less room than I thought on the other page, so his
(cont'd.)
signature goes here. We haven't seen it for some time.

Arthur Sweeney.

"Monkey in sight" was the game till half-past eight,
and by that time most of us were ready for pillows on the
floor. Mrs. Richards began "The Tinted Venus", which we haven't
had for several years.

138

TUESDAY, This morning the whole Billings family came over
 Aug. 6
 T. 63' and stayed to dinner. We were glad to have good weather
 B. 29.2
 Fair N.W. for them, for we do not look our best in rubber
 coats and boots.

FIFTH FISHING AFTERNOON.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
T.L.	J.R.A.	L.T.S.	C.A.S.	E.W.B.
P.Parker	Perkins	H.B.Davis	Allen	Hallowell
Cross	Bowden	H.Parker	Harris	Mali
	Bennett	Dillon		2 bass
	1 bass	4 bass		
CHUB	HORN-POUT.	WOBLER.	ARKLET.	
L.C.Z.	A.E.H.	Abbot	A.Foss	
Hayden	Chisholm	King	Billings	
C.Thorndike	Dorr	Paine	James	
	1 bass			

Total number of fish, 8 bass.

OUANANICHE.

A.S.	Batchelder	No fishing for this boat.
A.M.R.	L.Riegel	
P.H.W.	T.Riegel	Oh no! A whole new stunt, if
P.W.S.	Brodrick	
Corning	Chavin	you please. Up Meadow Brook as
A.Thorndike		
G.Foss		far as the first bridge, and then over
Lowell		
Dunnell		land for an attempt on Bickford Hill.

In 1904 we walked in this direction to see if we could look
 over to East pond, but failed for lack of time. This afternoon
 we had the same trouble; for though we had our supper with us,
 we found Bickford's Hill out of reach. We reached a very good
 hill, though, from which we saw North and East ponds, with all
 the big northern mountains behind them. We climbed huge
 boulders, and ate raspberries, and had a good time generally.
 We paddled down Meadow Brook very easily, but before we
 reached the North Beach, where we were to meet Dr. Swain's
 fishing crew and have supper, a very pretty little shower
 sat right down on us. The leaders of our party built a fine

TUESDAY shelter by leaning a big piece of planking up against a
(cont'd.)
a big tree, and we crawled under and were very comfortable. The Doctor's boat got it a good deal harder than we did, as they were further away. When the rain held up, we crawled out of our hole and had supper around a bright fire. On the way home, we hustled, just for fun, and finished in the good old style with the stern four standing.

Camp Kiviat came home in good spirits, but rather weary, having climbed both Rocky and Muskrat, the former before breakfast.

"Games on the Hill" was followed by "Quiet Games", and then many went to bed. The survivors went down to Andy Coggin's, to get a plate of beans.

We forgot to mention Barbara Bennett's departure this morning, but it wasn't because we weren't sorry to have her go.

140
THE FORESTRY SQUADXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE FORESTRY SQUAD.

(With apologies to A.T.)

The charge of the gallant half-dozen, the Forestry Squad!
Through the wood, through the wave, oak trunk and birch trunk,
Bristling with branches, they drew to the landing, and stayed.
For swim-time and eke addy-humps time were drawing near
When the raft was broken asunder and piecemeal riven.
Then,—"Two to a tree!" was called; and they wheeled and obeyed;
Gripped the wet trunks with fingers of iron, and steel-
banded sinews,
Braced the firm limbs till the muscles stood out like the
lumps on a back-log;
"Forward!" and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Charged the bold Forestry Squad!

WEDNESDAY, Our weather man says that he posted the report,
 Aug. 7,
 Warm, and he is a truthful man. But somebody must have
 Fair
 W. eaten it, for we can't find it anywhere.

This morning the front steps were found to be so badly
 rotted that they were taken away entirely. As making a new
 set is a matter of time we have had to do some lively hopping
 all day. This mo

This morning a squad swam out to Pickerel Rock and some
 of them swam both ways.

with Mr. Billings came over this morning and took Neddy back
 with him.

FIFTH BASEBALL AFTERNOON

SOX VS. FROX

It is good to get back to baseball again after all the
 weather we have had. The first inning looked as if things
 were going to be pretty one-sided; but after that things settled
 down and on the whole it was a exciting. At the end of the
 eighth the Frox lead their opponents by two runs, but a spir-
 ited rally in the ninth gave the victory to the Sox by one run

Three two-baggers added greatly to the interest of the
 game. Two of them go to the credit of P.H.W., who heads the bat-
 ting list with two hits out of three times at bat.

MARQUA RDS vs. WOODS.

Instead of budding-ball two teams were made up from
 the usual budding-ball crowd, and given a new diamond to play
 baseball. The teams were rather uneven, the final score being
 39-3 in favor of the Woods. On both teams players changed

Sox vs. Fox of Aug. 7. at 1

P.O.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
3	0		1	A. S. (H)	5									K				4	3	2	
1	6		2	Abbott	6													4	3	2	
2	4		3	J. R.	1			K										4	2	0	
7	1		4	L. T. S.	3	K												4	1	2	
8	1		5	Aspinwall	2													4	1	1	
5	1		6	A. S. (N.A.)	4						K							3	0	0	
1	1		7	C. Thordike	7	K												4	0	0	
0	0		8	Allen	9		K				K							4	0	1	
0	0		9	Hallowell	8		K		K								4	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
27	14		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	4	0	4	0	4	1	5	0	5	2	7	0	7	3	10	
			Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
						8	3	1-b. on errors.											1		

Fox			vs.	Sox	of Aug. 7												at						
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.		
5	1		1 L. C. Z.	3														6	2	2			
1	0		2 A. B. Davis	8														5	2	1			
1	2		3 P. W. S.	6														3	0	0			
0	0		4 T. L.	1														4	2	0			
11	3		5 J. R. A.	2														4	2	0			
4	0		6 P. H. W.	4														3	0	2			
3	2		7 H. Davis	5														4	0	0			
0	0		8 P. S. Parker	7														4	0	0			
2	0		9 Chapin	9														4	1	0			
0	0		10 King															1	0	0			
			11																				
27	8		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.																		
			Hours..... Mins.....																				
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.		
				7	9														2				
					1-b. on errors.																		

positions frequently, so the score is not easy to follow. This game will not count in the regular Junior League batting averages.

When the games were nearly over, came a joyful arrival that we had hoped for, but hardly expected till to-morrow. For further particulars, see their signatures below.

Julia Coolidge Richards.
Henry Howe Richards

Wood vs. Marquads of at 1

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
		1	Lowell	2	P ₃						P ₃	K		2-3		6	5	1	
		2	Harris	74								15				4	6	0	
		3	Hayden	1												14	5	2	
		4	Foss A	3	20									1-3		8	5	4	
		5	Budrick	5								1-3		2-3		5	5	3	
		6	Foss G	6		K					1-3					7	4	3	
		7	Uali	97	1									P ₂		5	6	1	
Paine		8	Riegelt	8	K			2-4		P ₃	3-5	K	K			3	1	0	
Bowden		9	Perkins	94		P ₁				1-3		K ₂	2-3			5	3	2	
		10	Paine													1	0	0	
		11	Bowden													1	0	0	
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.				5	5	7	12	1							
Hours..... Mins.....								8	20	9	29	29	3	32	3	35	3	38	1
Hit by pite. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	1-base on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.

Marquads vs. Woods of at 1

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
		1	Dunnell	9			1-4			3-4						0	0	0	
		2	Deland	72			1-4			P ₄						3	0	0	
		3	Cabot	57	K				K							2	0	0	
		4	Chisholm	23		6-3										2	0	1	
James		5	Bennett	4			K		P ₁							1	1	0	
		6	Batchelder	18				4-3								2	1	0	
		7	Riegel	86		4-3			K		2-5					2	0	0	
		8	Cross	78		1-3			2-4		2-4					2	0	0	
Don?		9	Coring	8			K		2-5							1	0	0	
		10	James													2	0	0	
		11																	
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.				0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0				
Hours..... Mins.....								0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0				
Hit by pite. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	1-base on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.

Buster Charin's family came over for a few minutes at the end of the afternoon, and are coming for a real call to-morrow.

After supper we had boats, and Gus Aspinwall caught a sizable fish trolling.

At seven-thirty all hands came in, and we settled down for sing-song.

WEDNESDAY , SIXTH SING-SONG.
(cont'd.)

1. OVERTURE, "Chopsticks, with variations".....J.R., T.L.
2. Songs.....H.H.R.
3. Cornet Solo.....Harry Mali.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys, Water Rats,
Do-ri-li-u.
5. Stunt.....Abbot, J.R.A., P.W.S.
6. Duet, "Akademische Overture".....T.L., A.M.R.
7. Stunt, "Camp Kiviat".....J.R. & Co.

Camp Song.

It is good to have the Commodore singing to us again
And he sang songs that we never get from anyone else.

The cornet is a welcome to our list of instruments
We hope for the French horn some day too,

The first stunt was a ~~stunt~~ dramatization of Hood's
"Ode To My Infant Son". Chickweed as the poetic father showed
the same "melody of soul" that we saw last year in Prince
Agib. J.R.A. as the infant, was a fine large child for his age,
and enough to try the soul of any parent. Per as the mother
was a pleasant and matronly figure, in the usual camp pink
gingham. He has grown sedate since the days of the picture hat.
(See the camp photograph book for this.)

The canning stunt was so realistic that ^{it} really
looked as if Elliot Cabot and Hun would damage themselves
on the boulders of Rocky Mountain Brook. The final climb
of Muskrat was vividly represented, and they sang their song
from the top of the fireplace.

To our great regret Abe Stevens left us by the evening
train. It was a short visit, but we are glad to have had him

145
WENESDAY at all.
continued

After sing-song we made words out of "insupportable".

SONG OF CAMP KIVIAT.

We six jolly campers ascended a brook,
And blankets and bundles and band-boxes took.
But Dutchy, the rear-guard, that beautiful elf,
Took nothing along but his ponderous self.

Chor. Ri-tooral-i-ooral-i-ooral-i-ay.
Beside a young pond we decided to stay;
And half of us climbed up old Rocky's steen side,
While the socks they had left by the fire were fried.

Cho. Ri-tooral-i-ooral-i-ooral-i-ay.
We thought Rikki-tikki had wandered astray.
We found him at last by the shape of his head,
A-feeding young kivvies with raspberries red.

Chor. Ri-tooral-i-ooral-i-ooral-i-ay.
Up Muskrat's steen pastures we wended our way,
And there spread about on the chasm's green brink
Was a large picnic party, who gave us a drink.

Chor. Ri-tooral-i-ooral-i-ooral-i-ay.
We thanked them all round and then beat it away.
But a girl winked at Dutchy, as if she would say,
"Ri-tooral-i-ooral-i-ooral-i-ay."

J. R.

145
THURSDAY The canners made a start which
AUG. 8,
T. 63' seemed very slow after so many
B. 39.52
S.W. fast starts this year. ~~At 10:00~~
Cloudy

Although we all hoped we were done
with cloudy and rainy weather we have
returned to it.

In the morning Buster Chapin's family
came over to spend the day and ^{have} luncheon
with us. They took him back to the night
with them.

In the afternoon the great ping-pong tournament came to
a brilliant finish. J.R. beat Chick Abbot in a tremendously
exciting deuce set. He then beat P.H.W. and won for table A.
H.B. Davis beat L.T.S. and won at table B. Then came the match
between the winners of the tables. This match consisted of
three sets in each of which J. R. won.

For those who were finished with ping-pong there was
boat-building. Although the boats are very far along a great
many have been smashed so that they have to begin over again.
About five o'clock a party started off for the mail.
There were only six in the party which is quite a drop from
thirteen or fourteen of the last run. Quite a lot of the rest
played baseball till supper time.

After supper there were games on the hill, in spite of
the darkness and the dampness of the ground.

After this there was a game of spin-the-platter. This game
was made even more exciting by the addition of a new rule ;

Camping Trip
Aug. 8th

Batchelder
Chisholm
Hallowell
Lowell
H. Parkey.

P.W.S.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

WENESDAY the person who makes a poor spin must pay a forfeit.
continued

Along the forfeits ,of which there were a great number,
was a very exciting Merryweather match race. The race was be-
tween A. Sweeney and P.H.W.. Although Mr. Sweeney got a big
lead Mr. Wellman gained on him so fast that Mr. Sweeney won
by only a nose's length.

This was followed by a lively game of Boston for the
half-nast-niners.

Camp Slattery. 198

You will no doubt recall the far-famed fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. Having this fable in mind our gallant crew decided to start in moderately and keep moving all the time. None of these spectacular, fall-in-the-water starts for us. What's two minutes gained on the start to three or four pounds of energy wasted at the start? Therefore, copying the actions of the good old Tortoise, we started off for South East Bay in a rather leisurely fashion, as the "Log" has already kindly said.

Our crew was composed of Bill Chesse (this is a new kind that paddles in a canoe and entirely different from what we sometimes carry in our bread-baskets.). For our bow-men, we had Dick Hallowsell, the would-be Baseball King, and Center-field Batch. His name sounds as though he might have something to do with baseball; but they tell me that the only way he can catch a fly is with a piece of paper

especially prepared for that purpose. Lounging on the trout bags in the middle of the canoes peacefully reclined Mr. Lowell the renowned Domehead (They say he is ~~some~~ ^{some} relation to the famous Barry family) and pudgy Haven Parker, the novice camper. So much for our gallant crew.

After landing at South East bay, we cut down a couple of small trees and built ourselves a litter and piled on all the duffle except one basket, the frying-pan, and the axe. This made the carrying easier and we made good time on our tramp to Messolonskee "via" Hamilton Pond. Andrew had done himself proud with our lunch, so we took it easy for an hour or so, munching contentedly bread-and-butter, ham etc. The journey back to Great Pond was uneventful and seemed very short compared with our first trip. Cheese and I tossed the Abol. on our shoulders and, leaving the other four to follow with the corker, beat it again for our little camp beside the Railroad on Messolonskee. The Corker plodded along rather slowly but finally arrived.

150

about six o'clock in plenty of time for supper. A swim had been planned at the end of this carry, but a boat-full of hilarious people were anchored just off the shore so we were forced to wait awhile. To improve our time we started to cook supper; and were about half through when a query in the Maine Farmer dialect startled us.

"Them's canoes ain't they?" (pointing to our canoes overturned in the grass)

"Yes, I reckon you guessed right that time."

"Is that a bot aout there? I guess them's our folks thet's a stayin' over to our cottage yonder. We be'n expecting 'em in for supper this quarter hour or more."

This was the conversation that drifted down to us from the railroad track just above. Our visitors were two portly old women from the Cottage which we had discovered was just around the point from our camp.

over

151

We all passed a very restful night, not being bothered with mosquitoes at all. One train did go by during the night which half waked most of us, but that didn't bother us much.

Some of us were up bright and early and some of us were not. Energetic Batch and our young Railroader, Dicky, for instance were up at five and off to ^{see} the Semaphore on the Block signal in operation. However the rest of us were not very late in rising as we were all packed and off for Belgrade Stream by 8:30. The mouth of the stream was reached at nine and we figured that it would be about three hours before we should see a good sized piece of water (roy pond) again. All the way to the Railroad bridge we were fighting against a head wind and current so that all members of the crew were very glad to sit still for a change when we shifted our course so that the wind was favoring. Finally very tired we reached the mill at East ^{Wt.} Vernon and there rested for a bit. We had proceeded

very little farther, after having carried around the dam, before we were halted by a good sized log jam. To get safely through these logs it was necessary to climb out on a boom and lift the canoe over. Batch evidently thought a floating log was as firm as dry land ~~when~~ for he stepped on one and suddenly disappeared out of sight. Now that Batch was really wet, he served as a sort of plow for us by swimming the logs apart.

"At last !!!" And every one heard a sigh of relief as Long Pond ^{breeze} ~~look~~ in sight with a canoe test, blowing down the pond to help us along.

No more work for a while at least. We cut two forked sticks and, having lashed the canoes together, hoisted the Pentasote as a sail. We sailed and sailed and, lying back, took it easy after a long hard pull through Belgrade Stream. We made the remarkable time of an hour from

153

where we sighted Long Pond in Belgrade
stream through the narrows and to the
point just opposite the Mills. This was
the key part of our name and in fact it
was that sail that settled the choice of our
name. Here we stopped and had a much
needed dinner as it was already nearly
two thirty. After dinner we paddled to
the mills and carried our canoes across
to the stream. Here P.W.S. went up to
the Barber's for a much needed hair cut,
leaving the rest of the crew behind at the
Ice Cream parlor.

The paddle home was rather strenuous
but, ^{we} were well prepared for it after our
refreshing sail and dish of Ice Cream.

O.W.S.

154

FRIDAY, It looked pretty threatening early in the morning,
Aug. 9,
T. 67' but we had nothing worse than a smoky sou'wester.
B. 29.5
S. W.
Fair

Mr. Lynes passed the canoe test this morning, to everyone's great satisfaction. There has been surprisingly little canoe test weather this year, or he would have done it before.

Visitors this morning in great numbers. Mr. Billings called for a few minutes, the Charins brought Buster back, and stayed till after swim, Mrs. Springer and some other ladies called to see Dr. Swain, and Mr. and Mrs. Tonjoroff came to dinner. Aren't we gay?

Mr. A Sweeney has finished the new front steps, so we no longer break our necks. He also told us about bear-hunting this morning. It sounds like a lively sport.

FOURTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.

~~---FACULTY---AND DUFFER PUDDING-BALL.~~

The baseball game began badly, each side running through its batting order in one inning. After that both sides stiffened, and we had some real playing. The score was tied again and again, and the Lemons could not get a better lead than two runs. Four flies were caught in the outfield; a rather unusual number. Both pitchers gave a good many passes, but the number of hits, six off each, is not very large. The best hit of the game was Abbot's three-bagger, which was a beauty and then some.

The pudding-ball double-header was such an event that we retained at great expense the services of a special sporting reporter, whose account heads the next page.

FRIDAY,
(cont'd.)

PUDDING-BALL DOUBLE-HEADER.

The afternoon was brightened by the two greatest Faculty Pudding-ball games ever recorded in history. With Slavincka King and Iron-Arm John on the mound, backed by infields chosen from the Cann's galaxy of stars, the game was fast and furious. The doubtful tactics of J.R.A. when approaching the initial sack and the bush-league umpiring of Aspinwall were the only blot on the 'scutcheon of honor. The excitement in the grandstand was intense when, after L.T.S. was butted in the diaphragm by H. Dorr, A. Sweeney wielded the wagon-tongue for a round trip and T.L. massacred two of the Pineapples unassisted, General King brought all to their feet by eventually dropping the ball after some of the most dexterous juggling seen in these parts for many a year. The Pineapples emerged triumphant 15-9 in the first game but when the dust had lifted from o'er the 2nd. game the Peaches were seen to have come back 4-2 in five innings.

Lemons vs. Prunes of Aug. 9 at																					1	
P.O.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.		
2	3		1 Dillon	6	3		24		26				2				5	1	0			
6	3		2 Chapin	4					24				23				6	2	3			
3	1		3 B. Davis	5		23	23				24		23				3	2	0	1		
2	4		4 Abbot	2						23	27						4	3	1			
13	0		5 Joss	3		5						03					5	1	2			
0	0		6 Cabot	7		K		K		23		22					4	0	0			
0	0		7 Joss	8				23									3	0	0			
1	1		8 Chase	9				27		29		K					4	0	0			
0	3		9 Leland	1			23		23		24		25				3	0	0			
			10																			
			11																			
27	15		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												37	9	6			
			Hours.....	Mins.....	4	4	2	6	0	6	1	7	0	7	1	8	1	9	0	9		
talks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk.	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.		
				10	1														1			
fed. fly.	Missed fly.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'd'g errors.	Batt'y errors.										Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.		

156

Prunes vs. Lemons of Aug. 9 at 1																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		1 Maki	9	2-3	5-0	8-3			6-3	8-3						5	1	0	
0	5		2 S. Parker	1	7-6			8-3				4-3					5	1	1	
4	4		3 H. Davis	2				2-8					7-6				6	2	2	
4	2		4 Hayden	4					9-2								4	0	2	
1	1		5 E. Thordike	5		9-3			8-3	8-4		7-3					4	0	0	
2	1		6 Allen	6	K	9-9			7-3		2-3	1-3					5	0	0	
13	0		7 Riegel	3			1-3		9-3								3	1	0	
1	0		8 Bradish	7						8-4	6-4		8-3				4	1	1	
0	0		9 Harris	8													2	1	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	13		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total. 1 1 5 6 0 6 0 6 0 6 1 7 0 7 0 7 0 7												38	7	6	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
1				10	5	1-b. on errors.												2		
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'd'g errors.											Lefton bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.
						Batt'y errors.														

SECOND PUDDING BALL
GAME

PEACHES

PINE APPLES

	1	2	3	4	5
J. R. A.	8-4				
A. C. Z.	5-3		0		0
C. A. S.	6-5		0		
T. L.			0		* 0
Corning	0			0	
Riegel		0		0	
Paine				0	
King					0
Dorr					
runs total	0	1	0	0	2
total	1	2	2	2	4

T. L. Bats

	1	2	3	4	5
A. S.			0		
P. H. W.	1-3				0
J. R.	6-6		0		
L. T. S.					
Bennett					
Hun	2-3			0	
C. W. B.		K			
Dunnell		0		0	
James		0			0
runs total	0	0	1	0	0
total	1	1	2	0	2

PINEAPPLES

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A. S. ⁶				2-3		5-3			
P. H. W. ³				5-3					2-5
J. R. ¹						F4			
L. T. S. ²		1-3		1-3					
Bennett ⁸	1-3	1-3			K			5-3	
Perkins ⁵	1-3		K					2-3	
A. E. H. ⁴			2-5		2-5				
Dunnell ⁹	F2		1-3		1-3				1-3
James ⁷		1-3				3-5	2-3		
	4/4	2/6	6/6	0/6	1/7	0/7	6/7	8/15	0/15

PEACHES

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J. R. A. ¹			5-3						
L. C. Z. ²	1-3			F5			2-3		1-3
C. A. S. ⁴	1-3				5-3		5-3		F5
T. L. ³			1-3		F5		1-3		
Corning ⁹	4-3							P3	
Riegel T. ⁵		1-3			1-3			5-3	
Paine ⁷		K	1-3			K		2-3	
King ⁶		5-3		5-3		1-3			
Dorr ⁸				1-3		5-3			
	2/2	0/2	4/6	0/6	0/6	0/6	1/7	0/7	2/9

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

"Yes", said Captain John, "it was a good trip. I was with my father then, in the good ship "Merryweather". He was Skinner and I tell you he made her hum. You don't see such ships nowadays. I never saw the equal of her Lynes, for strength and speed in the water.

"But you were asking about the island. Cabot discovered it on one of his later voyages, and Davis visited, but very few people ever go there.

"Well, sir, it is so low that they have to build dikes all along the Shaw. Thorn-dikes they are, very solid and thick. The sea makes no impression on them at all. And growing in the water of the Haven where we landed were great aspen trees, so thick that they made a regular Aspinwall.

"It's a fertile place. They are great hands to grow hay, and the farm where I stayed was a regular Hay-den, it was so covered with Brod-ricks. They grow a large and peculiar Radish too, and a large Doc whose leaves will cure all sorts of Paine. The only weed in the place was a kind of Chickweed, that grew in slippery places, sometimes under water.

"The farmer I stayed with was a fine old felle. He hadn't been a Well-man for years, but his manners were really Riegel, and he was never Cross. His brother was a nice fellow too, but I never saw such Wriggles. He simply couldn't keep still. Their charming Sister was a learned lady, and was fond of reading the works of Horace.

We had very good food on the farm. They raise a great deal

159

of good Beef, and they are in the habit of corning some of it for the winter. We had Dill Pickles, and a large Cheese, with a large allowance of Hunny.

"One day we went fishing, and I caught a big Jack. I never saw such a Buster.

"The only town on the island is Lawrence-on-the-James. It is a small place, but lively. The people there talk a great, in a rather queer dialect. For instance, I was taken to see a large tunnel, and they called it a Dunnell; and in the Zoo, which is a fine large one, they showed me an alligator, which they called an Allengator. Its name was Charlie, and it was quite tame.

"There were lots of other creatures in the Zoo. A fine furry Woodchuck was among the chief attractions, and some rare species of 'Hinds'. There was a very queer Bunny that chattered all the time, and Rikki-tikki the mongoose, lively as usual, and a Dormouse.

"I don't know much about birds, but I saw a Puffin that was worth looking at, and the Billings and cooings of the doves charmed me.

"I didn't have time for more than a glance at the museum, a building with a stately Dome, but I did notice a rare Fossil that was kept by itself, as if it was something very precious.

"In the town we called on a gallant General who had once been a King. He lived with his dear old Grannyn near a hallowed well, or as the natives call it, a Hallowell. It is said that if any Malifactor is touched with the water of this well, he reforms at once.

"When we left our friends saluted us with a flourish on the Tom-Tom, their national instrument, and we sailed sadly away, with a Batch of valuable notes on what we had seen."

160

FRIDAY, "Games on the Hill" went merrily, though some of (cont'd.) the returned campers (they came back in great form, with the name of Camp Hardeez) were too stiff for anything so strenuous.

We had "Dumb-Crambo" again, with three sides, and each had some fine scenes. The words were thrill, whale, and knoll.

"The Tinted Venus" was continued for the half-past niners; but P. Simons, unwilling to face the charge of snoring a second time, retired on his laurels at half-past eight.

The one sad event of this very lively day was the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Dick in the middle of the afternoon. It was a pretty real departure, for they sail for Europe in a few days, to be away a year. Good luck go with them!

Mr. John W. Dwight jr. has reappeared in the big room, though he is still too proud to take his meals with the rest of us. He came in for the latter part of the morning, and a good bit of the afternoon, and we are very glad to see his red head about again.

161

SATURDAY, May a long-suffering editor remark that we have seldom
Aug. 10,
cloudy had such a careless set of weather-men as we have had
cool,
S.W. this year? They have to be reminded to make their
reports, and some of them don't get them made at all.

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

At last wind and weather were propitious, and we could scout. No water-play was allowed, it being too cool. A new rule has been made in regard to relays. There is no limit to the number of men in a relay, but each man must be touched by the man who started at the fence; that is, passing a man is not enough, and A cannot start because he was touched by B, who was touched by C, who was touched by D, who touched the fence.

After the first game a change was made in regard to the All-In signal. Heretofore the signal has been given to each end by men who were going to play at that end in the next game. This has been very hard on guards, who have to come out of their net hiding-places under the eyes of the enemy. It also leaves a good chance for some players to get left out entirely, for no one can be expected to remember who is missing from the opposing side. Now the signal is given at each end by men who have just been playing from that end, and as they run to their new starting-place they can round up the stragglers. It looks like a decided improvement.

The first game was as close as a game can be without a tie, the Iroquois winning by one point. The firing was comparatively light.

The second game went to the Algonquins 13-10.

The third game was the fiercest of the three. The Iroquois made two runs, after killing an Algonquin guard.

III

	Killed. Shots. Turns.		Killed. Shots. Turns.		Killed. Shots. Turns.	
J.R.A.	X	•	X	••	X	•••
C.A.S.						
P.H.W.	✓		X	•	X	•
L.C.Z.	✓		X		X	
A.E.H.	✓		X	••	X	
Abbot	✓		X	••	X	•••••
Aspinwall	X		X		X	
Baldwin	✓		X	•	X	•
Bowden	X		X		X	
Cabot	X	•••	X		X	
Chisholm	✓	•••	✓		X	•
Conning		•••	✓		X	
Cross	X	•	X		X	
A.Foss	✓		X		X	
Hayden	X		X		X	
Harris	✓		X		X	
James	✓		✓		✓	
Leland	X		X		X	
Paine	✓		X	••	X	••
H.Parker	✓		X		X	
Perkins	✓		X		X	
L.Riegel	✓		✓		X	
T.Riegel	✓		X		X	•
R.Thorndike	✓			••		
S.	X	•	X			
	8	9	18	10	15	2

SATURDAY and the score in shots was the heaviest made in the (cont'd.) whole afternoon; 15-15.

Aspinwall heads the firing-list, with six shots to his credit in the third game, and L.T.S. comes next, with five in the same game.

After supper Skinner took Digestion Club, and continued "Rudder Grange."

CHARADES.

SENTIMENTAL. The first syllable was extremely dramatic. A peaceful citizen was basely murdered, and the murderer was hotly pursued by two-legged and four-legged sleuth-hounds. They got him, too. Then came an afternoon tea, an interview with a mental healer, and finally a grand triple proposal of marriage. It would be hard to say which was more interesting, the ardor of the lovers or the graceful coyness of the lovely ladies.

HIBERNATE. The first scene showed us the highest mountain we have had this year. Eternal snow rested upon its brow, and we don't wonder that "poor Jack" was no more good after falling off it. "Burn" was almost a tragedy, but the heroine was snatched from her fiery doom just in time. "Ate" was a scene in an Irish inn, but it was a good deal like some picnics at camp. The whole word, with the big bear coming out just after the Professor had assured his class that the monster was perfectly safe, made a fine conclusion.

DRAMATIC. It is hard for mere type-writing to do justice to the "drama" which made up the first two syllables. In spite of the darkness the villainy of Desmond was written all over

SATURDAY his countenance, as black as burnt cork could
 (cont'd.)
 write it, and it looked as if Rosamond, ably played by P.H.W.,
 would surely be crushed "neath the enormous engine. But he
 he had reckoned without Claude, who dashed in at the last
 moment, foiled the ruffianly Woodchuck, and clasped his adored
 one to his breast. It was a moving spectacle. The third syllable,
 with the peaceful watchman sending dissipated revellers home,
 gave us a moment's calm, but the whole word was most harrowing.
 This time it was a volcano, in a frightful state of eruption,
 and Rosamond got so far over the edge that it looked as if
 even Claude couldn't save her. But the laws of the drama were
 respected. Desmond was hurled to his doom, and once more the
 lovers were united.

Two tables of Mythology wound up the evening.

At afternoon reading we began "The Fortunes of Nigel."

Professor Shaw went in town this afternoon on his
 motor-cycle.



WHO IS IT?

AND WHERE - THE -

SUNDAY, The weather-man was again at fault, but we all know
 Aug. 11 that it was a wet morning. Luckily it cleared more
 S. Rain or less in the afternoon, so we were not housed all day.

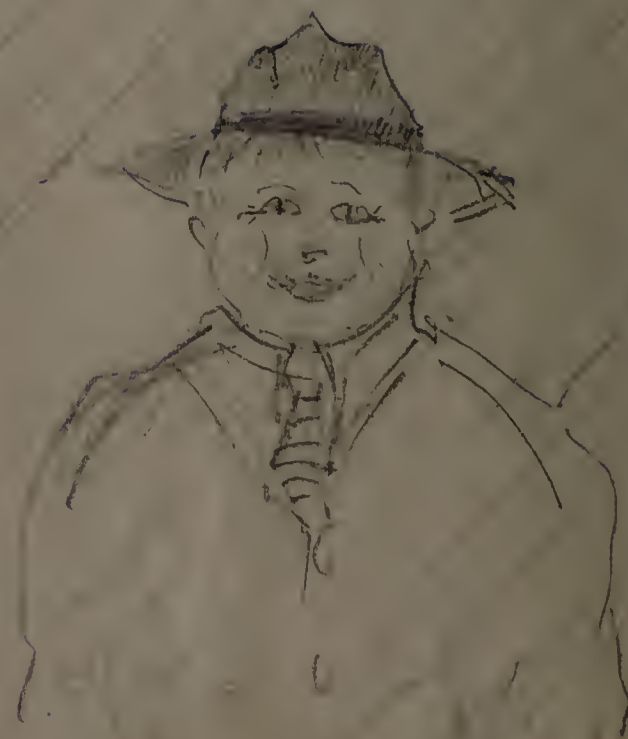
After reading there was an hour of boat-building, and
 some trying-out of boats, and then Mr. Lynes took a Ouanan-
 iche crew round Hoyt's island, while the rest of the crowd were
 divided into two running squads. The runs were of unequal length,
 and health, length of leg, and previous condition of servitude
 were considered in making up the squads.

We picnicked in the big room, and got through supper just
 in good time for hymns.

The story for the half-past-niners was "In the Rukh", but
 we did not quite finish it.



1. "Great Expectations"



No. 2 "Our Mutual Friend"

ILLUSTRATED BOOK TITLES

I

My son was a versatile fellow,
 Well tutored in many a trade.
 His eye-brows were scarlet and yellow,
 His face was like weak lemonade.
 His right ear was like a big corn-flake
 That waved by his clean-shaven face,
 But his closely-clipped beard
 Was what everyone feared,
 Because it looked so out of place.

II

So I apprenticed him out to a grocer,
 (This son with an ear like a flail)
 An excellent clerk, that I know, sir,
 For a P. of C. was his first sale.
 His second was F.P. of B., sir,
 His third P. of H.T. so hard;
 But they fired him well
 'Cause he once tried to sell
 A customer two feet of lard.

III

So he worked for a Jew at a counter
 Where jewels were sold by the mile.
 How oft have I gazed through the window
 To bask in his imbecile smile.
 His first worthy negotiation
 Was selling a large B. of G.,
 But of this job he tired,
 And when he was fired
 He took with him one D.S.T.

IV

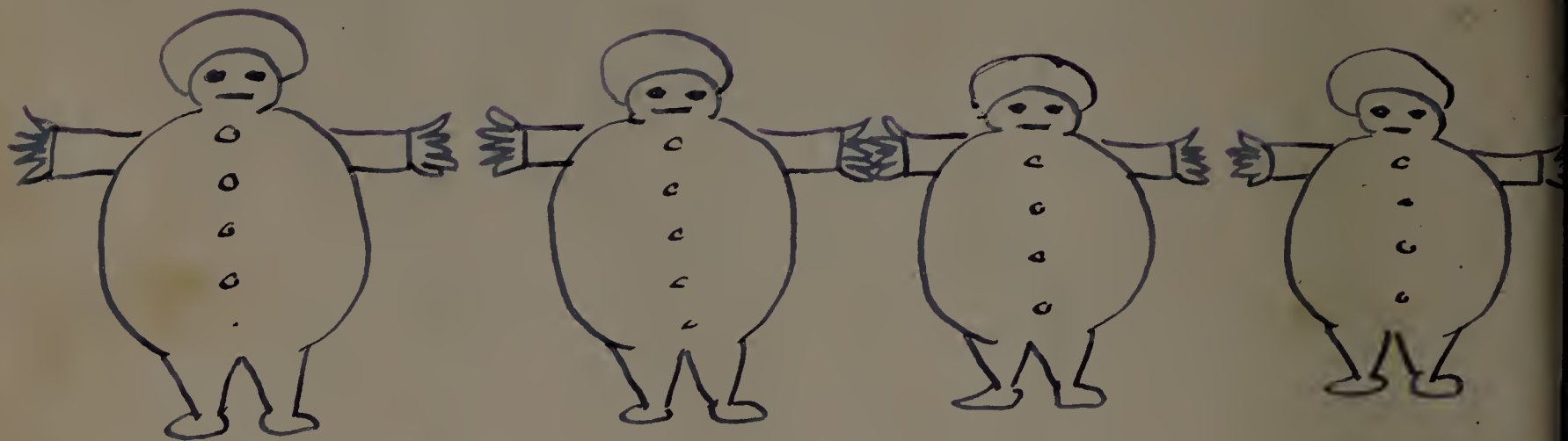
A stationer was his next tutor,
 And grammar he learned like a streak,
 Masculine, feminine, neuter,
 He had it down cold in a week.
 He sold an expensive T.C.P.
 And a full R.L.S. at a gain,
 But he spilled tons of ink
 On the counter, I think,
 So they drove him out into the rain.

V

So here he decided, -quite wisely, -
 That working was not in his line,
 And now, -if I state it concisely, -
 He's spending much money of mine.
 His fire is growing so hotly
 That now he's as big as a house;
 And his eye-brow, poor fellow,
 Are scarlet and yellow,
 (over)

And he's looking in vain for a spouse.

T.L.



MONDAY, The rain was wet enough to stop all idea of sending
 Aug. 12,
 T. 68' off a camping trip, so the only departure was that of
 B. 29.20'
 S. by E. Arthur Sweeney. We hope it won't be another three
 Rain
 years before he comes back.

Professor came back by train and trolley, having left
 his motor-cycle. It might have been possible to ride out, but
 it would have been very nasty.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Sunday morning a ring-necked gull was seen flying about.
 It is a bird that generally keeps far out at sea.

This morning the logging squad found two flying squirrel
 in dead poplar stumps. They were about twenty-five feet up
 in the air, and the holes they were in were very neatly chewed.

SIXTH BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

FROX vs. SOX.

HAYBALES vs. JAM-TAILS.

The weather looked as if we might at any moment have to
 swim for our lives, so big and black were the clouds, but we
 started two baseball games all the same: the "Big League" on
 the regular diamond, and the juniors on the new one that
 includes the budding-ball field. Whether or not this junior
 game will count in making up the junior batting averages we
 cannot at present say.

There were light falls of rain at intervals, but not
 enough to stop either game.


































The Sox were having an off day in some respects, for
 though they made six hits, they were not well bunched; and
 their numerous errors gave the Frox an easy victory. Best batt-

MONDAY ing for the afternoon: P.H.W., .336; T.L., L.T.S., H.B. Davis, (cont'd.)

.500. Of these last three T.L. did best, for one of his hits was a two-bagger.

There was one pretty double play, Abbot-L.T.S.-Aspinwall, by which T.L. and H.B. Davis were out and the side retired.

Fox vs. Sox of Aug. 12 at 1																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
14	1		1 P.C.Z.	3													5	4	0		
2	2		2 A.B. Davis	4													4	3	2	1	
0	3		3 T.L.	1													4	3	2		
4	3		4 P.W.S.	6													5	1	2		
5	1		5 J.R.A.	2	K												5	2	1		
0	1		6 H. Davis	5													5	1	0		
1	0		7 S. Parker	7													5	0	1		
1	0		8 Chapin	8													5	0	0		
0	0		9 Hayden	9													5	1	0		
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																
Hours..... Mins.....					3	3	3	6	0	6	1	7	0	7	5	12	1	13	2	0	15
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											43	15	8		
				4	4	1-b. on errors.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
																		1			

Sox		vs. Fox		of Aug, 12													at		1		
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
2	1		1 P. H. W.	5													3	1	2		
7	3		2 Aspinwall	2													4	0	0		
3	4		3 Abbott	6													3	1	1		
13	1		4 L. J. S.	3													4	0	2		
0	3		5 J. R.	1						K							4	0	0		
1	4		6 Hollowell	4													4	0	1		
0	0		7 Allen	8		K		K									2	0	0		
1	0		8 Dillon	9													4	1	0		
0	0		9 C. Throckm.	7													4	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
27	16		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.		0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	2	1	3	0	3
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
				5	5	1-b. on errors.												2			

TODAY
(cont'd.)
batteries:

The Junior game opened with the following

Jam-tails: Batchelder, p., Lovell, c.

Hay-bales: Leland, p., Chisholm, c.

In the first two innings the Jam-tails got 8 runs and 3 hits. Pitching and fielding were both very poor. After this the Hay-bales settled down to steady playing, and the Jam-tails scored only 6 runs in the next seven innings.

The Jam-tails played a less steady game, the Hay-bales scoring heavily in 3 or 4 innings. In the sixth Batchelder changed places with A. Foss on first. During the last of the sixth and the seventh he was very wild at times. In the eighth he struck two men, and if he had pitched as well in the preceding inning, the Hay-bales could not have won, as they did 16-14.

The playing showed a big improvement over the last kid game. The sides were matched more evenly, and as a whole the game was a very close and exciting one. (For the score card, see next page.)

Russell Chase arrived while the games were going on. It is suggested that he challenge all hands to a week's moustache race.

Russell P. Chase

After supper, the faculty and other canoe men invited the younger boys. All hands came in at eight, and we had half an hour of "clumps", which was very successful.

"In the Arch" and "The Tinted Venus" gave a peaceful finish to the day's doings.

TUESDAY

Aug. 12

7.22'

8.29.33

Clear

W.

Yesterday and to-day skimmer has

been telling us about the way in

which storms develop and travel.

We are glad to say that our storm had moved entirely away this morning, so that Mr. Lynes and his campers could get their trip in. They made a flying start, and went off very light taking no tent, and planning to build a lean-to instead. You don't have to "sack" a lean-to.

----S. A. D. S.-----

EBENEZER.	RIPOGENUS.	ADLER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
J. R. A.	P. H. W.	L. T. S.	P. W. S.	L. C. Z.
Bennett	Mali	Harris	Batch.	Billings
Cabot	Allen	Perkins	Cross	A. Thorndike
Abbot	E. W. B.	Aspinwall	Lowell	Paine

YAMMERSCHOONER.

A. E. H.
Chisholm
James
Dunnell

OUANANICHE.

J. R.
R. P. C.
Brodrick
Hun
P. S. Parker
King
R. R., Dorr
Bowden, T. Riegel
H. Parker

GRAYLING.

C. A. S.
G. Foss
Leland

We don't do Sundry All-Day Stunts as often as we might, as the lists and the packing of all the separate grubs are much more trouble than a plain all-day expedition; but the results to-day showed that the extra work was worth while. People got off in good time, and everybody's food was straight. We give the stunts in the order in which the crews returned. There was not time for reports in the evening, but we have interviewed all the captains, so we have a pretty good idea

Camping Trip

August 12^R L

Chapin
Corning
Davis, H. B.
Dillon
Foss, A.

T. L.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

TUESDAY, of what they did.
(cont'd.)

Dr. Swain and the Adler went down Long Pond, and followed Belgrade Stream to East Mt. Vernon. Here they found a great many logs, and for a while they amused themselves breaking the jam. They visited the saw-mill, and had dinner near by. After dinner they turned back to Long Pond, and explored the east shore for good camping places. They report the east shore below the Narrows as very beautiful. They had a brief glimpse of the crew of the Identical, and came up to Beaver Spring, where they sunned with the Ouananiche and others.

The Professor and his two pupils didn't get away till after dinner. They coasted the Bog and the shore east of the mouth of Meadow Brook, and were driven ashore by a smart rain. They turned their canoe over and so got shelter, but for a while they expected to be drowned. When the shower passed they went along to Hoyt's, and down the west side, stopping for supper by a big rock. After supper Granville felt pretty gay, so they did a sprint to Monkey Point, and then came home.

The crew of the Rinogenus went for the Real Philip, or Mt. Elephant, as some call it. They did not land in the old place, for fear the irascible farmer might maintain that they were parsons, so they went ashore and had dinner behind Ram Island. They followed the regular road till they came to the graveyard, and then turned off across country. They found a very pretty brook, which they followed, and finally reached a hill from which they could see the way up the hill they were aiming at. They then followed their noses, and reached the open field and the view. They came down the same way, though they got soaked by walking through the wet woods. They had

FRIDAY, August 10th, 1906. On the shore under the side of Blueberry Hill. (cont'd.)

The Williams waited for the Grinnell at the hills, and kept her company at dinner. Then the Grinnell left the big crowd on the road, and took to the channel of Beaver Brook. They travelled as if going to Hurst Hill. They got to the old farm in the field. Then they went down Hill by a brook to Beaver Pond, and in another brook for a couple of miles. They found very pretty falls, and would have gone farther, if the boys' going had not been made more and more slow. They came back the same way, and had dinner at Beaver Spring.

J.R.A. took the old men over the Itasca carry, and she appears to have been a liar. Just at the head of the carry they overtook the campers, and swam and lunched with them. They gave them a hand on part of the carry, but had to leave them for fear of getting belated. At Smithfield they were struck by a light shower, but took refuge on a piazza till it was over. They got home in time, to the confusion of those who had said that they couldn't do it.

Louis and the Identical started for Moose Pond. The outlet is supposed to flow into Belgrade Stream, but after going along far enough to run into Dr. Swain's crowd they decided that the man was wrong, and turned back. They followed a stream that comes into Long Pond about two hundred yards from the entrance to Belgrade Stream, and found it a good deal like Meadow Brook. They counted 35 turns. They went through Long Pond, and were evidently on the right track

TUESDAY The above party, but thanks to following the map at
(cont'd.)
first they did not have time to get there.

The outcrops, with the Veterans' Club as leader, went to
Beverly Spring, etc. After dinner went on to Beaver Mountain
Brook. R.R., Hallowell, Brodrick, and Hun stayed there and fished,
taking refuge in the cave while the shower was going on. They
caught three good fish, too. The rest set out as if for Hampshire
Hill; but when they came to the corner where we once left the
Woodchuck and John Boggs, they turned to the left instead of
the right, heading for York Hill. After a while they left the road
and struck across country, but when they struck a big wooded
hill they went back to the turn-pike for a while. Then they
tackled an alder bog, and the wooded hill aforesaid. They had
a painful moment when York Hill came in sight, apparently five
miles away, but when they got to the top of what they christened
New York Hill, they saw that things were not so bad as they
feared, so they went for their hill across a clear pasture.
The view from the top was glorious, and they found the U.S.
Geological Survey map, so they knew that they got to the real
place. They ^{#AD} had a little rain, but on the way home they found
them met to the discomfort of the younger brothers.

All hands were in by eight, but no one did much but talk
and read letters.

The stay-at-homes had a peaceful day. Mrs. Billings and
Katharine came over to dinner, but at supper we were only three,
Jack having gone to bed like a good boy.

The half-past-niners had naps and "The Tinted Venus".

Camp Carrion ?

This is the history of a certain sextet of campers that made the far-famed and well-named Itchfield Carry. By name they are Chapin, Corning, Davis (this is Horace), Dillon, Foss A., and Mr. Lynes.

The start was terrific! Just eleven seconds elapsed between the end of morning reading and the moment when both canoes were free of the float. It was a fine, hot, dry day after the unwelcome wet weather. We paddled to Gleason's landing, made the short carry past "Salmon Lake House" to Ellis Pond, and paddled leisurely through Ellis and MacGath to the north end of the latter. Here we toted our canoes and duffel to the foot of the road over the hill and returned to the edge of the pond for a swim. While wallowing in the cooling waters, and playing the fool generally, we were suddenly surprised by a party of four leatherly persons on the shore. They proved to be Mr. Abbot, Chickened, Tom Bennett and Cabot. So we again swam, and also lunched with them. Here Mr. Lynes broke his watch crystal, and filling the air with appropriate epithets, "steeped himself in a profound

french calum".

177

We made a band of ten to the top of the hill, Mr. Abbot and Chickweed carrying their canoe, Foss and Mr. Lynes a second, and the other side a third, with all the duffle. The last proved too much for the youngsters, willing as they were to do their share, and so we were obliged to change arrangements. The party again separated, and Mr. Abbot and his three went on. We, the mighty six, toiled on. Foss and Mr. Lynes continued to Alder Farms with one canoe, and returned to the top of the hill again, and with the help of the doughty four, finished the carry. Once we were stopped by a sharp shower, but nothing daunted, made the southern point of East Pond very soon. The whole carry occupied about three hours. We find now that the real name for the hill is Mutton Hill; an excellent name, as it does take off the mutton.

Paddling slowly up East Pond, we camped at the usual historic place on the west shore, and made cozy for the night. Food and stories were in order, and both were served up with great relish. For the sake of the carry, we had packed "light", omitting the tent. The night was a wonderful one, pure, clear starlight, and very warm. even the mosquitoes were few and far between.

The boys were so very anxious ^{to} ~~to~~ ⁷⁸ to try a hand at cooking, that they were allowed to prepare the breakfast, which gave Mr. Lynes an extra hour of sleep. "Pop" Coning "Daffy Dill" (named so because of his very poor jokes) were excellent cooks. Chopin was a qualified eater, Foss and Horace Davis were men of all work, and Mr. Lynes a very superior over-see.

We struck camp at 7:30 A.M., paddled down Smithfield Brook, and ^{took} ~~taking~~ pictures on the way. A dense, dry fog had rolled in early in the morning, and by this time had cleared away, leaving a hotter day than ever. At Smithfield, which mighty Bung we struck at 9 A.M., - we arrived at North Pond with ease, with the help of the harness provided by the municipal authorities. Here we decided the make directly for Meadow Brook and Great Pond. So, after buying out the store with Coning's dollar, we cut across North Pond, down Meadow Brook, and out into familiar waters. A brisk south-west breeze was in action, and freshening every minute, so we decided to paddle to Otter Island and lunch there.

After lunch was over (left-over lunch, you know) we played a great double-header of scouting. The sides

were A. Foss, Dillon, Coning¹⁹⁹ (Sevacas) and Mr. Lynes, Davis
(Chapin (Cayugas)). The former side won both games in quick
succession. By this time, however, our south-west breeze
had become a gale, with a brutal-looking thunder-storm
behind it, and knowing that to stay on the island meant
wetness, etc., we dug head for camp. No sooner had we
cached every thing in the boat-house than on it came,
a veritable Torrent, deluge, down-pour, and all that sort of
thing.

The trip arrived at camp $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours ahead of
time; but then, - why not?

WEDNESDAY, The weather got lost again, but it was the first

Aug. 14

Fair, hot day since early July.

Hot

Heavy

showers

P.M.

To-day being the anniversary of Moulton Bartlett's death, Mrs. Richards said a word about him at morning reading. Those of us who knew him do not forget, but we are glad to take a little time to think of the friend who was with us for such a short time.

SQUAD NOTES.

A new shelf has been put up in the Tutorium, and all the old school books have been put there. This gives us more room in the parleur.

A wonderful new nakin box has been finished. Now the old pasteboard ones, with their memories of mustard, honey, baked beans, and scrambled egg clinging to them, can be discarded.

Five ring-necked gulls were in sight at one time to-day. Are we moving nearer the coast, or is the Atlantic moving in land?

This morning two standing double canoe crews went out at swim; L. Riegel & Hayden, H. Davis & Brodrick. Good practice for the races.

While reading was going on a big shower began to pile up. It was a beauty to watch, as it blotted out one hill after another. Just as we were watching, someone said, "Here come the campers! And sure enough, there they were. They had been scouting for some time on Otter Island, and considering the weather had decided that it was about time to make for home. Their doings will appear later, but their name is Camp Carrion.

WEDNESDAY,
(cont'd.)

SIXTH FISHING AFTERNOON.

WILLIWAW. IDENTICAL.

YAMMERSCHOONER. PANTASOTE. EREBUS.

R.R.	E.W.B.	R.P.C.	Chisholm	L.T.S.
Allen	C. Thorndike	Bennett	A. Thorndike	Perkins
1 bass	1 bass	2 bass	2 bass	Hayden
				5 bass
				1 pickerel

TERROR.	CHUB.	HORN-POUT.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.
C.A.S.	H. Davis	Billings	J.R.A.	J.R.
Mali	Leland	H. Parker	Paine	James
Cross	1 pick.	5 bass	Dorr	Hun
4 bass			1 bass	5 bass

TOTAL NUMBER OF FISH, 28.

Rather an improvement over last time; and R.R. was the only one that stayed out to supper. The worms came late, but T.L. took the Sandneen and acted as revenue cutter, distributing to all the fleet.

The rest of the crowd built boats. We would call attention to two very new designs; Aspinwall's hydro-shark, and Dome Lowell's jew's-harp. They haven't got far enough to try yet, but they look exciting.

And then, while some were beginning to think it was about time to get at baseball practice, a wagon appeared, and there was the Lieutenant himself, long life to him!

T. MacD. Barton

After supper there was time for boats, brief but delightful.

SEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....T.L., J.R.
2. Songs.....L.T.S.
3. Trio.....R.R., L.C.Z., P.W.S.
4. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands,
Gaudeamus, John Peel.

WEDNESDAY,
(cont'd.) 5. Song.....A.M.R.

6. Songs.....F.M.B.

7. Stunt, "The Bishop of Runtifoo".....L.C.Z., A.Thorndike.

8. Stunt, "The Boule Cabinet"...P.H.W., J.R.A., J.R., T.L., Abbot,

CAMP SONG.

Dr.Swain gave us two delightful songs.The trio was really a series of brief duets,harmonica and drum,and fife and drum.We really ought to keep a drum here,"for the use of all our customers,like the tooth-brush in the play,but Per made the floor a very good substitute.

A.M.R.'s song was "We'll grow moustaches to-day,"with the words altered to suit this year's conditions.It came very near being sung too late,for J.R. shaved his off before the last stunt,so that he might appear in disguise.

We let F.M.B. off with four songs this time,but we wish it distinctly understood that there are several more that we want,and that we want all these four over again.There is nothing grasping about us.

The first stunt gave us a new light on Zu.The way in which he waved his long green legs about made it quite evident that he is secretly training for the ballet;and Amory made a plump and comfortable Bishop.

"The Fool Cabinet,which belonged to Cleopatra in the reign of Louis Coeur-de-Lion"was a thriller.The untimely death of Philip Vantine (J.R.A.)was ghastly,and we do not wonder that Godfrey (P.H.W.) was at times overcome by his emotions.

143

WEDNESDAY The scene of the discovery and concealment of the
(cont'd.)
diamonds was extremely fine. Godfrey at last hid them in his
mouth, crying "Solved!" ("Dissolved" was suggested as an amend-
ment by one of the audience.)

Pigot-Crochard was enough to deceive anyone. How could a
mere criminal know that the biggest diamond was called the
Rosetta Stone?

As for Godfrey's final cry of triumph, "This time we have
got Grady's Goat! ", it was a true flash of genius.

After all these scintillations we felt a bit weary. An
indisposition squad went to bed with the half-past eighters,
and the rest of us reposed our massive intellects by listening
to the sad adventures of Mr. Leander Tweddle. He is really in a
dreadful state.

THURSDAY, Dome Lowell's birthday, celebrated by a wonder-
 Aug. 15 ful box of fruit, which we had at dinner, and an
 T. 70' equally wonderful box of candy, which we are still
 S. 29' 30' enjoying.
 N. W.
 Fair

Mrs. Richards went in town by the early train this morning. After all, the rest of the family has some rights.

It was rather a shock to find this morning that Mr. Lynes had followed Captain John's example, and that his moustache was a thing of the past.

"They came in beauty, side by side,

They filled us with delight:

And now, alas, they both are gone,

All in a single night."

J.R.A. and his canners got away in pretty good time, though a little delayed by the thoughtfulness of some friend who tied Neddy Billings's boat.

The bath-tub squad did rather a fierce job this morning, clearing away nebbles from the bathing-place out by Bachelors' Row. They stayed in a good while, and one or two of them felt rather done up in consequence.

This morning there was a short two-paddle standing canoe race at swim. They raced from Pickerel in, and jumped out and got in again. P.S. Parker and King beat Hayden and Brodrick, for while the latter had the speed, they managed to

Camping Trip

Aug 15th

— " —

Billings

Cross

Harris

Mali

L. Riegel

J.R.A.

Yammerschooner

Williwaw

THURSDAY reverse their boat, and when they got ready to
(cont'd.)
paddle she was facing Pickerel instead of the float. Hayden
would have been disqualified anyhow, as he kept his hand on
the canoe when he jumped.

Hunny took his first plunge from the spring-board this
morning, amid loud applause.

.....
THIRD TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.
.....

The canners were out, and the following were incapacitated:
Aspinwall, Dwight, Bowden, James, Brodrick, H. Davis. The last two
entered in the shot put, but in nothing else.

SENIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.

Abbot	12 s.
A. Foss	
Hayden	

Abbot had a lead of about 4 1/2 yards over Foss, who
led Hayden by 1 yard. Parker came well up on Hayden, and ran him
very close for third place.

oJUNIOR HUNDRED YARD DASH.
First Heat.

H. B. Davis	12 s. 4/5
Dillon	
Batchelder	

Davis had his place easily, but the race for second
was very hot.

Second Heat.

Charin	13 s. 4/5
Bennett	
Allen	

A splendid heat, for all seven men were close, the last
two being very nearly tied.

THURSDAY,
(cont'd.)
Hallowell
Cabot
Leland

Third Heat.

13 s.7/10

Hallowell led by 1 1/2 yards, though not extending himself.

Final Heat.

H.B. Davis
Charin
Dillon

12 s.4/5

Davis, as before, had his first place by a good lead, but Charin had only six inches over Dillon.

FAT MAN'S HUNDRED YARD DASH.

C. Thorndike
R. A. Thorndike
Lowell
H. Parker
Win

14 s.2/5

The excitement of this race was in the contest between the Thorndike brothers. Charlie was scratch man, and Amory made him work for his victory, but he got it on a fine sprint.

SENIOR 440 YARD RUN.

Abbot
A. Foss
P. S. Parker

1 m.5 s.4/5

Abbot, starting from scratch, passed the field by the time he reached third base, and came home fifty yards ahead of his nearest competitor.

JUNIOR 440 YARD RUN.

H.B. Davis
Hallowell
Charin

1 m.12 s.

Davis led from the back stop, and Hallowell held on to second place by a good margin. The main part of the runners were pretty closely bunched.

THURSDAY
(cont'd.)

SENIOR HIGH JUMP.

	<u>Height</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	4'6"	scratch
A. Foss	4'1"	6 in.
King	4'	5 in.

JUNIOR A HIGH JUMP.

Batchelder	4'2"	scratch
Perkins	4'2"	6 in.
H. B. Davis	4'	scratch
Leland	4'	2 in.

In both these events scratch men won, or at least tied for first place, which is always satisfactory. This shows not only that people are jumping better in some cases, but that some excessive handicaps have been reduced to a more suitable figure.

JUNIOR B HIGH JUMP.

Dillon	4'	7"
Cabot	3'11"	9 in.
Hallowell	3'10"	4"

Handicaps did not work quite so well in this case. We are sorry to be inconsistent in our method of marking feet and inches. We only just discovered that the apostrophe and quotation marks would do, and sometimes we forget and go back to the old way.

SENIOR BROAD JUMP.

Abbot	16'5 3/4"	scratch
P. S. Parker	16'2"	4'
King	16'1 1/2"	3'

In actual jumping, no one but Abbot got much over thirteen feet. Abbot has come up a foot and a half since last time.

JUNIOR A BROAD JUMP.

H. B. Davis	13'8"	scratch
Charin	12'8"	scratch
C. Thorndike	12'7 1/2"	2'2"

Last time H. B. Davis was off on a camping-trip, but in the first practice he did 14'.

THURSDAY,
(cont'd.)

JUNIOR B BROAD JUMP.

	<u>Distance</u>	<u>Handicap</u>
Cabot	13'7"	1'
T. Riegel	12'8 1/4"	2'
Dillon	12'7 3/4"	2"

Handicaps counted for a good deal in this event.

SENIOR SHOT PUT.

Abbot	25'2"	scratch
A. Foss	24'4"	6'
Chisholm	23'10"	2'

All three men have done better before.

JUNIOR A SHOT PUT.

Batchelder	30'7"	scratch
C. Thorndike	29'5"	3'
Paine	28'9"	15'

Paine's third place, as will be seen, was not the third best out.

JUNIOR B SHOT PUT.

Hallowell	30'10"	6'
Dorr	28'3"	15'
Dunnell	27'3"	14'

Here also the effect of the handicaps is noticeable. Altogether it was a very satisfactory afternoon. Many people have improved, and we hope for a first-rate meet at the end of the month.

After supper it rained, by way of variety. We should probably have had Digestion Club anyway, as it seems an appropriate thing after track practice.

Then came "Quiet Games"; and then we were so rested that we were ready for "Boston". Cheese was mistaken for J.R., and Zu for L.T.S.

Mr. Sturgis arrived in time for the game, and we gave him a lively evening.

R. C. Sturgis

FRIDAY, This morning Mr. Sturgis gave us a very inter-
 Aug. 16, esting talk on bell-ringing. It sounds very difficult,
 T. 59' B. 29.325 and not a little dangerous.
 Fair, N.W.

FIFTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
PRUNES vs. LEMONS.

A pretty ragged game in most respects. The Prunes led from the first, and the best that the Lemons could do was to get up to two runs behind them. Both pitchers were hit freely, but Hayden gave more passes.

The Prunes made a neat double play in the second inning, when C. Thorndike caught Leland out on a fly, and then threw to first in time to catch G. Foss. The Lemons executed a similar trick in the eighth, Chisholm flying out to Parker, who threw to first and removed H. Davis from the field.

Abbot heads the batting list, batting for a thousand, with two triples and a double.

"SUNDRY STUNTS" were announced for the rest, and all but one bunch went fishing.

J.R.	L.T.S.	L.C.Z.	A.E.H.	Corning
Bennett	Paine	Dorr	Hun	Cabot
Bowden	T. Riegel	Dunnell	H. Parker	
King	James	A. Thorn.	Perkins	
1 bass	2 bass	2 bass		
Total number of fish, 5.				

Hinds and Company (see list) started for Howland Hill, and reached the foot of it. There they found that their time was getting short, so they had to turn back.

"The Camp of Good Done" came home in good condition, except for sunburn. They had got last night's shower, but then every camping trip expects to get some rain.

After supper "Games on the Hill" were called.

190

Prunes vs. Lemons of Aug. 16 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	8		P.S. Parker	1	◇	K	K		23		◇	◇	◇	◇			6	2	1		
6	3		J. Spruwell	2	23	22			◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇			5	1	1		
3	2	1	A. Davis	5	25			◇	23		◇	◇	◇	◇			6	1	3		
13	0		Chisholm	3	28	K		◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇			6	3	2		
0	1		Allen	6			K	20		◇	◇	◇	◇	◇			3	1	2		
4	3		C. Thordike	4		◇	◇	K		26	03	◇	◇	◇			4	2	1		
0	1		Budrick	7		◇	◇	◇	23		◇	◇	◇	◇			3	3	0		
0	0		Butchelder	8		◇	◇	◇	24		K	◇	◇	◇			3	1	1		
0	0		Lowell	9		◇	◇			K	K	◇	◇	◇			3	1	0		
			10																		
			11																		
27	18		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												39	15	11		
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* Double										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
1				3	4													3			

Lemons vs. Prunes of Aug. 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.	
1	1		Dillon	6	9-3	2-1			◇	9-3		9-3					5	1	0		
0	0		2 Chapin	7	9-3		2-5		◇		9-3		◇				4	2	2		
2	1		3 A. B. Davis	5	9-3		2-5		◇		9-3		◇				4	2	0		
12	2		4 Hbbat	2		◇	1-5		◇		◇		5-3				3	3	3		
7	0		5 A. Foss	3		◇		2-5	7-4		◇		K				5	1	2		
1	3		6 Hayden	1		◇		K			K		1-3				5	1	1		
1	0		7 G. Foss	8		4-3		◇	4-0				9-3				4	0	1		
0	0		8 Leland	9		2-4		K	2-3		9-3		9-4				4	0	0		
0	0		9 Hallowell	4		◇			9-3	9-3		◇					2	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
24	7		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												36	19	9		
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* Double.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
1				14	8													3	2		

191

FRIDAY When the crowd came down the Professor initiated
(cont'd.) Hun, King, R. A. Thorndike, and James into a society
which used to flourish among us, but which for some time has
rather fallen into neglect. All four candidates were accented,
though the General found it pretty hard to keep his eyes
fixed.

Then there was time for a good game of "Tea-kellite" before
the juniors went to bed.

The rest of us played the smelling game, and some of us
feel the place in frosty weather still. There were twenty-one
separate smells, each in its bottle, and L.T.S. missed only one.
The poorest list was the General's, he having only five right.
Checkerberry was one guess for what was really tobacco,
turpentine for coffee, carbolic acid for tea, and vinegar for
whiskey. As for celery pepper, it was called flax seed, curry,
brown sugar, tobacco, and fertilizer.

Mr. Sturgis failed on whiskey and tobacco, which shows the
strictness of his habits; and Per's guess of champagne instead
of whiskey sounds as if he thought he was in the Plaza Hotel.

We forgot, in the rush of work over the track practice
to mention a call from Captain and Mrs. Smedburg. They wanted
to get their son in this year, and hope to have him with us
next year.

SATURDAY, A splendid morning. Everyone began to consider the
 Aug. 17 possibilities of scouting as soon as he got up.
 Fair,
 Cool
 N.W. Sneaking of getting up, the Bone-yard division did not

appear till twenty minutes past seven. Any camper who will
 invent a watch crystal that will not break will receive a
 suitable reward from Mr. Lynes.

During the morning Bunny's grandfather, and grandmother,
 and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Burnham, came for a call to see
 how he was getting on. We are sorry that they could not stay
 longer.

The next arrivals were the three distinguished guests
 whose names follow. This is the first time Harry Shew has ever
 signed his name for the Log, and he did it all himself.

Julia Ward Shaw

Harry Shaw

ELIZABETH SHAW

Mr. Sturgis left us by the noon train. His visit has been
 a very short one this time.

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Ideal conditions to-day, except for the infirm. King,
 Cross, and Dwight were all out of the game, and Professor
 went in town by automobile with his family.

ALBOKQUINS

170QUOIS

I			II			III			IV		
Killed Shots, Runs			Killed Shots, Runs			Killed Shots, Runs			Killed Shots, Runs		
J.R.	••	X	J.R.A.	••	X	J.R.	••	X	J.R.A.	••	X
L.T.S.	••	X	C.A.S.	••	X	C.A.S.	••	X	C.A.S.	••	X
T.L.	••	X	P.H.W.	••	X	P.H.W.	••	X	P.H.W.	••	X
P.W.S.	•	X	L.C.Z.	••	X	L.C.Z.	••	X	L.C.Z.	••	X
Allen.	•	X	A.E.H.	••	X	A.E.H.	••	X	A.E.H.	••	X
Bennett	•	X	Abbot	••	X	Abbot	••	X	Abbot	••	X
Billings	•	X	Aspinwall	••	X	Aspinwall	••	X	Aspinwall	••	X
Brodrick	•	X	Batchelder	•	X	Batchelder	•	X	Batchelder	•	X
Chapin	•	X	Bowden	•	X	Bowden	•	X	Bowden	•	X
H.Davis	•	X	Cabot	•	X	Cabot	•	X	Cabot	•	X
H.B.Davis	•	X	Chisholm	•	X	Chisholm	•	X	Chisholm	•	X
Dillon	•	X	Corning	•	X	Corning	•	X	Corning	•	X
Dorr	•	X	Cross	•	X	Cross	•	X	Cross	•	X
Dannett	•	X	A.Foss	•	X	A.Foss	•	X	A.Foss	•	X
Dwight	•	X	Hayden	•	X	Hayden	•	X	Hayden	•	X
G.Foss	•	X	Harris	•	X	Harris	•	X	Harris	•	X
Hallowell	•	X	James	•	X	James	•	X	James	•	X
Hun.	•	X	Leland	•	X	Leland	•	X	Leland	•	X
King	•	X	Paine	•	X	Paine	•	X	Paine	•	X
Ketchum	•	X	H.Parker	•	X	H.Parker	•	X	H.Parker	•	X
Lowell	•	X	Perkins	•	X	Perkins	•	X	Perkins	•	X
Maki	•	X	L.Riegel	•	X	L.Riegel	•	X	L.Riegel	•	X
P.S.Parker	•	X	T.Riegel	•	X	T.Riegel	•	X	T.Riegel	•	X
Thorndike	•	X	R.Thorndike	•	X	R.Thorndike	•	X	R.Thorndike	•	X
A.M.R.	•	X	F.M.B.	•	X	F.M.B.	•	X	F.M.B.	•	X
R.P.C.	•	X		•	X		•	X		•	X
9	10	6	17	3	18	11	10	9	17	6	11

174

SATURDAY. The first game was a very hot and close one. The
(cont'd.)
result was in doubt till the very last men were in, but then
it proved to be a victory for the Algonquins by one shot.

In the second game both sides sent large parties through
the middle woods, and when they met the firing was heavy. The
Algonquins won, not only on shots, 17-6, but by three runs. These
runs, by the way, were the only ones made in the afternoon,
which shows that guards are doing better work than they were
earlier in the season.

The third game, in which twenty-nine were killed, went
to the Iroquois, 18-11. This leaves them still two games in the
lead. In this last game Chickweed killed six men.

A new rule was made this afternoon, and announced just
before the game. If there are two men of the same surname,
both names must be called to kill either of them. That is,
"Riegel", or "Parker", will not do. It must be "T. Riegel", and
"Haven Parker". This will save a good many accidents.

After supper there was Digestion Club, and then charades.

MUTTON. When Mutt and Jeff came in, seeing Eurone on \$15,
they were a truly lovely sight. One could hardly that they
could have made such objects of themselves, just with a little
burnt cork and some queer clothes. P.H.W. in particular
looked amazingly like the pictures, though it is hardly
polite to say so. For "ton" we had a gang of swindlers, guessing
weights. Hunny was an even ton. (Someone was worried because
Mr. Lynes spelled weight "wait", but he did it on purpose. Some
people have to have things explained to them a good deal.)
The whole word, the escape of Ulysses and his followers from

195

SATURDAY the cave of Polyphemus. The sheen were somewhat larger
(cont'd.)
than the gallant warriors, but that is a mere trifle.

HYPNOTIZE. The first scene was a Japanese wrestling contest. The details of costume were not strictly accurate, but each of the wrestlers was duly thrown, and each was supposed to injure his hip, though some of them forgot. The second scene was an elopement. F.M.B. fled with a lovely damsel in scarlet and white, hotly pursued by the irate father. The young couple reached a justice of the peace, and the knot was tied just as the stern parent burst into the office. The third scene was rather ghastly. The lights were turned almost out, and then in came a ruffian (F.M.B.) in whom most of us recognized Bill Sykes. His dog was evidently close at his heels, for he kept calling him. Just as he reached the crest of the roof, the pursuing mob broke in, cursing and shouting. He made his rope fast to the chimney, but before he could lower himself to safety he saw the haunting eyes of his victim, fell back, and was lost to sight. It was really pretty startling. For the whole word, a genial hypnotist got his audience all standing with their hands up, and then went through their pockets and escaped.

COMPARISON. For the first syllable we had E.W.B. as the Lorelei, combing her golden hair on a cliff, while the unhappy boatman capsized and was drowned. "Paris" was truly a gorgeous scene. All the gods and goddesses were revealed in the midst of an Olympian banquet, when Ate threw upon the board the fatal apple of discord. Paris (J.R.), who came in tootling sweetly on his flute, hesitated at first about bestowing the coveted prize, but when Venus said, "What do you say to the finest woman in

SATURDAY Greece for your wife, old chap?" he cried "That's
(cont'd.)
my middle name, and gave the apple. The battle of Flodden, with
the death of Marmion, was so spirited that Duke ran out into
the middle of the fray, barking furiously. The whole word was
a scene at a county fair, with the judges deciding between
the comparative merits of pigs. C. Thorndike got the blue
ribbon, amid great applause.

We were rather late, so there was only time for one
chapter of "The Tinted Venus"; but that one got Leander into
the worst pickle he has been in yet.

This evening was honoured with one arrival. He came in
very quietly through the window, and is to be here for a
good week. John D. Hull

197

SUNDAY,
Aug. 18,
T. 61'
B. 29.39
Fair
N.W.

We beg to call the attention of the company to
our handsome weather report. We haven't had a noon
report this year. Congratulations, Sister.

We felt quite hopeful of the weather for a while,
but after dinner the rain began, by way of variety.

Noon
T. 66'
B. 29.36
S.W.
Strong
Cloudy.

45 Rainy Sunday

Craft Construction



in

the

—Shop—

C.A.S - J.R.A

A.E.H

and

All Hands



Later in the Afternoon there

will be

an

Invitation Run

in

Two Classes

led by

J.R.A & L.C.Z.

with

Dukey

as

Pace maker

SUNDAY, The boats were built, the runs were run, the
 (cont'd.) quartette ate a quart, and the Ouananiche went round Oak
 and Pine.

We picnicked in the parlor, for the third time this
 year, and finished our repast with some fruit that Mr. and
 Mrs. Burnham had brought. (Some of us wished afterwards that
 we hadn't.)

Then the quartette, which is now a full double one, sang
 us some new verses to "Moses", which we will print when we get
 them out of Captain John's pocket, and other good songs.

Then we turned the lights down, and Mr. Barton told us a
 fine creepy ghost story.

After hymns we had several poems, and then a story of
 Eden Philpotts' called "Crazywell."

The report of the Camp of the Six Skeeter-Scratchers
 is now in place in the Log. Better read it.

Camping Trip

Aug 19th

Allen
H. Davis
Perkins
C. Thorndike

L.T.S.

L.C.Z

Caughcomgomock
Aboljockamegus

MONDAY,
Aug. 19,
T. 59'
B. 29.16
N.W.
Cloudy

It always seems rash to let our doctor go on a camping-trip, but Jack Dwight is really all right again, and this morning's fine large stomach-ache squad, though pretty uncomfortable for a while, was much improved by doses of ginger wine. So off he went, with a good crew, to do desperate things.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

RIPOGENUS.	EBENEZER.	GRAYLING.	ADLER.	OUANANICHE.	
J. R.	J. R. A.	F. M. B.	P. H. W.	A. E. H.	
A. M. R.	E. W. B.	Abbot	Aspinwall	Hun	A. Foss
Leland	H. B. Davis	Cabot	T. Riegel	Cross	Hallowell
G. Foss	Paine		Bennett	Mali	H. Parker
				Harris	Hayden
				Lowell	Chapin
				Bowden	
				Dorr	Dunnell
				Dwight	Jones

HAMMOCK.
Chisholm

LITERARY PURSUITS.
L. E. R.

STATION PLATFORM.
R. R.

Oak Island Braves.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
P. W. S.	T. L.	J. H. H.	R. P. C.
Batchelder	Dillon	L. Riegel	Billings
Brodrick	P. S. Parker	R. A. Thorn.	Corning
King.			

Just what the Skimmer was doing we don't know. The reason that Miss Rosalind was in such a funny place is that she went over to Waterville in the morning, and through some misunderstanding she didn't get met when she came back.

The Ripogenus and her crew landed on the shore west of Hoyt's Island, in a little clearing, and headed straight up the hill. The only wild beast they met on the way up was a small milk adder, which Rikki-tikki, like a true mongoose, attacked. Towards the top of the hill the going is very pretty, among big moss-covered boulders. After going along the ridge to the right a little we found the top of the hill; a good open

MONDAY, space from which we could see Royal, Muskrat, and
(cont'd.) all the other big hills. By climbing a pine tree we could see Long Pond and Great Pond, and even make out the float.

Then A.M.R. explored the slope to the west, going down over ledges till she suddenly came out on a real precipice; no other than the beautiful rocky place that one sees on the way to Rocky Mountain. It is evidently the top of an old rock-slide; and some day there will be another one, for one big shelf has a crack that you can put your foot into. There wasn't time to climb down, but a summer stunt could do it easily.

F.M.B. and P.H.W. went down to Bog Brook, with a blanket stowed in the hold to sail back by. They meant to reach the heronry, and they did it, by leaning from log to log and falling in up to their necks till they got tired, and then wading waist deep. They thought they would bring home a nest, as the tree it grew on looked small, but as they got nearer the tree grew, till it was plainly too big to be cut with a jack-knife, and the nest itself was about six feet round. F.M.B. shinned up a tree, and came down faster than he meant to, but didn't go quite through the bog. They got a fine bunch of cat-tails, for, as P.H.W. said, "We must bring home a tale, so why not take these?" They hoisted their blanket and sailed along peacefully until they made so many runs that the wind died, and they had to row hard to get home in time.

A.E.H. took the Ouananiche up to the north beach, and ~~him~~ all climbed the hill there, except Jack Dwight, and Alden Foss, who chartered him. They found the hill blue with blueberries, but as the berries are the sole support of the owner they ate only huckleberries. The view from the top was fine, and well

MONDAY (cont'd.) worth the perils they encountered; namely a herd of cows which frightened Dutchy almost into a fit, and a huge black snake fully eight inches long.

J.R.A. didn't start for anywhere in particular, so he got there. His crew landed behind Oak Island in somebody's back yard, and followed a road. Then Robby Paine led them up Rubber-Tree Hill; which so exhausted him that after that he could only ask, "Is this as far as we are going to walk? Can we have a drink?" By increasing their pace they almost reached Hamilton Pond, in spite of being delayed by a man-eating spider and a six-inch boa-constrictor.

The Oak Island Braces went to Oak Island, and scouted on the southern point, over about two hundred and fifty yards of ground. There were six on a side. No guards and no relays were allowed. Each game was to be twenty minutes long, with ten minutes in between for post-mortems.

In the first game five were killed on each side, but Dillon made a run, winning the game for the Cayugas.

In the second game the Senecas massed on the shore, and were all killed. Batchelder made two of the five runs scored by the Cayugas, and the game was cut short, as all of one side was in the bone-yard.

The third, a ten-minute game, was very sanguinary. Both tribes were mostly in the middle woods. Only two survived, and both of them on the Cayuga side, but a good many runs had been made before the last warrior bit the dust. The Cayugas won

MONDAY, again, with two men left alive, and five runs to
(cont'd.)
two. Batchelder made three of these runs.

We give the score card, kept by P.W.S.

CAYUGA				K	S	R	K	S	R
R.A. Thordike	X				1		X		
T.L.	X				1		X		
Corning	X				1		X		
Batchelder	X				2			3	
Billings	X	:	:				X		
Dillon			1	X				2	
TOTAL	5	5	1	1	6	5	4	6	5
SENECAS				K	S	R	K	S	R
Brody	X	:	:	X			X		
R.P.C.	X			X			X		
J.H.	X			X			X		
L. Regel				X			X		
Parker	X			X			X		
King	X			X			X		1
TOTAL	5	5	0	6	1	0	6	4	2

After supper we had boats, and then reports of the
various doings of the afternoon.

And we finished "The Tinted Venus", leaving Leander
Tweddle hamy at last.

Behold another distinguished arrival. He came in the
afternoon, but it looks better to make his signature the
climax to a very successful day.

Marcus Morton Jr.

103
TUESDAY

AUG. 20

Fair
S.W.

Francis Perkins was away on a camping trip this

morning, and the deputy weather-man, after the usual
fashion, did not make any report.

This morning the south dormitory steps were found covered with
dead and dying ants. Evidently a great battle had taken place,
the second in the history of the camp. We fear, however, that we
shall never know the cause.

SIXTH JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.

FACULTY AND DUFFER PUDDING-BALL.

This was the poorest game we have seen for a good while.
We had thought of getting the captains of the two teams to
write it up, but it was quite evident that it wouldn't be safe.
The Log would have got scorched, and they would have had to be
fined for unparliamentary language.

There was some good hitting, and King and Lowell did well
in the outfield, but in the main it was a long succession of
brainless and bush-league errors.

The pudding-ball game we did not see, so we have as
before engaged the services of experts to report it in detail.
(See next page.)

After the game we hailed with delight the returning
canners, the Globe-trotters. They ^{named} are rightly, for they went
"round the world" a thing which so far as we know has been
done only once before in the history of the Camp. Hurrah for
them!

Digestion Club gave a good chance to rest weary bones, and
then came "Boston" to wake us up a bit. The half-past niners
had "My Lord the Elephant".

TUESDAY,
(cont'd.)

^W
~~T~~ENTY-INNING SWAT-FEST.

In a game replete with bristling bingles, sensational stops, heart-breaking decisions at the initial sack, felicitous fielding, riquant witching, hurtling heaves, and slithering sliding, the tortuous tentacles of the succulent Squids dragged down to a 20 to 14 defeat the kinky Kids.

The batters one and all put in practice their hard-won knowledge of the fine points of the noble game of billiards and executed draw-shots and Englishes that completely mystified the opposing fielders, and reduced the third baseman especially to a maudlin condition of doddering imbecility. The carrot-topped southpaw, who deserted the third cushion in favour of the kindergarten station, and thereafter electrified the bleachers, with his nifty samples of bush-league butterfly catching, was "ein feste burg" for the Kids, both in retrieving, and in wabbling the wagon-tongue. The game was not entirely devoid of Muggsy McGraw tactics, the chief offender in this respect being H. Parker, whose feet foremost aerial slide to first some minutes after the umpire's decision narrowly missed crumpling the opposing'sacker. The brilliant rally of the Squids in the fifteenth, by which they hoped to convert dread defeat into disorderly disaster for the Kids, was niftily nipped at nativity by the insidious inside baseball of the lightning-fast, air-tight, infield of the vanquished, who brought the bleachers to their feet in tumultuous applause by retiring the side with the corners congested, notwithstanding a phenomenal backwards-bouncing drawshot fair-ball



PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
6	0		1 st 2 nd . Dillon	6	K	◇		93	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇				5	2	1		
0	3		2 Hayden	1	◇	◇		K	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇				5	3	2		
2	0		3 rd 2 nd . Chapman	4	◇	93		◇	◇	◇	93	◇	◇				6	1	2		
6	2		4 Shimwell	2	93	93		93	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇				5	2	3		
7	0		5 Chisholm	3	◇	◇		93	◇	K		93	◇				5	0	2		
0	3		6 th 8 th . Rose	7	K		93	◇	◇	◇	◇	93	93				6	1	1		
0	1		7 th 2 nd . Ruegg	5	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇	◇				5	0	0		
1	1		8 King	8	◇	◇	93		◇		93	93	◇				5	1	2		
1	1		9 th 5 th . Harris	9	◇	◇	93		93		93	93	◇				4	1	0		
			10																		
			11																		
23	11		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.		0 0 4 4 0 4 0 4 1 3 1 6 0 6 1 7 4 11														
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				12	5	1-b. on errors.															

WEDNESDAY,
Aug. 21
Fair
S.W.

This morning Captain Jack told us all sorts
of interesting things about the manufacture of
steel.

Today's weather report got stolen after it was made.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

Class A, High Jump.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	4'5"	scratch
King	4'5"	5"
H. Davis	4'4"	3"

King owed his place to his handicap, but he did
better than he had ever done before.

Class A, Broad Jump.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	17'10"	1'
Hayden	17'8"	4'
Aspinwall	17'1"	2'

This was one of the few cases where the handicapping
was a little excessive. Abbot, who was scratch man, made the
best actual jump, 17'1 1/2", and afterwards bettered that,
doing 17'8"; 6 1/2" better than his best jump last year.

Class A, Shot Put.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	25'7 1/4"	scratch
Aspinwall	25'1 1/2"	"
H. Davis	25'	4'

Aspinwall's first put was his best one, and Abbot
only took the lead in his next to the last put. H. Davis also
came up well at the last.

WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

Class A, Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	11s.4/5	scratch
Asninwall		3 yds.
P.S.Parker		6 yds.

Abbot won easily by five yards. Asninwall's lead over Parker was not so long.

Second Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. Davis	11s.4/5	2 yds.
Chisholm		4 yds.
Hayden		8 yds.

Davis had it by five yards. Chisholm and Hayden were tied for second place, but Chisholm, having less handicap, really did the better of the two.

Final Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	11s.3/5	scratch.
H. Davis		2 yds.
Asninwall		3 yds.

A very fine finish, Abbot passing Davis in the last twenty yards and winning by not more than a foot.

Class A, 440 Yard Run.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Abbot	1m.2 1/5	s. Scratch.
H. Davis		10 yds.
Asninwall		10 yds.

The best race of the afternoon. Abbot moved up into first place about a third of the way down the home stretch, and the race was a killing one up to the line. Asninwall got his lead over A. Foss at the very last minute. There was a long gap behind fourth, but almost everyone finished hard.

WEDNESDAY,
(cont'd.)

Class B, High Jump.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Corning	4'2"	8"
G. Foss	4'1"	8"
L. Riegel	4'1"	8"

H.B. Davis made the best actual jump, 3'11", but was cut out of a place by handicapping, Corning outdoing all his previous attempts.

Class B, Broad Jump.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.B. Davis	14'2 1/2"	Scratch
Allen	14'1"	1'6"
Charin	14' 5/4"	6"

H.B. Davis came up nearly two feet in the course of his jumping.

Class B, Shot Put.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.B. Davis	32'10"	6'
Batchelder	32'1"	Scratch
Billings	31'6"	4'

Batchelder, the scratch man, had excellent form, and made the best actual put in his class.

Class B, Hundred Yard Dash.
First Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Bennett	13s. 2/5	5 yds.
Billings		7 yds.
Batchelder		3 yds.

A very close finish, Bennet beating out Billings in the last two yards.

Second Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H.B. Davis	12s. 3/5	Scratch.
Charin		2 yds.
Corning		2 yds.

A close heat, with a stampee at the finish.

WEDNESDAY, Third Heat.

(cont'd.)

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
L. Riegel	13.2/5	7 yds.
Perkins		7 yds.
Leland		3 yds.

Another close heat, with a very exciting finish.

Final Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. B. Davis	12s.3/5	Scratch.
Billings		7 yds.
Charin		2 yds.

Davis was crowded out of his course by Bennett, and even with that disadvantage he tied Minot's record, made in 1909. He was then given a chance for the record, with J. R. A. as pacemaker, and did it in 12s.2/5; beating Minot's time by 1/5 of a second.

Class B, 440 Yard Run.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
H. B. Davis	1m.9 2/5s.	Scratch.
Corning		25 yds.
Dillon		30 yds.

A wonderful race, H. B. Davis winning out by a yard. The first five were closely bunched, every man fighting for a place.

Class C, High Jump.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Height.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
T. Riegel	3'4"	Scratch.
Harris	3'3"	Scratch.
Paine	2'10"	Scratch.

This was very satisfactory piece of handicapping, as none but scratch men were placed. It is true that data on a good many were missing, for they had been tried at three feet in the practice meets, and had failed. The scratch class was therefore rather large.

WEDNESDAY, Class C, Broad Jump.
(cont'd.)

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Hun	11' 7 1/2"	4'
Lowell	10' 11"	Scratch
R. A. Thorndike	10' 6 1/2"	10"

This result was a surprise. Hun has never got off the ground before, but stimulated by the cheers of his friends he hurled himself through the air a distance of 7' 1/2", and won on his handicap.

Class C, Shot Put.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
R. A. Thorndike	25' 5"	4'
Cross	22' 10"	Scratch.
Dorr	21' 5"	7'

Cross, the scratch man, made the best actual put, and stretched his distance almost a foot when he found that Thorndike was cutting him out of first place.

Class C, Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Harris	15s. 3/5	Scratch.
Dorr		3 yds.
Bowden		8 yds.

A close, owing partly to the handicaps.

Second Heat.

<u>Won by.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
T. Riegel	15s.	3 yds.
R. A. Thorndike		5 yds.
H. Parker		3 yds.

Riegel won easily, with Thorndike and Parker fighting it out for second place.

WEDNESDAY.
(cont'd.)

Final Heat.

Won by.

T. Riegel
R. A. Thorndike
H. Parker

Time.

15s. 2/5

Handicap.

3 yds.

5 yds.

3 yds.

Riegel galloped away from the bunch, though his time was 2/5 slower than in the trial heat. Thorndike and Parker were very close.

Class C, 440 Yard Run.

Won by.

T. Riegel
Harris
Lowell

Time.

1m. 23 2/5s.

Handicap.

12 yds.

Scratch

Scratch

Riegel was only six inches ahead of Harris at the tape, and Lowell was right on their heels.

Point Winners.

Class A.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>100.</u>	<u>440.</u>	<u>Broad.</u>	<u>High.</u>	<u>Shot.</u>	<u>Total.</u>
Abbot	5	5		4	5	19
H. Davis	3	3	5	1	1	13
Aspinwall	1	1	1		3	6
Hayden			3			3
King				4		4

Class B.

H. B. Davis	5	5	5		5	20
Cornings		3		5		8
Billings	3				1	4
Batchelder					3	3
Allen			3			3
Chapin	1		1			2
G. Foss				2		2
L. Riegel				2		2
Dillon		1				1

Class C.

T. Riegel	5	5		5		15
R. A. Thorndike	3		1		5	9
Harris		3		3		6
Hun			5			5
Lowell		1	3			4
Cross					3	3
Dorr					1	1
Paine				1		1
H. Parker	1					1

WEDNESDAY The thre cubs, go, therefore, to Abbot, H.B. Davis,
 (cont'd.)
 and T. Riegel. The winners may have the satisfaction of knowing
 that according to an eminent authority this is the most success-
 ful track meet that the Camp has ever seen. Great credit is due
 to Mr. J. R. Abbot, who acted as head of the handicapping
 committee, and also as master of the course.

EIGHTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....T.L., J.R.
2. Song.....F.M.B.
3. Duet.....T.L., A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....The Cameron Men, Rolling down
to Rio, Camp Chantey.
5. Merryweather Quartette.....Kentucky Babe,
Australia, The Mocking-bird.
6. Stunt, "O'Grady's Goat".....J.R.A., R.P.C., & Co.
7. Stunt, "Robinson Crusoe".....F.M.B., J.H.H.

CAMP SONG.

We manage to keep Mr. Barton busy, with two songs on
 the programme, and two more in stunts, but we are making
 up for the years when he wasn't here.

Then came the musical treat of the evening. Miss
 Alice and Mr. Lynes gave us the Second Symphony, which is
 One-of-the-Finest for the piano. How human hands can do things
 like that is beyond human conception..

(I didn't write this. A.M.R.)

We have never had a real double quartette before, and
 we like it very much. They gave us "Kentucky Babe" with
 a very pretty addition, Mr. Lynes singing "The Swanee River"
 while the rest did the banjo accompaniment. Then came
 "Australia", with additional verses, and a personal

WEDNESDAY, version of "Listen to the Mocking Bird. The
(cont'd.)
best part of this last was that no one of the three victims
knew that there was a verse about him, though each knew about
the others.

PERSONALS.

His name is really Asher Hinds;
His sun-burned nose most brightly shines.

The Skinner makes the spunk-stick roar,
His victims fight upon the floor.

Our Peter jumps with both his feet.
He jumps the record for to beat.

The Leathery Ape is getting in,
With an eye-brow on his upper lip.

Our Captain John is losing weight;
He's far below 188.

MORE PERSONALS.

I'm dreaming now of Merryweather,
Merryweather, Merryweather;
And I'm sadly wondering whether
They have all put on their undershirts to-day.
For the mind of a boy's like a feather,
Like a feather, like a feather,
And when you take them all together
There's precious little gumption there, I say.

215
WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

CHORUS.

Go out on an undershirt!

Go out on an undershirt!

The cry goes ringing all around the camp;

Go out on an undershirt!

Go out on an undershirt!

And change your shoes and stockings if they're damp!

I'm dreaming now of Prescott,

Dear Prescott, sweet Prescott;

The only rhyme I know is "waistcoat",

And I haven't seen one on him since the start.

When ladies come to call while he's shaving,

While he's shaving, while he's shaving,

It sets our gentle Prescott raving,

And his language floweth freely from the heart.

(Skinner outside loq. "PRESCOTT!")

Listen to the Skinner's call!

Listen to the Skinner's call!

And see our little Prescott hon and run!

Listen to Skinner's call!

Listen to the Skinner's call!

And now we think we'll have a little fun!

(Skinner loq. "A party of ladies to see you,
Prescott!")

I'm dreaming now of mighty Tyrus,
 Mighty Tyrus, mighty Tyrus;
 He who writes so glibly on manyrus,
 Or on any other vehicle you please.
 You should hear him play on the pianner,
 The pianner, the pianner,
 In a twice-and-thrice-ecstatic manner,
 Drawing miles of linked sweetness from the keys.

 Listen to the virtuos' !
 Listen to the virtuos' !

He's marvellous in melody and rhyme;
 Listen to the virtuos' !
 Listen to the virtuos' !
 But he hasn't any special sense of time!

(The Skinner loq. "John, g, up and get those fellows
 down from the boneyard!")

I'm dreaming now of Captain Johnny,
 Captain Johnny, Captain Johnny;
 We think he's sometimes rather funny,
 But he's awfully terrific when he's mad;
 You should see him rounding up his Hunny,
 His Hunny, his Hunny,
 Or getting after poor old Bunny;
 Or making Steven Brodie very sad.

 Listen to the spankstick (whack)
 Listen to the spankstick (whack)
 With fear it brings my heart into my mouth.

Listen to the spankstick (whack)

Listen to the spankstick (whack)

They're catching it all up and down the South.

L.F.R.

And did we forget to say anything about the stunts? Well, we did. At least, we worked so long that our brains got wholly addled, and we didn't know what we had put in and what we had left out.

We have had "O'Grady's Goat" as a stunt once before, but this time we had Mr. Barton to sing it for us, which made all the difference in the world. Chasey as the Goat was a fine lively animal, justifying all that was said of him. Neddy Billings as Pat Doolan's wife, and C. Thorndike as old Widow Casey, did themselves proud; and Widow Casey in particular has a rather painful part to play.

As for Pat Doyle and Biddy Shea, they were a charming couple. The exigencies of metre makes it necessary to stretch their kiss out rather long, but when the lady was so sweet, the gentleman probably didn't mind that.

The party at McCune's was hilarious in the extreme, till the goat sent table and guests flying.

The finale was almost too tragic, and no wonder the bystanders were moved to tears.

The "Robinson Crusoe stunt" was a wonder. To begin with, J. H. H. appeared as Friday, with the date marked on his back so that there could be no mistake about him. He made neat chalk tracks on the "coral strand" (also marked), and vanished with a wild Fiji squirm. (The music was also wild and Fiji.)

Robinson Crusoe, bearded, leather-clad, holding his umbrella and his parrot, then entered, and told us how he lived, in a song that some of us know and all of us are fond of. At their first meeting he and Friday were both a little disturbed, but they soon came to a good understanding. Friday's fishing was remarkable in the extreme; and the climax, when master and man were pulled off the stage by the big fish, was splendid.

We ran over time, but it was worth it. And when the dust had cleared away, the call was given for Indoor Scouting. The two sides were quickly chosen, and we ran only ten minutes after half-past nine. C.A.S. acted as time-keeper, and A.M.R. as scorer.

The score-card gives all the particulars. The games were played with skill and daring, and were as quiet as can be expected.

R.R. and F.W.B. made themselves look, or rather feel, as rich as possible, and caused much confusion in the ranks of their opponents.

Then we went to bed. And if you think it hasn't been a piece of work writing up this day's Log, you are much in error. In fact if F.M.B. had not taken hold and dictated, it would have extended from here to Mesopotamia.

Flat feet	1	2	3	1	2	3	Black noses
T.L.	X						L.T.S.
R.R.							J.R.
E.V.B.	••	•	•			•	P.W.S.
Abbot	3	2	2			X	J.R.A.
A.Eass.	•	••	•	••	•	•	F.M.B.
R.P.C.	X	•		X	•		L.C.Z.
Chickens	X	2	2	X	•		Aspinwall
P.H.W.	X	•	•		•		A.E.H.
P.S. Barker	••		2	X	•	•	H. Davis
Brodrick	X	•	1	X	1		King
Hyden	5-8	9	2	7	14	6	M.M.

The Wanderings of the Globe-trotters.



We were a select party consisting of Charles Allen, Tubby Thomcike and the Doctor in the "Cerberus" and Hall Davis, Perkins and Zoo in the "Cabal". As we left the old home float for our difficult and I may say perilous adventures in navigating the seven great seas.

The morning was clear and breathless with the golden orb. beating down on the calm surface of the placid lake. To the north



the way was familiar and long. Pond in its beauty of Pine clad hills was a promise of wonders

beyond such as we had read about in the travels of other adventures.

We reached the river called Belgrade. about



11⁰⁰ AM only to find it full of massive logs

lying thick all over the surface of the river.



With willing hands a fluty however we laboriously and

and with great risk of starting holes in our frail
barrels, worked our way through and over in one
place where the adverse fivers had driven large
nails into the trees fastening log to log most
firmly.

at Mt. Vernon we partook of a cooling drink
from what is called a well



and then

embarking once more we lunched after disporting
ourselves in the water. A game of stick knife



a favorite pastime throughout all our
country was played.

During the

morning we had met many strange people
who rather than seeming hostilely inclined were
much impressed by the emblems on our stanch
craft; questioning us as to them and listening
with many expressions of wonder to our language.

once more embarking we passed through
many windings of strange fields and passing
many new dwellings with glimpses of the
natives clad with quite different clothes from
ourselves. but apparently friendly a few beasts
we saw.



Toward sunset we were rewarded for our long river
paddling by a glimpse of a large body of water
covered by churning waves for the wind had sprung
up. There was much speculation as to its size
and whether it would be best to hoist a rude sail
or continue our labors. Finally as night was
approaching we decided to not waste time by

stopping but pushed on to a place called No.

Belgrade.

Here we drew out
our boats and
placed them upon our
beaches as is the




custom in our tribes we started along
what is called a road here and finally
again took to the woods coming out

close to a strange dwelling where
the inhabitants were most amiably disposed
and very curious apparently never having seen
what we call paddles. Their paddles are under
their boats and spin around.



Still we pushed on and crossed two more
rather large bodies of water seeing a bearded
native with black body and white arms who
seemed to understand our language.

as the shades of night had fallen we landed
and constructed a sheltered fire to prevent
any attacks by night and prepared our evening
repast.  which all enjoyed after
our long day of adventures.

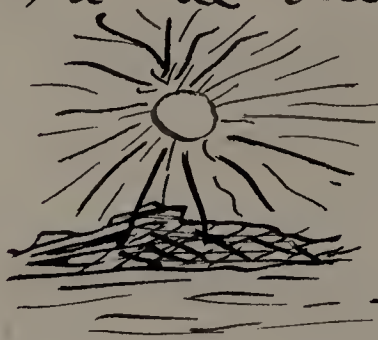
No sooner had we composed our selves in
the beautiful moon light
for the nights refreshment
than such a din arose
which seemed to come from
all sides and was followed by sharp pains in
our bodies the sound was incessant and we had
had to build fires at intervals during the
night in order to drive away these evil spirits



for such we believed them
to have been. Our faces

were red and swollen from their attacks.

In the morning we awoke to a glorious
day



the nervous dread of the
night having vanished in
the light. We again shouldered
our light craft and our bedding and such
food as we had saved and went off rather
a stiff hill which taxed our fortitude exceedingly.



after several hours of this
back breaking struggle
and escaping from a

morass which blocked

our way, the beloved water came in sight.


I failed to mention a savage beast which
made large jumps and great howl and cry but did
not actually attack us because of our brave
appearance.


Again placing our canoes in the improved element
we passed along the western shore of a beautiful
wooded lake where the hand of man was quite
hidden. we came in time to a large field with
a twisting stream down into centre. Here we
should have been lost had not Perkins remembered
a sharp turn to the left which brought us to a
hill where the natives stared at us but offered
no resistance to our landing.

Again comments were made on our totems
we were all hungry so prepared our simple but
holston meal on North Pond having previously
secured from a native some eggs. an article
much enjoyed on our adventures.



A friendly native came down and told us many
strange tales of Hobbies and games and watched
our cooking with great interest.

as the day was well past its centre, we paddled rapidly down Madison Bay, jumping over friction rocks and sunken logs.  seeing birds and fishes of varied species.

finally we reached great pond.  and we were on familiar waters again. After a long juggle against an adverse wind we reached our home float in safety and were glad that no unforeseen accident had marred the pleasure of our wanderings about the world and the seven seas.



THURSDAY, Russell Chase left this morning. Good luck go
 Aug. 22 with him, for a better camper never came to camp.
 T. 6:30

B. 28.90

Falling

H. W.

Light

Threatening.

The big dead pine south of the sand-slide is gone. Mr. Lynes has had his eye on it for some time, and this morning he built a shelf to stand on, the bank being quite impossibly steep just there, and took it down. Those who were there to see said it was sight. It is the biggest piece of wood-cutting that we have ever undertaken in camp.

SEVENTH BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

SOX vs. FROX

JAM-TAILS vs. HAY-BALES.

The threats of the weather came to nothing, and we really needed a good ball-game to take the taste of the last Prune vs. Lemon performance out of our mouths.

The "big game" was a beauty. The score was close and small, there were enough long hits to make things lively, and the fielding was exceptionally good. Each team made two double plays, a thing that we don't remember in all our baseball annals. The Frox slightly out-batted their opponents, with nine hits to eight, and four two-baggers to one, but they were one behind when it came to the plate.

Abbot heads the batting list, with a percentage of .750. Hallowell and Allen both played well at centre.

The bad feature of the afternoon came while the two teams were warming up. F.M.B. was at second, and somehow managed to hurt his knee badly. He tried to stay up and watch the game, after his knee had been straightened out and band-

THURSDAY aged, but he had to give it up. It looks as if he
(cont'd.)
would have to be quiet for some days, and be pretty uncomfortable
too.

During the game Per dislocated the end joint of his right
forefinger. He had it done up, and went on playing, and almost
immediately made a successful assist to first, to the delight
of the bleachers.

The Jam-tails played a close and exciting game against
their old rivals, the Hay-bales, and beat them 13-10. There was
much more hitting than usual, Harris and Billings batting for
.500. One of Harris's hits was a two-bagger, too.

Hayden pitched a fairly steady game all through. Leland
was knocked out of the box, and replaced by Brodrick, who though
wild at first, steadied down in good shape.

"Games on the Hill" had to be rather short, as the night
comes on faster than it did in July. Then we had "Quiet Games,"
and after that, the moon being very fine, we had half-past nine
boats, for the first time this year.

The moonlight just lasted us till bed-time, for when
Skipper called us in big clouds were coming up fast, and before
midnight there was a little shower.

Sox vs. Frox of Aug. 22 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	3		1 H. Davis	5			(K) 2-3	2-3	2-5			2-8					5	1	1	
4	5		2 Abbott	6								2-8					4	4	3	
6	1		3 J. Finwall	2	6-8		3-6		2-3								3	0	2	
10	0		4 L. J. S.	3	0-3		2-3				K						4	0	0	
1	1		5 J. R.	1			2-3	2-3	2-3		2-8						4	0	0	1
0	0		6 H. M.	7	2-3				2-9		K						3	1	0	
3	3		Hallowell	8		2-3				2-6		2-2					4	0	0	
0	1		9 Dillon	9		K	2-3										4	0	1	
2	2		H. B. Davis	4		2-8				2-3		2-3					4	0	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	16		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												35	6	8	2
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
		1		2	6	1-b. on errors.												1		

Frox vs. Sox of Aug. 22 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
12	1		1 L. C. Z.	3			(K) 2-3		K				K				5	2	0	
2	1		2 P. H. W.	5					2-6		2-6		2-3				5	0	2	
0	4		3 T. L.	1	K		2-4		2-11								3	0	1	
1	2		4 P. W. S.	6	2-8			2-3									4	1	2	
1	1		5 J. H. H.	4	2-8				2-3	2-3							4	0	1	
0	0		6 Chapin	7	2-6	2-3	2-8		2-3		2-4						4	0	1	
4	2		7 J. R. A.	2	2-3		2-8				2-3						4	0	1	
3	0		8 Allen	8	2-3				K		K						3	1	0	
1	1		P. S. Parker	9			2-1			2-6		2-8					4	1	1	
			10																	
			11																	
24	12		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												36	5	9	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
		2		3	5	1-b. on errors.												4		
							* L. C. Z. runs for P. W. S.													
							+ P. H. W. runs for J. H. H.													

Jam Tails vs. Haybales of Aug 22 at 1

PUT OUT.			Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
4	1	0			1 Harris	4		1-3											6	3	3		
9	4	6			2 Cheshohn	2				f6				f3					5	3	1		
0	1	1			3 Thorndike	6			K		M3	43							5	1	1		
2	6	2			4 Hayden	1	K							1-3					5	2	2		
1	1	3			5 Cross	5									K				5	1	1		
7	0	5			6 Riegel L.	3			6-3										4	0	0		
					7 King	7	4-3		K			K							4	1	1		
					8 Billings	9		2-6		1-3			K						4	1	2		
					9 Riegel T.	8		1-3		1-3					K				4	1	1		
					10																		
					11																		
23	13	17	TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....			Runs total.	3	3	0	2	5	0	5	0	5	7	1	0	13	42	13	12	
Balks.	Hft by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
						1-b. on errors.																	

Haybales vs. Jam Tails of Aug 22 at 1

PUT OUT.		Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.			
				1 Foss G.	6	2-4		1-3		1-4		◇		6-3				4	1	0				
				2 Lowell	2	1-3		◇			◇	K						4	2	1				
				3 Foss A	3	4-3		2-3			K	◇						4	1	0				
				4 Brodrick	5		◇		f1		f7		5-7					4	1	0				
				5 Batchelder	4		1-4		◇		2-5		K					4	1	1				
				6 Perkins	8		1-3		2-4		3-5	◇	K					3	1	0				
				7 Mali	7		1-3		K		2-5	◇	K					3	1	0				
				8 Cabot	8			K		K	5-7	◇		9-45				4	1	0				
				9 Leland	1			◇		f1	5-7	◇		f9				3	0	0				
				10														3	2	1				
				11																				
TIME OF GAME.																								
Hours..... Mins.....					Runs total.	0	0	2	2	2	7	4	0	4	1	5	5	10	0	0	10			
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.															Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
						1-b. on errors.																		

FRIDAY When we woke up this morning it was cloudy and
 Aug. 23,
 7.42' looked like rain, but later in the morning it cleared
 8.38.88
 S.W. off.
 Cloudy

While we were eating lunch today, Marcus Morton had to leave us. We are all sorry that he could not make us a longer visit.

During afternoon reading a heavy shower came up which lasted the greater part of the afternoon. This made it necessary to have boat-building, for which everyone was thankful.

Most people have at least one boat done or nearly done, but as usual there are a few boys, who have either had bad luck or have put off building their boat, that are only just beginning.

As it cleared off in the evening we had boats. As the boats were very long, there was time for one game of "monkey in sight" afterwards.

For the half-past-niners there was the "foot and mouth game". There were ten on each side, J.R.A. being captain of one side, J.R. of the other.

In guessing people by their eyes J.R.A.'s side won with a score of ten to five. There was much surprise shown at the fact that everyone's eye seems the same color.

The score was tied in guessing noses. Many personal remarks were made, for everybody's nose appeared enormous.

SATURDAY,

Aug. 24

T. 63°

B. 22.82

Fair

N.W.

Strong

Three canoe tests were passed this morning:

H. Davis, P. S. Parker, and Hayden. Congratulations,

Between swim and dinner, while we were sitting

round, we had a real surprise. He had said earlier in the summer that he could not possibly come, so we had torn our hair, and given him up. And behold, in he walked, as large as life; or not quite, for he is looking thin.

R. G. Henderson

At morning reading we finished the life of Stephenson, and shall leave the "Lives of the Engineers." It has been tremendously interesting.

This afternoon H. M. B. was able to get out and about, thanks to having his leg put in a neat plaster cast. It is good to have him round, even if he mostly has to live in the corner of the sofa.

FIFTH SQUAD AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions were ideal, with a strong north wind and the ground not too dry. Everybody was playing except our three guests. This is Jack Dwight's first appearance on the field in many weeks.

The first game went to the Algonquins on shots, ten to five.

The second game was extremely lively, with heavy losses. The Algonquins fared slightly better in the matter of shots, Dillon killing five Iroquois single-handed, but Patchelder won the game for his side with the only run of the afternoon. The Iroquois lost one man by accidental suicide; that is, Perkins was killed by a hearing someone else's name and misunderstanding

SATURDAY, The third game was almost a tie, but Paine gave
(cont'd.) it to the Algonquins by killing Corning, on his own side.

The Iroquois are now only one up, and the remaining games should be very hot ones.

People are still forgetting that the surname alone will not kill a man who has a brother in the game. "Abbot" and "Foss" are simply blank cartridges, as some players found to their cost this afternoon.

Climbing trees has been ruled out, except for guards.

After supper there was "Digestion Club" and then we went to work. Alas! Our last charade evening for the season!

APPEARING. The first syllable, ane, was enacted by the marvellous performance of the Missing Link, Chick made a fine monkey, and amazed all beholders by his display of intelligence. The second scene showed the trials of a very loving couple, R.R. and Aspinwall, when snied upon by horrid nephews. For the last syllable we had an eager bridegroom, prinking before the wedding, and delayed by the ring sticking on the best man's finger. It was finally sucked off, and we hope he found his lady still waiting for him. The whole word was brief but startling. We were hailed by all the members of the side one after another, appearing from the most unlikely places; the upper windows, the top of the fireplace, and out from under the benches.

METAMORPHOSE. The first syllable, acted with lowered lights, was silent and stealthy. Conspirators came in in pairs, evidently afraid of observation, and were suddenly dispersed by the entrance of a spy. The ride of Tam O' Shanter, and the loss of the grey mare's

SATURDAY, tail (it had last appeared as Robinson Crusoe's (cont'd.) beard) made the second syllable. The third and fourth went together. A gallant band of four defended a pass against heavy odds, and were only overwhelmed by the constant bringing up of reinforcements. ("More foes". Do you get it?) The whole word was the transforming of the sailors of Ulysses into swine by Circe.

ACHILLES. The three syllables, "Ache-ill-ease", were acted in one scene. We saw a hospital, full of people in a very bad way, who were restored to health and ease by a wonderful new cure. The remedy was pumped into the patients with a pump and the megaphone, but they seemed to like it. The whole word was splendid. There was a blue river, with a cliff or island in the middle; and presently Thetis, a tall and queenly figure in flowing white, came in holding her infant son. He behaved very well, not crying even when she turned him upside down and dipped him into what one of the younger brothers called the river Stinks.

SQUADRON. We had been so prompt that we had time for a fourth. The first syllable was a scene from the labours of the logging squad. Then came a fine scouting game, in which J.R., after trying one wild shot, killed the guard, and beat it while his shoes were good for the goal. The cavalry drill which ended the word was a beauty; and so ends the charade season.

Then we made words out of "Insupportable", which is always fun.

Just before supper three guests arrived, who spent the evening; Mrs. Bennet, and Mr. and Mrs. Cushing. Mrs. Bennett hasn't been here since she brought Sam, in 1900.

SUNDAY, It rained hard in the night, to the discomfiture
Aug. 25, of pointers and other nocturnal birds, who had to
T. 67' change their roost in some haste.
B. 28.96
W. S. W. clearing.
Showers.

It looked very hopeful as the morning wore on, but by noon showers began. Then it looked better, and the boat list was posted; and then it rained, and we built boats for a while.

Finally we got really clear weather, and went round to Cook's beach, where we skinned stones, built volcanoes, and had a fight. The cause of this last sport was an attempt of the boys to hold the hull of the old boat against the faculty, whom they had challenged to drive them out. They got driven out, but it took time, and some people got pretty wet.

We had a wonderful fire, and sang round it while the moon rose, and then we came to change our feet and sing hymns.

Captain Jack left us in the afternoon having to get back to work. He gained four pounds while he was here, so we did him some good.

Our stories for the evening were two more of 'Eden Philpotts'.

Don't think we forgot the great Dessert contest. Oh no! Rumors were in the air all day, and we fear that intimidation and bribery were both resorted to by desperate politicians. Peace was kept through dinner with some difficulty, and then Mr. Abbot opened the campaign with a soul-stirring speech in behalf of Rice Pudding. Captain John retorted, and then the roaring was almost continuous. One of the best hits was from Mr. Barton: "Three days ago I ate rice pudding, and look at me now."

SUNDAY
(cont'd.)

We give the result of the voting below. It has
some surprises, but is a good varied list.

Blueberry Pie.....	45
Jam Tails.....	44
Roman Nose.....	37
Bananas.....	36
Apple Pie.....	36
Watermelon.....	39
Rice Pudding.....	32

Vanilla Ice Cream, with Maple Cw.	25

WHAT SOMETMES HAPPENS.

"All quiet and in from the boneyard", they say,
Except where perchance a stray picket,
Forgotten by foes and neglected by friends
Lies prone in an ant-hill or thicket.
For, helpless and flat, as the millet-grain, ground
'Twixt the nether mill-stone and the upper,
He must lie till his nerves snap like over-taut wires,
For nobody 'll miss him till supper.

A.M.R.

MONDAY, Aug. 26, T. 58' so that people could get on with their boats.
Change, 5'

3.19.28 The afternoon was entirely taken up with the canoe
N.E. shifting races. Weather conditions were not ideal, but the
crowd breeze gave the racers more of a test in seamanship
than a flat calm would have done.

SENIOR SINGLES STANDING.

(Out and back)
First Heat.

Abbot (Squannacook)
A. Foss (Hecuba)
Brodrick (Pink)

Abbot had this heat easily. Foss steered too far north, and Brodrick guarded the dangerous rear.

Second Heat.

P. S. Parker (Pink)
Aspinwall (Hecuba)
Hayden (Squannacook)

Parker turned first, Aspinwall going over. Aspinwall picked himself up, and gained well considering his tip-over, but Parker, though a little wild in steering, had first place.

Third Heat.

Chisholm (Squannacook)
H. Davis (Hecuba)
King (Pink)

Davis led going out, but he and Chisholm turned almost at the same moment. On the home stretch Chisholm came up well, and won first place in good style. King was at the rock when Davis crossed the line, but kept up his courage, and finished.

Final Heat.

Chisholm (Squannacook)
Abbot (Hecuba)
Parker (Pink)

MONDAY The Hecuba made the best start, but Chisholm (cont'd.) rounded the turn first, with Abbot a close second. It was close all the way in, but Chisholm kept his boat steadier, and crossed the line first, capsizing immediately afterwards. Abbot was second, and Parker third.

JUNIOR DOUBLES, SITTING.

(Out and back)
First Heat.

Billings, Leland (Hecuba)
Batchelder, Meli (Grayling)
H. B. Davis, Cabot (Pink)
C. Thorndike, Cross (Squannacook)

Billings got off best at the start, Thorndike almost going over. Davis came up well, but Billings rounded the turn first, with Davis second and Batchelder third. Billings kept his lead all through, and finished a good first. It was a close fight for second place. The Pink was a little wild, and the Grayling nosed across ahead of her. The heavy-weight crew was a good way in the rear, and went over half way home.

Second Heat.

Hallowell, G. Foss (Grayling)
Chapin, Corning, (Hecuba)
Allen, Dillon (Squannacook)
L. Riegel, Perkins (Pink)

The Squannacook and the Grayling got away best. The Grayling rounded first, Hecuba second, with the other two practically even. The Hecuba steered a wild course, and had a lively time pulling second place by half a length. The Pink, who came in last, lacked team play.

MONDAY,
(cont'd.)

Final Heat.

Hallowel,, G. Foss (Pink)
Billings, Leland (Hecuba)
Batchelder, Meli (Grayling)
Charin, Corning (Squannacook)

The Hecuba started best, but the Grayling soon shot ahead. The Squannacook steered wild. The Pink rounded in the lead, Hecuba second, and Grayling third. The Pink won by a very pretty sprint, with the Hecuba second and the Grayling third.

DUFFER RANGELEY CREWS.

(Out and back)

T. Riegel, H. Parker, Dorr (cox) (Yammerschooner)
Harris, Kun, Bowden (cox) (Williwaw)
R. A. Thorndike, Bennett, Dunnell (cox) (Identical)
Paine, Lowel,, James (cox) (Pzntasote)

A brisk shower enlivened the starting process, which was pretty complicated anyhow. The coxes were allowed to paddle. The Identical started best, the Yammerschooner keeping a poor course. The Identical rounded first, but the Williwaw kept the best course on the way home. She lacked power, however, and the Yammerschooner won by a good sprint.

SENIOR DOUBLES, STANDING.

(Out and back)

Chisholm, A. Foss (Pink)
Aspinwall, Hayden (Hecuba)
Abbot, Fredrik (Squannacook)
P. S. Parker, H. David (Grayling)

The wind freshened for this race, and the sea was quite lively. Aspinwall fell out before starting, and filled his boat half full of water, which made the lining up even more difficult than it would naturally have been. The Grayling led at first, but spilled and filled. The Squannacook soon went over too, but kept dry enough to be righted. The Pink was hammered by

MONDAY the wrecks in her course, and the Hecuba made a (cont'd.) good deal of leeway. The Pink won, the Hecuba crossing second, with Aspinwall swimming behind. The Squannacook, not to be out of it, recovered herself and finished, but the Grayling gave up and was towed home.

JUNIOR FOURS.
(Twice over course)

Hallowell, Perkins, Corning, Chapin (Adler)
Batchelder, Leland, Cross, H.B. Davis (Rinogenus)
Billings, G. Foss, Allen, Dillon (Caughcongomoock)
L. Riegel, Cabot, M. I., C. Thorndike (Aboljockamegus)

Pretty even on the first lap. The Adler rounded first on the first turn, was well ahead on the second, and never lost her lead. The Rin and the Corker made the second turn almost simultaneously. The Abol was rather behind. The order didn't change, and the Adler won by three lengths of open water. The Rin was second by two lengths, and the Corker a good third.

SENIOR FOURS.
(Twice over course.)

Abbot, Parker, Brodrick, A. Foss (Aboljockamegus)
Chisholm, H. Davis, Hayden, Aspinwall (Caughcongomoock)

The Abol gained a little on the first turn, and led on the second lap. The Corker sprinted for the second turn, and almost got a lead, but not quite. Abol was the first to get away on the home stretch. Abbot stood up before he was half way down the home stretch, and Chisholm followed suit in a moment. The Abol won by six lengths.

MONDAY (cont'd.) So ended a very good series of races. We have seldom had them go off with so little delay, and in such good shape. But Skinner had to shout so much in lining them up that he couldn't possibly take Digestion Club. We continued "Rudder Grange", and through a misunderstanding kept it up till ten minutes of eight.

While we were reading we heard a hornblow, and realized that R.G. Chugg was leaving. We gave him a good cheer, and wished that he could have stayed longer. Still, it was good to have him at all.

Then came "Towel Game" for the half-nast eighters, with a steady accompaniment of yells. We can make a noise when we try.

And then we began "The Man Without a Shadow." Do some of us remember the Dugglebys? We rather think we do.

Professor went in town this afternoon, to be back the first thing in the morning.



King and the birches.

BASE-BALL.

Base-ball is undoubtedly the greatest game of the nation,
 In fact, one of the most intelligent games of exercise ever
 conceived, I should say,
 It fills the heart of the ordinary fan with the highest sort
 of intense and noble expectation,
 And the thought of seeing one of these contests of brains and
 agility keeps him going from the time he gets to his
 office at 9 A.M. through most of the rest of the day.
 It was found, some years ago that, as the admiration for the
 game had reached a ferocious and infectious fervor,
 the people of the country had better be kept at a
 fairly considerable and financially beneficial place,
 And so, as subsequent events give proof, the hibernian element
 of the people gave up the exceptional diversion of study-
 ing the exigencies of the far-famed goddess Minerva,
 And, assembling two leagues of these gregarious ball-tossers,
 got competition moving at a remarkably tremendous sort of pace.
 And so the game is played by the youths of this nation (and a
 lot of other youths of various nationalities) in a manner
 befitting and highly instructive,
 So likewise, at Camp Merryweather (a happy hunting-ground for
 thirty-odd braves of divers cities) they play this great
 game of sport,
 And physically throw themselves into it in a manner energetic
 and highly seductive,
 Thereby deriving from the same a wonderful variety of multi-
 colored scintillating psycho-therapeutic thought.
 There are, among this gracious galaxy, a number of boys who
 labor under a wonderful and horrible delusion
 That, as base-ball is the greatest game of the nation and an
 highly virile form of sport,
 They must needs eat, sleep, drink, devour, gobble, read, write,
 orate, think, snore, chew, masticate, swallow and finally
 digest this once-glorious game with not the least attempt
 at ordinary seclusion,
 Thus thoroughly ruining their stomachs and their appetites
 (to such an extent that they prefer rice-mudding to any
 other food.), instead of doing things in their natural
 and simple chronological order, as they ought.
 These boys, once healthy and deep-thinking persons with quite
 the ordinary amount of wide-awake and reasoning intelligence,
 Have now become the doddering, imbecile sort of dinky dervishes
 that are usually scheduled to frequent the various
 sanitoriums for incurables that at present exist in most
 old place,

For, though they are supervised by a critical and highly efficient faculty who do their level best to quell their the exercise of super-human dilligence,

They still persist in waving their hands around at table, during swim, and sometimes in their sleep so much that each poor, tottering youngster has a shallow and inefficient brain, (if he has any at all), and a nasty, delerious face.

There is nothing that can be done for these pitiful things called humans except to feed them bulletens of base-ball until they quaver,

And send them off to the frightful, heated cities in a car specially constructed to carry them in safety and ease, Where, when they finally arrive at their long-awaited destination (or whatever you choose to call it) they will do us all the favor

Of attending base-ball games for the rest of their natural lives (which will tend to make terse the breathing of these mortal coils) and, in the great hereafter, do anything in the world (or rather, out of it) that they darn please.

T. L.

TUESDAY This report is accurate as far as it goes, but
 Aug. 27,
 T. 60' by the middle of the morning the wind had whipped
 B. 28.86
 S.S.W. round to a roaring northwester, the pond was running
 Clearing
 white-caps, and we felt very glad that the decision
 had been given against an all-day expedition. We once paddled
 across Long Pond against that kind of wind, and it took us
 thirty-five mortal minutes.

Word was given to get all craft ready for the yacht
 race, and the dock-yard was the scene of great activity all
 the morning.

Dinner was an eventful meal. F.M.B. reappeared at table,
 for the first time in nearly a week, and while we were still
 at it, in came the other of our two Augusti, Augustus Thorndike.
 Here he is, to be in all the final doings, and then take his
 two little brothers home with him.

Gus Thorndike.

Afternoon reading was omitted, and by three o'clock all
 was ready for the great boat-race.

Just a note on the correct costume for these occasions.
 For officials along the shore and on the float, rubber-boots
 are de rigueur. In the boats, however, something more careless
 and degagé is preferred. Trousers should be turned up very
 high, even as high as the knee, and socks and shoes are not
 much favored, though they may be carried in the bottom of
 the boat, just to show that you have them.

The wind was strong from the northwest, and getting the
 boats out for the first heats was a lively task. There were
 four starting boats, anchored to windward, and in each a com-

TUESDAY netent starter. The boats were brought out by four (cont'd.) crews, one to each crew, and handed over to the starters. These crews acted as setters-up, and retrievers. There was also a special scout-boat down to leeward, to catch any that got over the line and seemed inclined to get away, and a large and lively rescue committee along the shore.

ANNUAL YACHT RACE.

Preliminary Round.

First Heat.

Dolphin (Dillon)
 Leather Apron (J. A. A.)
 Speedwell (Hutchell)
 Owl (Dorr)

The Dolphin went well for more than four-fifths of the way in, and qualified, though owing to an accidental leak she did not cross the line. No others could stand up long enough to be considered.

Second Heat.

Jink (Dillon)
 Quaker Girl (Dwight)
 Fo-Am (Abbot & A. Foss)
 Frog (L. F. S.)

The Jink outclassed all the others in this heat, but the Quaker Girl, though she capsized once, was a good second. The Frog found the weather too much for her.

Third Heat.

Beat It (P. W. S.)
 Hobble Skirt (C. A. S.)
 Missing Link (Dwight)
 Grizzle Bare (Dorr)

All went over at the start, but the Beat-It, on being righted, went the rest of the way without any

TUESDAY trouble, and made a fine finish. The Hobble Skie',
(cont'd.)
though she too was very fast, could not live in such an
angry sea. The Grizzle Bare had a mast snapped, but would have
been good if she had not been thus damaged.

Fourth Heat.

Slow-Come (E.W.B.)
Red Sox II (Hallowell)
Rustler (A.M.R.)
Fossil (G. Moss)

The wind had now slackened a bit, but the waves were
still high. The Slow-come drew away beautifully, and ran a
fine race. The Red Sox couldn't catch her, but showed herself
a good boat. The others didn't stand up at all.

Fifth Heat.

Ahem (Perkins)
Globe-Trotter (Allen)
Shooting Star (Batchelder)

No one finished in this heat, though the Ahem, with all
sails and one mast gone, was still afloat when last seen.

Sixth Heat.

Jaberwock (Mali)
Andocombogius (C.A.S.)
G.O.P. (L.C.Z.)
Darkey (Paine)

The Jaberwock was an easy winner. The Andocombogius
made a safe second, but went over after crossing the line.
The Darkey was fast but erratic.

Seventh Heat.

Bucket-um. (Billings)
Abrinamus (E.W.B.)
Elephant (C.M.S.)
Pie-pot (Merrill)

Bucket-um started finely, capsized, was righted, and

TUESDAY finished strong. No one else did anything.
(cont'd.)

Eighth Heat.

- Kiviat (Brodrick)
- Snow-blow (Bowden)
- Wood-'en-Cady (Aspinwall)
- Solomon Squash-bug (A.E.H.)

The Kiviat was the only boat that stayed up all the way. The Snow-blow was coaxed across the line for a slow second.

Ninth Heat.

- Gee Whiz (James)
- Tar-baby II (P.S.Parker)
- Russo the Monk II (Charin)
- Tyrice (R.A.Thorndike)

The Gee Whiz was the only one to live through, and was very fast all the way.

Tenth Heat.

- Peanut-Shell (H.Davis)
- Speed-boy (C.Thorndike)
- Funny Spunk'ler (James)
- Bikki-Tikki (Leland)
- Ugly Duckling (Corning)

A very peculiar heat. The Speed-boy came up behind the Peanut-Shell, blanketed her, fouled, and they crossed the line arm in arm, so to speak. No one else amounted to much.

Eleventh Heat.

- Slippery Sal (Cabot)
- Sugar-baby (P.S.Parker)
- Clarice (H.B.Davis)
- Alert (H.Parker)

The Sal crossed the line first, with the Baby a fine second, and by the time they reached the shore, positions were reversed. The others keeled over.

TUESDAY Twelfth Heat.

(cont'd.)

Permit (H. Davis)

Toad (L.T.S.)

Milton-Jeff (James)

Flying Cloud (L. Riegel)

The Permit was the only one to qualify, but went fast, even with no one racing against her. The Toad sailed a steady race for a while, but then collapsed.

(Being now very late, the rest was put over till Wednesday. We shall, however, give the full report consecutively.)

(Excuse the change of colour. It looks rather badly, but the other typewriter was for the time being more convenient.)

Thirteenth Heat.

Sharkey (L. Riegel)

Teddy Bear (T. Riegel)

Good Dope (Lowell)

Slapnicka (King)

Wind west, only moderate, but puffy and rising. The Sharkey was the only one to finish, all the other tipping over early in the game.

Fourteenth Heat.

V.D.B. (E.P.G.)

Cheeselet (Chisholm)

Hipponoceros (Bennett)

Cry Baby (P.S. Parker)

Upper Lipp (P.W.S.)

The Cheeselet sailed consistently and fast. The V.D.B., though she tipped over once or twice, crossed the line first, with the Cheeselet a close second. The Hipponoceros was a calm third, and the other two did not finish.

Fifteenth Heat.

Hairy Mammoth (J.R.)

Giraffe (Chisholm)

Old Fox (Dwight)

Flying Dutchman (Hun)

Wind falling. Practically a tie. The Giraffe went over just

TUESDAY, just before she crossed the line, but had gone well
(cont'd.)
till then. The old Fox finished, though some distance behind the
leaders.

Hemi-demi-semi-finals.

First Heat.

- Beat It
- Quaker Girl
- Dolphin
- Red Sox II

A very exciting affair. The Quaker Girl, closing up behind the Dolphin, blanketed and fouled her, and thereby won second place. The Dolphin was, however, placed in the next round, as it was felt that the Quaker Girl's conduct was neither sportsman-like nor seamanly. The Beat It won first place, by a gallant sprint.

Second Heat.

- Jaberwock
- Slowcome
- Jink
- Andocombogius

The Jaberwock hauled up on the Slowcome and passed her, though she was a very speedy second. The Jink made third, and the Andocombogius, who is not satisfied with anything less than a typhoon, was a conservative fourth.

Third Heat.

- Bucket-Up
- Kiviat
- Gee Whiz
- Snow-Plow

Win rising; white caps. The Bucket-Up showed herself a ripper. The Kiviat was a fair second, though she went on her head after crossing the line. The Gee Whiz was third, but the Snow-Plow was entirely outclassed, and didn't finish.

TUESDAY. Fourth Heat.
(cont'd.)

Peanut-shell
Slippery Sal
Speeb Boy
Sugar Baby

The Peanut-shell led from the start, and the Sal's second place was not a very close one. The other two went over at the start.

Fifth Heat.

Peanut
Sharkey
Mutton Jeff
Giraffe

Wind rising, float getting wet and unsteady. The Peanut was a handsome winner. The Sharkey came in second, and the Giraffe, though she tipped over once or twice, third. The Mutton Jeff was slow but safe.

Sixth Heat.

V.D.B.
Hairy Mammoth
Cheeselet

Wind lighter. The V.D.B. was very fast, but went over half way in, which delayed her. The Mammoth ran a more conservative race, and got second, with the Cheeselet hauling up on her. The V.D.B. was a good first.

Demi-semi-finals.

Dolphin
Beat It
Quaker Girl
Jaberwock

Wind rising again. The Dolphin led all through. The Jaberwock was fast, but her top spar gave way, which put her out of the running. The Quaker Girl started with one mast loose,

TUESDAY which of course disabled her very soon. The good old
(cont'd.)
Beat It lived up to her name, and came in second.

Second Heat.

Peanut-shell
Slow-come
Bucket-up
Kiviat

The Slowcome was very fast, but headed too far north. Still, she made a fine second to the Peanut-shell's first. The Bucket-up did so well, in spite of a poor start, that she was allowed to qualify for the next round, though only winning third place. The Kiviat was rather outclassed.

Third Heat.

Peanut
Sharkey
Hairy Mammoth
V.D.B.

The Peanut won in good style. The Sharkey didn't steer quite so good a course, but made second place, with the Mammoth a close third. The V.D.B. wouldn't stand up at first, and only achieved fourth.

Semi-finals.

First Heat.

Bucket-up
Peanut-shell
Dolphin
Beat It

Wind lighter again. The Bucket-up led from the first, fairly skipping across the waves. The Peanut-shell was a fair second, and the Dolphin third. The Beat It had some difficulty in standing up.

TUESDAY, Second Heat.
(cont'd.)

Peanut
Slow Come
Sharkey

A very good start. The Slow Come led till almost over the line, but at the last minute she capsized, giving the Peanut first place. The Sharkey was a good third.

Final Heat.

Bucket-up
Peanut
Slow Come
Peanut Shell

A stiff breeze, rising all the time the Slow Come was being refitted. It was perhaps the best final heat we have ever had. The Bucket-up left no one in doubt of her power to win the cup. She fairly tore through the water. The judge had his lips at the megaphone to declare the Slow Come second, when the Peanut passed her with an incredible jump. The Slow Come was a rattling good third, and the Peanut-shell a fine fourth.

So ended a superb series of races, and we congratulate Mr. Edmund Billings jr. on the winning of the cup. He surely deserved it.

After supper we had games on the hill for a little while, and then half-past eight "Boston".

The seniors went on with "The Man Without a Shadow".

(Remember, that all those heats which are printed in purple were really run Wednesday morning.)

WEDNESDAY,
 Aug. 30'
 7.58'
 P. 28.13
 W.

This morning Mrs. Richards finished "Two Noble Lives", and read us part of "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day".

The rest of the morning, even till quarter past twelve, was occupied by the boat race, for which see the preceding pages. We had no swim, and at one time it looked as if we might have a late dinner. It was worth everything, though, to have such satisfactory races.

EIGHTH BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

SOX vs. FROX.

FACULTY vs. Kids.

HAYBALES vs. JAMTAILS.

The first game was a close and exciting one. In three of the seven innings no one scored, and though the Frox could not seem to reach the plate, they held their opponents down to a small score.

The Kid-Faculty game was a very poor one, as will be seen by the very uneven score. Errors did a good deal to bring about the result, coupled with the playing of Abbot, who pitched for the Kids. He struck out thirteen men, and fielded two balls that looked almost impossible. Only six innings could be played, as it was getting very late.

The Jantail-Haybale game was close. Seven innings were played, and then the Professor, who had been unwiring, had to leave, in order to occupy the left garden for the Faculty. This left the Jantails masters of the field, 13-12.

After supper there was "Digestion Club", except for those who were rehearsing.

WEDNESDAY, LAST SING-SONG.
(cont'd.)

1. Overture.....T.L., J.R.
2. Violin Solo.....Cabot
3. Fishing Songs.....J.R., A.M.R., R.R.
4. Choruses.....October, Old Towler,
Camptown Races, Capitaine John
5. Duet, "1812".....T.L., A.M.R.
6. Stunt.....L.T.S. & Co.
7. Stunt, "The Lunatic at Large",.....J.R. & Co.

CAMP SONG.

Our overture was as fine as ever. We should say finer than ever, but we doubt if that is possible.

Eliot Cabot has kept his violin rather dark heretofore, but we were glad to hear from him and it.

We had the fishing songs, as on the programme, and then Captain John gave us "The Pale Young Curate". It is very sad, but as the poet truly says, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

The 1812 overture is a wonderful thing, though one needs full orchestra, including church-bells and cannon to do it full justice.

L.T.S.'s stunt was a circus, presented by the members of his camping trip. He acted as ringmaster, and introduced his superb collection of trained animals: Hal Davis as a trained seal, Francis as a trained mouse, Charlie Allen as Jocko the Monk, and Charlie Thorndike as Maud the Donkey. As for Louis, he was the clown, and kept things lively.

Captain John's stunt was the scene from the "Lunatic"

WEDNESDAY, in which the Baron shams sick, and is visited (cont'd.) by the Countess and Lady Alicia. J.R. made a splendid Baron, especially when he rose from his couch and plunged into the tub of goldfish.

P.H.W. imparted to the role of the Lunatic that air of distinction which is so necessary.

A.M.R. was the Countess, and the difficult part of the Lady Alicia was sustained by P.W.S.; a vision in white, with a black picture hat and veil, and the neatest possible silk stockings and patent leather pumps. A more bewitching damsel has never appeared on our stage.

We were to have had one or two more numbers, but by this time it was ten minutes of nine. So we stopped, and those who had been rowing against a strong ^{wind} all the morning (and yesterday afternoon, for the matter of that,), and playing fourteen innings of baseball in the afternoon, were thankful to settle down on the floor and listen to the adventures of our nameless and shadowless friend, as he dodges the terrible Dugglebys.

There was a welcome arrival this afternoon. It is too bad that he missed the races, but we are glad to get him at all.

William Amory Gardner.

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	2		1 P. H. W.	5	K												3	1	2	
7	1		2 J. R. A.	2			(K) 2-3		K								3	0	1	
1	0		3 L. T. S.	8			K										3	0	1	
2	1		4 P. W. S.	6			K		(K) 1-3								3	0	0	
0	0		5 T. L. *	4				(K) 2-3		1-3							3	1	0	
0	3		6 J. R.	1													3	0	2	
1	0		7 C. A. S.	7				(K) 2-3									3	0	0	
5	0		8 L. C. Z.	3		K				1-3							3	0	0	
0	0		9 A. E. H.	7		K			K								2	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
18	7		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	06	1	0	1	0	1	2	0					26	2	6	
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* J. R. A. runs.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				3	4															

[illegible]

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1			1 Foss, G.	6			f1		f1								5	2	2	
1	1		2 Lowell	2			K										5	2	2	
1	4		3 Brodick	3		f6											2	4	1	
8	0		4 Foss, A.	3			K										5	3	2	
0	2		5 Batchelder	4		K		63		1-3	9-3						5	1	3	
0	0		6 Maki	7			f6		P3	f3							5	0	1	
0	0		7 Cabot	8													3	0	0	
0	0		8 Perkins	9	K				P3	1-3							3	2	1	
0	1		9 Leland	8	K				1	K							4	0	0	
			10														4	0	2	
			11																	
11	6		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	1	4	1	5	0	5	1	6	3	9	3				
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											36	12	12	
				5	10	1-base errors.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.

256

THURSDAY, The weather report was properly made, but it was so
Aug. 29
Cold windy that it blew away. But details are not necessary.
N.W.
Roaring The same old weather that we have had for so long.

We had hoped for an all-day trip, but it was quite out of the question.

After dinner there were various rehearsals, and then lively games of Pomfretta and scrub baseball.

At Digestion Club we finished "Rudder Grange", and then came down for one of the funniest stunts we have ever had.

THE MERRYWEATHER MINSTRELS.

When we came into the room we noticed that the piano was turned round, but no one thought anything of that till suddenly it began a wild overture, quite independently. Of course we knew then that Mr. Lynes was in behind it. Someone had seen smoke rising from behind, but didn't suppose that there was anyone there.

Well, the performers came in one by one. C.A.S., very grand in white trousers, frock coat, and silk hat, walked in like an ordinary mortal. PER climbed down from one of the upper windows, Mr. Abbot rode in on a bicycle, Captain John bestrode a broom, Mr. Wellman had an enormous valise, and so on. Mr. Barton's entrance was preceded by a wild cackling of fowls, and a gun-shot, which quite accounted for his being on crutches. When all the rest were seated, Mr. Lynes tried to climb out over the piano, falling back several with a wild crash on the keyboard, till the rest moved the piano out and rescued him.

Well, such a set of objects we have seldom seen. They were

THURSDAY, all blacked, or rather browned, except the Professor, who (cont'd.) sat in the middle and asked questions. We cannot remember all the jokes, but here are a few of the best.

"Why is Dutchy Hun foolish?"

"Because he's a simple-ton."

"When does Doctor Swaim get out of temper?"

"When he's out of patients."

"Professor, why are you like a nigger with a corn-ball on his head? Because you are both bailed up on top."

"Do you know what a cowardly egg is? An egg that hits you and runs."

"When has a man got four hands? When he doubles his fists." At this T.L. began experimenting to see if he could make it four. While he was wiggling his fingers and calculating, someone wanted to know what he was about. "Let him alone" was the answer. Lynes busy".

Then the orchestra, consisting of a drum and a harmonica, struck up, and each performer danced. There was every variety of prance and caper, and we laughed till we nearly died.

Last of all they gave us a song. It began as the song of the individual who rambled, sung by T.L., but then there were various topical verses added, sung by various members of the company. Finally they all went out one by one, leaving T.L. all alone in the middle of the stage. He was all happy till he looked round, and then he bolted. Altogether it was one of the funniest things we have evr had.

THURSDAY Then we went on with "The Man without a Shadow."
(cont'd.)

Here follow the words of the song.

Oh Hunny was a Dutchman,

And he hailed from Albany.

They used his belt to strap his trunk,

His feet he could not see.

They broke him into training

And the quarter he did run;

The cows lined up along the fence

To see the lusty Hun.

Oh didn't he ramble, ramble?

He rambled all around,

He ran off forty pound.

Oh didn't he ramble,--ramble?

He rambled till the Skipper called him down.

Oh Bunny Bowden thought one day

A-studying he would go.

He took ten doughnuts and a book

To pass an hour or so.

He wandered up to Stony Point,

And sat down on a rock.

His prolonged disappearance gave

Miss Brown an awful shock.

Oh didn't he ramble,--ramble?

He rambled all around,

He covered lots of ground;

(Repeat as before.)

Oh General King was very tall,

And very very thin.

He wished to rival Crossy,

So he pushed the fodder in.

His appetite developed till

His friends began to talk,

And now 'tis said by some he eats

As fast as he can walk.

(Chorus as before.)

Bill Wellman he was once as small

As Dunnell or Dormouse

He used to trudge to school across

A field behind the house.

One day he met his namesake Bill

A-munching of a coat.

He tried to take the thing away,

But didn't know the Goat.

Oh didn't he ram Bill, ram Bill?

He rammed him all around,

He lost him in the ground.--

(Repeat as before.)

The yacht race has expired

In a cloud of fog and spray.

The starters all agree that it

Was quite a windy day.

They strained their necks,

They strained their backs,

They strained their tempers too.

Before the wind stopped blowing,—well,

The air was also blue.

On didn't they ramble—,ramble?

They rambled all around,

I think that some were drowned.

They rambled,—rambled,

They rambled till the Skipper called them down.

FRIDAY, The wind had howled during the night, but shortly
 Aug. 29. before breakfast there was a distinct let-up, and we said
 T. 56' B. 29.10 "It has blown itself out at last." And we made plans.
 N.W. Strong.

But it had us fooled. By half-past eight it was as bad
 as ever, and water trips were out of the question. So we changed
 our plans, and had it fooled.

O UANANICHE.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| L.T.S. | P.H.W. |
| A.E.H. | C.A.S. |
| A. Foss | Abbot |
| Hayden | Hun |
| Cross | R.A. Thorndike |
| All the grub | |

The walking list is rather long
 to give. It included all the
 rest of the Camp, except the
 following: H.R., L.E.R., W.A.G.,
 F.M.B., P.W.S., Dwight, Dorr, R.R.

The walkers started pretty soon after halfpast nine,
 and walked. Oh yes, they walked like anything. Over Belgrade
 Hill, turn to the right at the sandy corner, past the grave-
 yard, and down past Hamilton to Fred Stuart's Pond. It is about
 seven and a half miles, and when we got there we were glad
 to sit down and think a bit. And after we had sat and thought
 a good while, along the road came the gallant crew of the
 Ouananiche, with the grub. They were a welcome sight, and so
 was the grub. We had a fire, and got the smaller brothers
 down out of the pine trees, and then we had cocoa, and
 Hamburg steak, and many other good things besides. We didn't
 fancy the pond water, as Mr. Stuart mixes all his sprays, poi-
 sonous and otherwise, along its edge, and there are all sorts
 of dangerous-looking tubs and pots standing in it. So we got
 water from a farm-house, and got along very well.

After dinner we reflected a good while, feeling
 philosophical, and then it was all aboard for Lord Hill, a

FRIDAY fine ridge that we could see to the west.
(cont'd.)

We went mostly by road, but the last part of the way we cut across through a very pretty pasture, and so reached the top. Such a view as we had! Long Pond, Great Pond, Ellis, Messalonskee, and Hamilton, were all in full sight, and all around to the north and west were the hills and mountains. It was wonderful. And when we who had walked looked at the circuit we had made, we felt that we had done something rather grand.

When it was time to start back for supper, some of us felt spry and sporting, so we cut down through fields and pastures, to the road which runs between Hamilton and Pitcher Ponds. It was longer, but it was extremely pretty; and as we were beating it along, we came to a fine water-course, which could be no other than Bog Brook. It was all choked above and below, but just at the bridge it was quite imposing. A few yards farther on someone cried, "There's the herring rockery", and sure enough, there were the big heron nests sticking up. And there is an end forever of the theory that Bog Brook might have something to do with Pitcher Pond. It hasn't, and it can't have.

Supper was a merry meal, and then it was time for the proud pedestrians to start for home. One or two shifts were made with the Ouananiche, and then off we set. A few energetic ones ran all the way, but most of us preferred a more conservative pace. But we all got home safely, and there was a fire, and popcorn, and pillows, and we were very comfortable. And the people who had gone round the long way from Lord Hill found that they had done twenty miles.

And then came "The Man without a Shadow".

SATURDAY,
Aug. 31

T. 56'

B. 29.32

Fair

Shifting.

Well, here was our spell of wind broken at last. But "some of us were out of breath, and all of us were fat", after Friday's walk; and besides, there was the Event of the Season to get ready for. So when it was near dinner-time we packed up, and went across the pond to Hoyts Island. We dined near the dry-dock, doing our best to avoid broken glass, potato peelings, and poison ivy, and then there was a scattering for rehearsals. The woods must have heard some funny things. Then we walked up to the field and played scouting, with thrilling results. There is a trail a little lower than the surrounding country, in which Hal Davis hid himself, doing great execution.

EXPEDITION TO HOYT'S ISLAND.				
ABOL.	CORKER.	EBEN.	RIP.	ADLER.
J.R.	T.L.	L.T.S.	J.R.A.	P.H.W.
H.B. Davis	G. Foss	Chapin	Cabot	Perkins
Leland	Dillon	Harris	Bennett	Mali
A. Thorndike	A.M.R.	E.W.B.	Hallowell	H. Davis
PANTASÔTE.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	
L.C.Z.	A.E.H.	Abbot	A. Foss	
L. Riegel	Allen	Billings	P.S. Parker	
W.A.G.	Paine	Bowden	Dorr	
	James	Dunnell	Lowell	

OUANANICHE.

C.A.S.

Chisholm
Corning
Brodrick
Hun
King

Aspinwall
Hayden
Batchelder
C. Thorndike
Cross

R.R.

R.A. Thorndike

H. Parker

T. Riegel

We got home in good time, and then a wonderful decorating committee wen to work. Boughs and cat-tails had been brought in during the morning, and in very little time over an hour the room was transformed, and the table set for supper. We have never had so much done in so short a time.

After supper there was a scattering to tents, and wild cries rang out through the dormitories. Strange shapes flitted

SATURDAY, along the paths, and Sunshine Alley was frequented
(cont'd.)
by many who seldom enter its precincts. We couldn't quite hit
the time set, 7.45, but it was only a little late when the grand
march began. Here follows the list of characters.

Julius Caesar.	T.L.
Cassius	J.R.
Brutus	A.E.H.
Ferdinando (later Casca)	P.H.W.
Elvira	E.W.B.
The Wicked Uncle	P.S. Parker
First Remorseless Fiend	L.T.S.
Second " "	L.C.Z.
First Babe	Lowell
Second Babe	T. Riegel
Sympathetic Robin	Dunnell
Beauty	A. Thorndike
The Beast	Abbot
The Merchant	W.A.G.
First Sister	A. Foss
Second Sister	Perkins
The Gentle Pieman	R.A. Thorndiek
His Wife	Harris
Pyramus	Aspinwall
Thisbe	King
Wall	C. Thorndike
● Moonshine	Brodrick
Lion	Hayden
Peter Quince	L. Riegel
Bluebeard	J.R.A.
Fatima	R.R.
Sister Anne	A.M.R.
Younger Brother	H.B. Davis
Captain of the Drill	Chapin
A Soldier	Dillon
A Second Soldier	Dorr
A Third Soldier	James
A Fourth Soldier	Eeland
A Fifth Soldier	Paine
A Sixth Soldier	G. Foss
A Seventh Soldier	Bennett
Capt. John Smith	Batchelder
Powhatan	Chisholm
Pocahontas	Mali
First Brave	Cabot
Second Brave	Hallowell
Third Brave	H. Parker
A Sea-captain	C.A.S.
A Gunner	Billings
A Boatswain's Mate	H. Davis
A Cook	Hun
A Man at the Wheel.	Allen

First Chinaman
Second Chinaman
Third Chinaman
An Able Seaman

Cross
Corning
Bowden
F.M.B.

Perhaps all these did not make a fine appearance, as they circled round under the pine boughs. And to add to the festive spirit, there was Per in the corner, almost as gay as if he hadn't been in bed in the Infirmary for two days.

The only absentee was Jack Dwight, who had to take the morning train to-day. His family wanted him, and there didn't seem to be anything to do but let him go.

There more or less dancing, including a splendid Portland Fancy, and the Reel. This was danced in two sets, one following the length of the room, and the other confining itself to the space where the Tincubator lives. There was some confusion, and we doubt if even at the end all the brothers knew just what they were doing, but everybody got through somehow, with a little shoving.

The Drill.

We can't go into very elaborate uniforms, but our squad looked very business-like in khaki and scarlet, and they handled their guns finely. In fact the whole thing went so well that we should have liked more of it. Jack Dwight was to have been in it, but Teddy Riegel took his place.

Ferdinando and Elvira.

Here again there had to be a shift at the last minute, for Per, the original Ferdinando, was in no shape to wander seven weary years. The gallant Broad-Jumper stepped, or rather jumped into the gap, and gave us a first-rate reading of the part. The ball-room scene, when E.W.B. let down all her back hair, and he went scrambling after the hair-pins, was dramatic in the extreme;

SATURDAY, and the tableau which showed us the re-united (cont'd.) lovers was most convincing. Amory Thorndike is so fitted by nature to the part of the Gentle Pieman that he filled it to its full extent, and Puffy Harris, as the little wife, was a model of coziness.

The Escape of John Smith.

There is always something fascinating about the noble red man, and Powhatan and his braves were a splendid set. As for Pocahontas, that fair flower of the wilderness, she was as lovely as a young May morning. Captain Smith was such a gallant figure that no wonder the maiden's heart was touched, and she broke in on the stern decree of "Cuttyhunk" with her earnest appeal of "Memphremagog!" Her prayers at last prevailed, and the gallant Captain was not only spared, but given large amounts of gold-dust, in the original packages.

The Capital Ship.

This familiar and delightful song was fully illustrated, and we saw just how life went on aboard the Walloping Window-blind. The Captain handled vessel and crew with great dexterity. The sedateness of the Boatswain's Mate, and the madness of the Gunner were beyond question; as for the Cook, nothing could have been more Dutch. The Man at the Wheel was on duty when we saw him, but then, the weather seemed comparatively calm. The crew of the junk were not on the scene very long, but they ate their Rub-gub bark with great avidity. It might have been jam-tails, judging from their enthusiasm.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

This began with the prologue, which Lawrence Riegel

delivered with all the delightful mis-punctuation that belongs to it. The Wall was a massive piece of construction, enough to daunt any ordinary lovers. But Pyramus, "sweet youth and tall", was not to be beaten by bricks and mortar, even with Charlie Thorndike inside them. The fair Thisbe was a little timid, but that is only natural for a lady wandering about by moonlight in a country where lions abound. The Moon "shone with a good grace", and departed obediently when ordered to. The Lion, having explained who he was, roared "as any nightingale", and gave Thisbe's mantle a good chewing before he left it. As for the tragic close, with the death of the two hapless lovers, we were almost moved to tears.

The Babes in the Woods.

Beef has grown since the last time he acted the cruel uncle, and looked wickeder than we would have supposed he could. As for the Remorseless Fiends, we shudder at the thought of their grim and sinister countenances, and even the typewriter will hardly control itself enough to describe them properly. The Babes were dears, and looked as if they certainly had tried all the week to be good. No wonder the villains shrank from their cruel purpose, and the Robin was moved to express his sympathy in the form of foliage.

Beauty and the Beast.

The libretto of this new dramatic opera will follow in, due time. All we can give here is a brief sketch. Beauty was indeed a charmer, and we do not wonder that the poor Beast was ready to die at the loss of her. The spiteful sisters were most spiteful, until the finale, when they seemed reconciled to their sister's good fortune. They must have taken after their mamma, for Beauty's grace and "air of noblesse" certainly came straight from the

gallant Merchant. His dancing was a thing to be remembered with joy. The duet between the Beast and the Merchant was terrible in its dramatic intensity; only equalled by the the fervor of Beauty's appeal to the Best to wake up. As for the Prince, revealed by the spell of the lovely maiden's kiss, he was as gallant a prince as we have ever had among us; and that is saying a good deal.

Julius Caesar.

This was not exactly Shakespeare, but so much the worse for him. The conspiracy was full of dark designs; and Casca's description of how he had beaten the mighty Tyrus--excuse me, I mean Caesar--in the broad-jump, deserves to become a classic. Yet when Caesar appeared, tipping his golden fillet to his friends with true imperial courtesy, (one of the younger^{boys} doubts if they really did that in Caesar's time) it seemed for a moment as if they would be overpowered by the sheer majesty of his presence. But his lack of tact in criticizing the slender form of Cassius brought his doom. The atrocious pun of Brutus, "Tyrant, you tire us," was more than even a Dictator could stand, and he expired. But he was avenged, for the other conspirators felt very properly that such a pun deserved death, and laid Brutus on top of his victim. Then with the sudden apparition of "Great Caesar's ghost", the tragedy ended.

Bluebeard.

The very name of this drama causes a shudder. The story is full of ghastly situations, and the first appearance of the cerulean-whiskered tyrant sent a shudder through our very bones. Fatima and Sister Anne might talk about independence and larks,

but the secrets of such a man could only be dark one. It was written in every line of his stern and forbidding features. The scene of the attempted murder would have been too painful to bear if we had not known the story, and felt sure therefore that help would come in time. It was sad to have one of the brothers killed, but he made a gallant fight, and was speedily avenged.

By this time we were ready for lemon sherbet, and when Skipper called "half-past eight" we could not help feeling that the clock was not quite right. We had a huge circle for Taps, and then there was a scattering to bed, while a very sleepy faculty set the table. As for Per, Dr. Swain carried him off bodily and put him to bed.

And so ended the Event of the Season; and a great event it was. We now proceed to give the various librettos; all except "The Babes in the Woods" which may be found in one of the back numbers of the Log.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Scene I.

(Air; Araby's Daughter)

Beauty. My name it is Beauty;
I'm foremost in duty,
In looks and behavior,
In morals and all.
And yet I'm so humble
That no one can grumble,
I'm ready to tumble
To work for them all.
Singing doodle de doodle de doodle de doo.

Sisters. And we are her sisters.
Our tempers it blisters
To think she's considered
More lovely than we;
But still you'll admit, sir,
We look pretty fit, sir,
As far as there's any
Real need for to be.
Singing doodle de doodle de doodle de doo.

Merchant. And I am their father;
I have been thought rather
Ane elegant man in . . .
My time, I confess;
And still there are many
Who think there's not any
Can match me in figger
Or air of noblesse.

I'm going to London,
And I shall be undone,
If I dont' bring home . . .
To each daughter so dear
Some kind of a present
Both handsome and pleasant,
So say, maidens, what
Shall I bring to you here?
Singing doodle de doodle de doodle de doo.

Quartette (Air; Waltz me around again, Willie.)

1st. Sist. Oh Father, please bring me a jewel!

2nd. Sist. Oh Father, please bring me a shawl!

Both. Oh Father, pray do not be cruel,
But bring me the finest of all!

Merchant. But what shall I bring to my Beauty so fair,
Of ribbons or bibbons, or bows for her hair?

Beauty. Oh Pa, I love nothing but duty,
So bring to your Beauty a rose.

Scene II.

Enter Merchant. (Air; Yankee Doodle.)

Merchant. I've bought the ring,
I've bought the shawl;
But oh, my Beauty, pardon!
There grew not any rose at all
In London's grimy garden.

But here I see a lovely flower,
As sweet as Beauty's self, sir;
I'll gather it this very hour,
To please that lovely elf, sir!

He picks rose. Thunder. Enter Beast,

Beast. Oh bow wow wow!
Oh grow wow wow!
How dare you pick my rosebud?
Your wretched life is forfeit now,
I'll have your heart and nose blood!

Duet. Grow wow wow etc.
Oh! oh! oh! etc.

Merchant. Oh spare my life,
Most noble Beast,
I'm really rather thinner
Than would make any kind of feast
For your gigantic dinner!

Duet. Grow wow wow ! etc.
Oh! oh! oh! etc.

Beast. If I should spare
your wretched lif,
And let you 'scape from slaughter,
You'll have to send me for my wife
Your lovely youngest daughter!

Duet. Grow wow wow ! etc.
Oh! oh! oh! etc.

Dance. Exeunt.

Scene III.

Enter Beauty and Beast. (Air; Fair Harvard.)

Beauty. I'm terrified out of my poor little wifs,
And with anguish I'm likely to die;
His ugliness frightens me quite into fits,
Yet whither and how can I fly?
I came here to save
My Pa from his grave,
At the cost of my own little life;
For never, oh never poor Beauty can brave
The horror of being your wife!

Beast. Oh! loveliest Beauty, seraphical maid!
Fair light of my eyes and my heart.
Of your humble adorer pray be not afraid,
Nor yet at my ugliness start.
For hear me but swear,
I never will dar
To touch e'en the tip of your glove,
Until you can say
That your fears are away,
And you really regard me with love.

Beauty. Oh, really at least you're a courteous Beast,
And I prize your politeness. I'm sure;
But I never can think that howe'er you may prink
Your appearance I e'er can endure.

Beast. Then lonely and lorn,
And weary and worn,
Must the days of my pilgrimage be;
For never, oh never, my heart can be torn
Fair Beauty, from loving of thee!

Scene IV.

Beast alone. (Air; Auld Lang Syne.)

Beast. Oh sad the day
She went away,
My Beauty fair and sweet.
Her absence fills me with dismay,
I falter on my feet.
Her Pa was ill,
He took a pill,
The man I do not blame;
But oh that he might wiser be,
And call on Br. Swain.

Oh Beauty whom I love so well,
Come, come the eyese to feast

Of him whose love no tongue can tell,
 Your poor unhappy Beast!
 For you I draw my latest breath,
 For you I heave the sigh;
 And when you see me cold in death,
 Perhaps you'll say-----
 Beauty, rushing in---Oh my!

Tableau: Beauty kneels with clasped hands beside the Beast,
 who is apparently dead.

(Air; Jingle Bells.)
 Beauty. Wake up, dearest Beast;
 Come to life, I pray.
 Give some sign at least
 You're hearing what I say.
 Horrid sisters kept
 Me shut up at home,
 In vain I sighed and wept,
 But now no more I'll roam.

Wake up, Beast!
 Wake up, Beast!
 Come to life, I say.
 Do not leave me in this sad
 Terrifying way.
 Wake up, Beast!
 Wake up, Beast!
 Listen while I prove
 That in all the wide wide world
 'Tis you alone I love!

Transformation; Prince throws off his disguise and clasps
 Beauty in his arms. Tableau!

(Air; Le Capitaine John.)

Prince. Oh I wasn't really a beast at all,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 A horrid enchantment did on me fall.
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 Hip hurray, hurray, hurroo! (Three times)
 For Beauty and her Prince.

Beauty. I'm happy as a girl can be,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 For I love you and you love men,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 Hip hurray, hurray, hurroo! (Three times)
 For Beauty and her Prince.

Merchant and Sisters. We happened to hear this surprising news,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 Our loving consent we will not refuse,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 Hip hurray, hurray, hurroo! (Three times.)

For Beauty and her Prince.

Omnes. So hey for the wedding and all together,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 And we'll ask all the folks at Merryweather,
 Hip hurray, hurroo!
 Hip hurray, hurray, hurroo! (Three times)
 For Beauty and her Prince.
 Dance and curtain.

BLUEBEARD.

Bluebeard. My Fatima, my dearest dear,
 Fair light of Bluebeard's eyes,
 A cruel message summons me
 To far and distant skies.

 Away, away to Araby
 This hour must I ride,
 And I must leave my Fatima,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

 But dry your eyes, my sweetest chuck,
 Nor shed the crystal tear;
 But try to bear a patient heart
 Till I once more am here.

 'Twill be a weary time, I know,
 Your tender heart will grieve,
 And what will little wife do
 When hubby has to leave?

Fatima. Oh gracious lord, the sun away,
 In whose bright rays I bask,
 Your lonely Fatima will ply
 Her humble household task.

 To bake the bread, to spin the thread,
 To weave the garment gay,
 Thus, thus will Fatima employ
 The long and weary day.

Bluebeard. This wifely spirit mild and meek
 My heart doth greatly please,
 And further to encourage it,
 I'll leave with you my keys.

 Go through the house, and sweep and dust,
 Remove the cobweb's gloom;
 Let not a sign of moth or rust
 Be found in any room.

 This key alone you must not touch,
 A private door it opes;

A room where ~~a~~ I keep---ahem!---
My kites and skipping ropes.

If you should open it, your fate
Were worse than tongue can tell.
Beware! take care! take care! beware!
And now once more, farewell.

Exit Bluebeard.

(Fatima gazes after him with clasped hands; then runs
and calls.)

Fatima. Sister Anne! Sister Anne!
Enter Anne.

(Air; King Charles.)

Fatima. The tyrant is gone,
And he's left me his keys;
While he thinks me forlorn
I can do what I please.
Though alas! I'm his wife,
He's a brute and a bore;
Though it cost me my life, (bis)
I will open that door. (bis)

Anne. Oh sister, I fear
'Tis no safe thing to do,
For your husband's so queer
He may cause you to rue.
Yet temptation is strong,
And a lark I adore;
So I say, come along, (bis)
Let's open the door!" (bis)

(They open the door.)

Duet. Oh horror and woe!
What is this that I see?
Three heads all a-row,
And as dead as can be!
Oh, I know them! They're wives
That he's murdered before!
Oh! we've forfeit our lives (bis)
When we opened that door! (bis)

(They scrub the key.)

(Air; A Hot Time, etc.)

Fatima. Rub, rub, rub,
As hard as e'er you can.
Scrub, scrub, scrub,
Oh harder, Sister Anne!
Hark, hark, hark,
Did you hear a footstep fall?
What should we do if old
Bluebear came back?
Oh--dear--me--!

Anne. Rub, rub, rub,
Oh Fatima my dear!
Scrub, scrub, scrub,
A little more just here.
Hark, hark, hark,
Do you hear a footstep fall?
What should we do if old
Bluebeard came back?
Oh--dear--me--!

Both. Rub, rub, rub,
To save our wretched live!
Scrub, scrub, scrub,
Unhappiest of wives!
Hark, hark, hark,
We hear a footstep fall;
What shall we do, for old
Bluebeard's come back!

(Enter Bluebeard)

Bluebeard. My love, I have returned;
And have you baked and churned?
Now, if you please,
I'll take my keys,
And so my thanks you've earned.

Ha! What do I see
Upon this key?
Ber-lood! ber-lood!
Ha! death to thee!
You oped the door!
You saw in gore
The fools who opened it before.
Ber-lood! ber-lood!
Prepare to die!

Fatima. Oh Sister, call for help! oh fly!

(Anne runs to window and looks out. Bluebeard draws his sword and flourishes it.)

Fatima. (Kneeling)

Oh wait, you savagest of bears,
You horridest of brutes, you!
Just give me time to say my prayers,
Then do whatever suits you!

Oh Sister Anne, oh Sister Anne,
Is anybody coming?

Anne. Oh, nothing but a cloud of bees,
That make a pleasant humming.

Bluebeard. Ber-llood! ber-llood!
Prepare to die!

Fatima. Oh Sister Anne! Is no one nigh?

Anne. I see—I see—a cloud of dust!

Bluebeard. Prepare to die! You shall! You must!

Fatima. Oh sister, round me clings my shroud!
What do you see beneath the cloud?

Anne. Oh joy! Two horsemen do I spy!

Bluebeard. Ber-llood! ber-llood!
Prepare to die!
Now, wretched woman,
Breathe thy last.

Fatima. Oh Sister Anne!

Anne. Ride fast! ride fast! (Rushes on Bluebeard)
Stay, ruffian, stay thy murderous hand.
They come, they come, the rescue band!

(Brothers rush in. Fight. Younger brother is slain.)

BLUEBEARD. (To elder brother.)
Come, stripling, come, and meet thy fate!
I'll cut thy throat! I'll crack thy pate!
I'll mince thee up with slish and slash
As fine—as fine as Andrew's hash.

Brother. Ruffian, that fate shall be thine own!
Now draw, now draw thy latest groan.
A thrust in tierce! a lunge in quart!
Aha! aha! this to thy heart!

(Bluebeard falls dead.)

Chorus (Air; There's a hot time, etc.)
Joy! joy! joy!
The tyrant now is dead!
Joy! joy! joy!

Remove his ugly head!
 Never shall
 We tremble now in dread
 Because we think that old
 Bluebeard's come back!
 Hip!hip!hip!
 Now the house
 And all it holds is ours.
 Gold in the cellar,
 Rubies in the towers;
 Dance and sing;
 No thought of danger lowers
 Because we think that old
 Bluebeard's come back!

Dance.

JULIUS CAESAR.

(ENTER BRUTUS and CASSIUS.)

Brutus.. More, slender Cassius, tell me more
 Of our returning conqueror, great Caesar.
 You say he would be emperor; ha, Cassius?
 To wield the spangstick of imperial Rome,
 And lord it o'er his ancient playmates, Cassius?

Cassius Great Caesar, say you? Aye, he's great indeed,
 If but the flashing of a fiery eye
 Or wearing of a rosy Roman nose
 Makes a man great; but has he then
 The kingly presence of a Marcus Brutus,
 The agile grace of a light-stepping Cassius,
 The fiery strength of Casca, the Broad-jumper?
 (Enter Casca.)

Casca. Can Caesar jump? I heard you both, brave Brutus,
 Discussing Caesar's athletic prowess.
 Last week upon the lofty Quirinal
 He questioned me with, "Casca, can you jump?"
 Forthwith I leapt; beneath me flashed the domes
 And battlements and streets of our great city,
 And ivy-crowned beans and cocoanuts
 Of her good citizens; I lighted
 Full on the further shore of Father Tiber,
 But Caesar landed with a Hun-like splash
 In the middle of the river.

Cassius. Great Casca, mighty jumper!
 (Enter Caesar.)

Casca. Here comes the bloke. Behold his eagle beak.

Caesar. Let me have men about me that are fat.
 Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.
 O for a double chin and bulging front!

Take him to Andrew;-feed him well
With juicy jam-tails and with apple pies,
Till he do wallow like a stall-fed ox.

Cassius. Curses on my sylph-like form!

Casca. A boon, a boon, Caesar.

They crowd around him; Caesar makes a disdainful gesture.)

Brutus. Tyrant, you tire us!

Caesar. Et tu, Brute! (Dies.)

Cassius & Casca. Accursed punster! (They kill Brutus. Cassius pokes Caesar, who squeals.)

Cassius. He's dead.

(Poked him again; Caesar squeals louder.)
He's deader! (Placing foot on Caesar's stomach.)

All Caesar is divided into three parts.
(Caesar rises with a yell.)

Casca. Great Caesar's ghost!

(Conspirators beat it for the wings.)

SUNDAY,
Sept. 1.

T. 60°
B. 29.42

N.E.
Rain

p.m.

The early morning, (not so early as it might have been) was so bright that Skipper was afraid he would have trouble in photographing; but by the time service was over it was clouding fast, and many Indians, Romans, and others whose costumes were not suited to Arctic regions were glad to stay indoors till their turn came.

The photographing was a big piece of work, but we shall all be glad it was done when we see the results.

The plan for the afternoon was to have Wolf or Rubber Scouting up near the school-house; in fact the crowd started. But the weather then made up its mind, and down came the rain. Pretty soon the would-be scouts (or wolves) came tumbling back to change into dry clothes, and then we all sat round with books or without, as we preferred, while Mr. Lynes played for over an hour. So it was a lovely afternoon after all.

Supper was served in the big room, all except the two great watermelons. The rain had stopped, and the melon squad retired to the back yard, where it fairly wallowed in melon.

We had time for a progressive story, and then Mrs. Richards sang us "The Merryweather Light," before hymns.

Hymns were beautiful and then we had "The Children of the Zodiac." In spite of wind and weather, it was perhaps the best Sunday we have had this summer.

281

MONDAY, Not a very good outlook for the last day, but we
Sept. 2, had all our regular squads, and pretended that it wasn't
T. 58' the last day.
B. 29.44
Cloudy
Calm

At morning reading, these last few days, we have been having "The Story of the Glittering Plain." There wasn't time to finish it this morning, so we did that at afternoon reading, and then got on as far as we could with the Fortunes of Nigel.

Last Scouting Afternoon.

All players were on deck but Dwight, who had to leave early this year, Simons, who was still on the infirmity list, though out and about, and F.M.B., whose knee is still far enough from well to keep him on crutches.

As it was pretty cool, water play was ruled out, but that has been the case in most of the games this year.

Loss of life was not heavy in the first game, but a guard was killed on each side. The Iroquois won on runs, 2-1.

In the second game the Iroquois won the cup by heavy and accurate firing, killing fourteen men and losing only eight.

The last game didn't really amount to much. The only thing worth reporting is the number of runs made by three Algonquins along the wood path, after practically everybody else on both sides had been killed. All they had to do was to run back and forth, but the fact that Hunny made three runs is a noteworthy one, under any circumstances.

At supper first-rate speeches were made by both captains, the cup was passed round, filled with a new kind of drink, and we drank the health of winners and losers. Then more speeches were made, and Dicky Hallowell called for three cheers for our guests, and we were very merry.

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III

III

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[illegible]

MONDAY (cont'd.) After supper the bonfire was lighted, and made such a blaze that four stray heifers, who had come in through a gap in the north fence, came down and tried to get into the Mammoth Cave. We tried to discourage them, but it didn't work. We may as well tell the whole story here. At frequent intervals all through the night the faculty rose from its beds and pursued those wretched animals. No one knows just how far Dr. Swaim drove them, but he disappeared over the middle fence, in his pajamas, waving a lantern and snapping the heifers with a towel. And just as the fun was at its height, Captain John slipped out and baaed like a sheep, and mixed them all up. They thought he really was a sheep, and one who thought he was a cow got called clam-head by another who prided himself on his superior knowledge of natural history.

But to get back to our bonfire. We had fire-crackers and sparklets, left over from the Fourth, and then we had songs from the quartette. And then we sang "Auld Lang Syne", in the biggest circle that ever was seen.

When we came down there was just time for the giving out of the cups. There was great applause, for every cup represented good hard work, whether at bed-making or broad-jumping. Here is the list.

DORMITORY PRIZES.

July.

1st. H. Davis
2nd. Abbot
3rd. Corning, G. Foss

August.

1st. Chisholm
2nd. Mali
3rd. H. B. Davis, Brodrick.

Honorable mention, Corning, Dillon, H. Davis

M ONDAY,
(cont'd.)

Track and Field Prizes.

Class A., Abbot
Class B., H.B.Davis
Class C., T.Riegel

Canoe Cup.
Chisholm

The tie for third place in August could not very well be arranged for beforehand, so there was only one cup. The other is to be sent for at once .

Then we plunged into "The Man Without a Shadow". Skipper gave us extra time, and by doing some remarkable broad-jumping, worthy of Wellman at his best, we got Alexander Duggleby killed; which is the main consideration. Though why a man who boasted that he was a good shot should aim so badly at himself that he had time for long and highly improbable interviews before he died, is rather a puzzle.

Well, and then came "Taps" and the last big table setting. It is sad to let the summer go, but it has been so wonderful that we could not expect to keep it forever.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES.
August.

	<u>A.B.</u>	<u>H.</u>	<u>Ave.</u>
P.H.W.	16	8	.500
Abbot	18	7	.388
L.T.S.	19	6	.315
H.B.Davis	19	5	.263
T.L.	17	4	.235
P.W.S.	18	4	.222
J.R.A.	19	4	.210
Allen	16	3	.187
J.R.	19	3	.157
Aspinwall	19	3	.157
Hallowell	18	2	.111
P.S.Parker	21	2	.094
L.C.Z.	22	2	.090
Dillon	15	1	.066
Chapin	16	1	.062
H.Davis	19	1	.058
C.A.S. (1 game)	3	0	.000
A.E.H. " "	2	0	.000
Hayden " "	15	0	.000
C.Thorndike (1 game)	10	0	.000
King (1 game)	1	0	.000

Visitors.

A.S.(M) (1 game)	4	2	.5000
J.H.H. " "	4	1	.250
A.Thorndike	7	1	.142
M.M. (1 game)	3	0	.000
A.S.(N.A.) (1 game)	3	0	.000

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES.
August.

	<u>G.</u>	<u>A.B.</u>	<u>H.</u>	<u>Ave.</u>
Abbot	3	11	6	.545
Chapin	3	16	7	.437
H.Davis	2	12	5	.416
Aspinwall	2	10	4	.400
King	1	5	2	.400
Ohisholm	2	11	4	.363
Hayden	3	14	5	.357
A.Foss	3	15	5	.333
Brodrick	3	11	3	.272
Allen	2	8	2	.250
P.S.Parker	2	11	2	.181
Batchelder	2	6	1	.166
G.Foss	3	13	2	.153
C.Thorndike	2	8	1	.125
H.B.Davis	3	11	1	.090
Dillon	3	15	1	.066
Hallowell	2	7	0	.000
L.Riegel	2	8	0	.000
Cross	1	4	0	.000
Leland	3	12	0	.000
Mali	2	9	0	.000

	<u>G.</u>	<u>A.B.</u>	<u>H.</u>	<u>Ave.</u>
Cabot	1	4	0	.000
Lowell	2	6	0	.000
Harris	2	6	0	.000

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES.

Whole Season.

P.W.S.	8	29	8	.275
P.H.W.	9	33	9	.272
Abbot	9	33	9	.272
L.T.S.	8	30	8	.266
J.R.	9	36	8	.222
J.R.A.	9	33	7	.212
T.L.	9	35	7	.200
L.C.Z.	9	40	8	.200
H.B.Davis	9	35	6	.171
G.A.S.	2	6	1	.166
Aspinwall	9	33	5	.157
H.Davis	9	31	4	.129
P.S.Parker	9	36	4	.111
Chapin	8	26	2	.076
Dillon	8	31	1	.032
C.Thorndike	7	26	0	.000
Hayden	3	12	0	.000

Compiled by J.R.A.

Pitching record.

<u>J.R.</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Score</u>	<u>Hits</u>	<u>S.o.</u>	<u>B.b.</u>
	1		9-13	6	8	6
1			5-4	6	6	4
	1		4-9	5	16	6
1			10-9	5	3	8
	1		3-15	8	5	5
1			6-5	9	6	2
1			4-0	2	7	1
	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>		<u>41</u>	<u>51</u>	<u>32</u>
<u>T.L.</u>	1		13-9	6	6	7
		1	4-5	3	9	6
1			9-4	3	10	6
	1		9-10	8	9	7
1			15-3	6	4	4
		1	5-6	8	5	3
		1	0-4	4	7	4
	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>		<u>38</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>37</u>

WEIGHT STATISTICS.

	First Sunday.	Last Sunday.	Gain.
Corning	102 1/2	114 1/2	12
Batchelder	120	129 1/2	9 1/2
Cross	136	145 1/2	9 1/2
King	99	108 1/2	9 1/2
A.Foss	110 1/2	119	8 1/2
Chapin	86	94	8
Dwight	81	8 1/4	7 1/4
Brodrick	100	107	7
H.Davis	117	124	7
G.Foss	83 1/4	89 3/4	6 1/2
Hayden	117 1/2	124	6 1/2
James	75 1/2	82	6 1/2
Lowell	99 1/2	105 3/4	6 1/4
H.B.Davis	93 1/2	99	5 1/2
Bowden	73 1/2	78 1/2	5
P.S.Parker	118	123	5
Abbot	130 1/4	134 3/4	4 1/2
Billings	114	118 1/2	4 1/2
Chisholm	146 3/4	150 1/4	4 1/2
Perkins	108	112 1/2	4 1/2
Bennett	77 3/4	82	4 1/4
Dorr	62 1/4	66 1/2	4 1/4
Mali	85 1/2	89 1/2	4
Paine	74 1/2	78	3 1/2
Dillon	87 1/2	90 1/2	3
L.Riegel	146 3/4	149 1/4	2 1/2
T.Riegel	86	88 1/2	2 1/2
Dunnell	67 1/2	69	1 1/2
Harris	97 3/4	99	1 1/4
R.A.Thorndike	123 1/2	121	-2 1/2
C.Thorndike	145	140 1/2	-4 1/2
Aspinwall	155	149 1/2	-5 1/2
Hun	150	134 1/2	-15 1/2

July Boys

F.Cummings	104	108	4
O.Leland	67 1/2	70 1/2	3
Warner	94	97 1/2	3 1/4
C.Cummings	75	76 1/2	1 1/2
Lawrence	116	113 3/4	-2 1/4

August Boys.

Allen	103 1/4	109	5 3/4
Cabot	103	106 3/4	3 3/4
Hallowell	98 3/4	101 3/4	3
F.Leland	73	75 1/2	2 1/2
H.Parker	106 1/2	106 1/2	0

288

TUESDAY, As no trunks were sent off yesterday, we got up
Sept. 3
Cool, at quarter of six this m rning, so as to give time for
Cloudy putting them in and getting them all down to the station
in time.

The first departure was that of the three Thorndikes, headed for Oakland and the Bar Harbor express. What fun it will be if some day we have all three of them in camp together!

Next went Mr. Gardner, in his automobile, taking with him Mrs. Richards, who is to spend a couple of days in town, Luis, Mr. Lynes, and F.M.B. A very agreeable party, and sad we were to see them go.

And then it was all aboard the hay-riggings, and off. Most of those who were to stay on went over too, and we were very gay with talk of plans and personal remarks. You can generally be fairly gay, if you try hard enough.

The Professor went down on his motor cycle, and by the time we got there he had the checking business nearly done. For a wonder the train was practically on time, and all too soon the car was full, and the trunks were on board, and off they went, with Dicky Hallowell dangling perilously off the steps. Granny Foss and Puffy Harris had no hats, Hunny had on his old sneakers, untied and flapping, and Bunny's coat would have been better for a dose of gasoline; but a better set of campers there never was. Our only consolation is that their parents will be terribly glad to see them.

Well, the following were left in camp at dinner-time: H.R., A.M.R., R.R., E.W.B., J.R.A., P.H.W., C.A.S., and Chickweed. J.R., by the way, went in to Gardiner for the day, and came out in the evening, and with him, to stay for two nights,

TUESDAY, After dinner we had one or two O. Henry stories,
 (cont'd.) and then did a big stint of work. The Mammoth Cave came down,
 and there was much clearing out of dormitories, beating of
 mattresses, and sorting out of left-behinds. We have never had so
 many towels left, and the widowed sneakers are too many to
 count.

In the evening we had a Go-bang tournament, of which we give
 the outline below.

R.R.

H.R., 2-0.

H.R.

P.H.W., 2-0.

P.H.W.

P.H.W., 2-0.

A.M.R.

C.A.S., 2-0.

E.W.B.

Abbot, 2-1.

Abbot

C.A.S., 2-0.

J.R.A.

C.A.S., 2-0

C.A.S.

J.R. and J.W.S. did not arrive in time to take part.
 And then, after singing Taps and setting the little table,
 we went to bed, and thought of many things and many
 people.

Julia Ward Shaw

WEDNESDAY, A wonderful day! Too bad E.W.B. couldn't have
 Sept. 4,
 Clear, stayed and enjoyed it with us, but she had to be off
 Warm,
 Calm. by the morning train.

All the tents in Bachelors' Row came down to-day, and the
 picking up and putting away continues steadily.

We had a good swim, and really found the water not so cold.

In the middle of the morning the Shaws eloped in the
 Hecuba, with food and a frying-pan, and did not come back till
 late in the afternoon.

And in the middle of the afternoon John, Rad, Prescott, and
 Chick got so energetic that they paddled all the way over to
 Hoyt's Island and had a swim.

A peaceful day, and a pleasant one.

THURSDAY,
 Sept. 5,

L. & R. came back about 8.30 a.m. in
 Peli Hulehais motor: pretty nice to have an arrival again!
 But before she came I went the

MT BLUE PARTY.

in Bert Alexander's motor: H.R., J.R., J.R.A., G.E.A., & P.H.W.
 They filled it chock full. in fact Rad had to sit on
 a camp stool, and ^{they} went off waving and laughing,
 and most of them in most horrible clothes.

J.W.S. departed soon after, taking P. Hulehais
 motor back to Gardiner, and C.A.S. started
 on his motor cycle soon after. The ladies gave him
 as good a cheer as they could!

Thursday,
Sept. 5, contin'd.

The three Disconsolate Ladies passed a peaceful day, of sewing, reading and picking up, and were rejoiced by the first of the dear Bread-and-Butter letters, from Arnold Lowell, at Annabessacook. They had dinner, and then they had supper; and then they waited, and then they waited some more, and at HALF PAST NINE those tramps came home, so sleepy they could hardly move, but all carried away with the splendors they had been seeing. Apparently they got very soon into mountainous and heavily wooded country, which only got more splendid with every mile, till there was Blue, and then Abraham and Saddleback, right in front of them.

We gather from their account, though, that when the right hand trail leads up a mountain you do not accomplish very much by taking the left-hand one; and that most if not all motors run better with their gasoline unadmixed with water.

Friday,
Sept. 6.

Day of sadness! After a mighty morning's work at picking up and taking 'Count of Stock, the dear Abbots went away by the early afternoon train, and A.M.R. followed on the later one. Oh you big reunion, as soon as possible, is the Middle Name of all of us. Prescott, thank goodness, is staying till tomorrow, to finish up his Secretaryings.

Govely letters from Hindsy, Per, the Thorndikes,

Sat. Sept. 7th.

Clear.

Warm.

Calm.

Prescott departed at 4.30 a.m., the last of the dear guests. At the same hour J.R. went in search of ducks; but—also at the same hour (or possibly earlier) the ducks all went somewhere else, and he never saw a feather of one.

For the rest, "forgot what, did", but we were all quietly busy, and busily quiet. More letters came; all most welcome, all telling of safe arrival at home, most of them speaking of the next year, and our merry meeting here.

"And thick and fast they came at last,

And more and more and more!"

Never, we think, have the beloved Brothers been so prompt and faithful in writing. ~~Nxx~~ The letters may be "bread and butter" to them, but to us they are meat and ~~drink~~, because we are missing the boys most sadly!

Sunday, Sept. 8th.

Clear.

Warm.

Wind N.W.

J.R. is studying mightily, and between times he still pursues the ducks, which are still somewhere else. We are reading aloud "Peter and Jane", a delightful story. The morning was calm, but after dinner the wind came up, and set the white-caps tossing all over the pond; so we had our picnic in the further Pine Parlor. We made tea over the fire, and were very cosy and cheerful, all but Dukey, who missed his Missy Alice and the Boys too

much,

and went questing about for them, pricking his ears at every sound, and quite refusing to be comforted when he finally had to put up with our four selves.

Monday, Sept. 9th.

Cloudy to clearing.

Warm.

Mighty packings! Duke now realizes that we are on the wing, and is, as usual, seized with panic lest he be left behind. He follows us about, hardly letting us out of his sight. In the afternoon it cleared off and was beautifully clear. H.R. and L.E.R. went in a canoe, even in the faithful Hecuba, round Shute Island, a most delightful paddle; R.R. went fishing, (but the fish had followed the ducks!) and J.B. studied harder than ever.

Tuesday, Sept. 10th.

Cloudy and warm.

Showers in afternoon and evening.

Still mightier packings! two of the big chests filled, and sent off by freight, also the book trunk and two others.

"Peter and Jane" becomes more and more thrilling.

Wednesday, Sept. 11th.

Doubtful.

Warm and damp.

The third chest filled, books sent up to Rat Trap, etc., etc. In the evening arrived

Mrs Wiggins' spouse.

George

Thursday, Sept. 12th.

Clear.

Cool.

Wind north west, light.

"And when we clapped the hatches down,

'Twas time for us to go!"

A glorious morning, just made for the Great Camping ---I should say the Great Canoe Trip! .All are in high spirits; C.W. has found Chickweed's T shirt, all nice and clean, and it doesn't look as if the Cooks would get it this year! The water was fine and cold this morning, and we took the Last Swim with shrieks of mingled joy and sorrow.

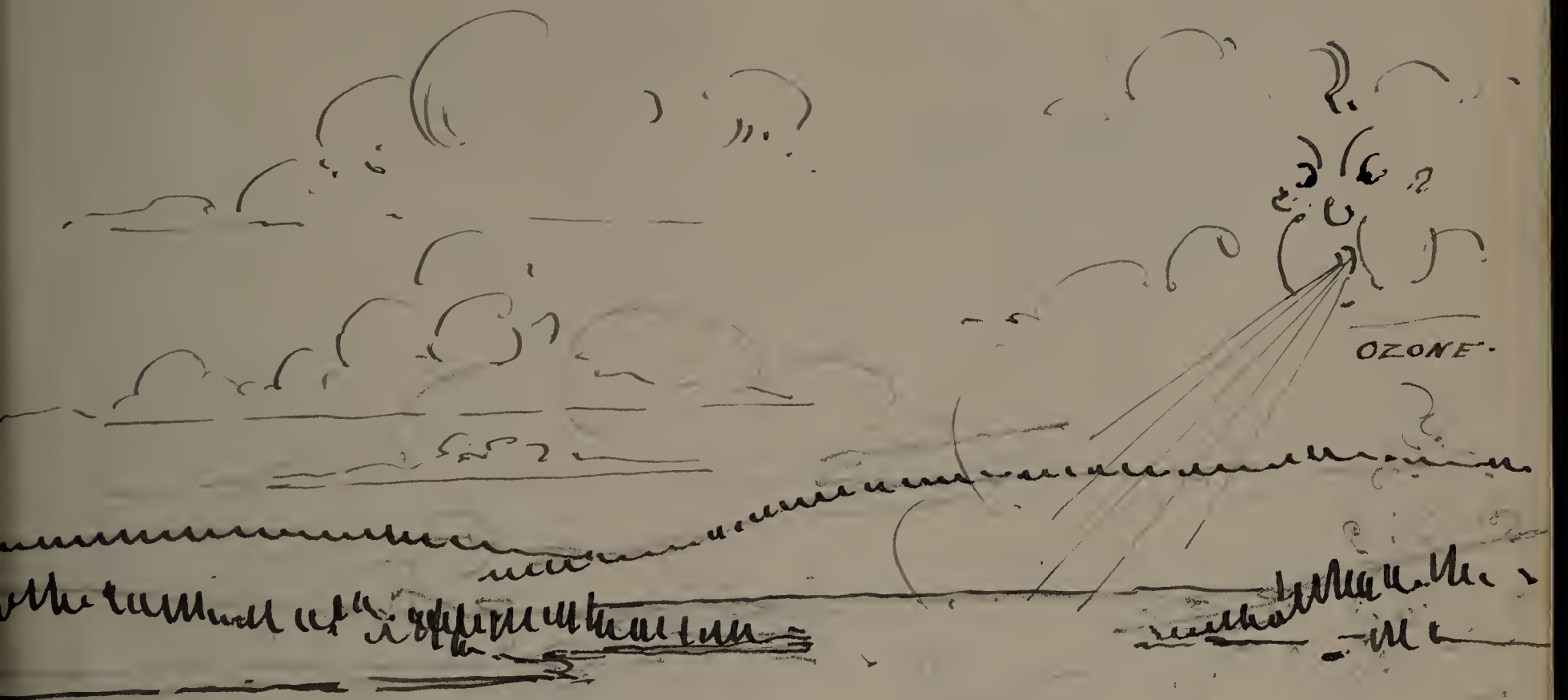
They got off at 8.56, four minutes ahead of time; Skipper, Peter and Gregory Wiggins, in the "Corker". They expect to reach Gardiner at 4.30 p.m. on Saturday.

J.R., R.R., and L.E.R. leave today at 1.30 p.m., per motor, even the motor of Mr Peter Houlehan.

Close the door,
And make the shutters tight;
Quench the fire,
Put out the light!
Silence brood
Till summer blossoms bright,
And bring us back, Merryweather, to thee!

SEPT. 12th 1912.

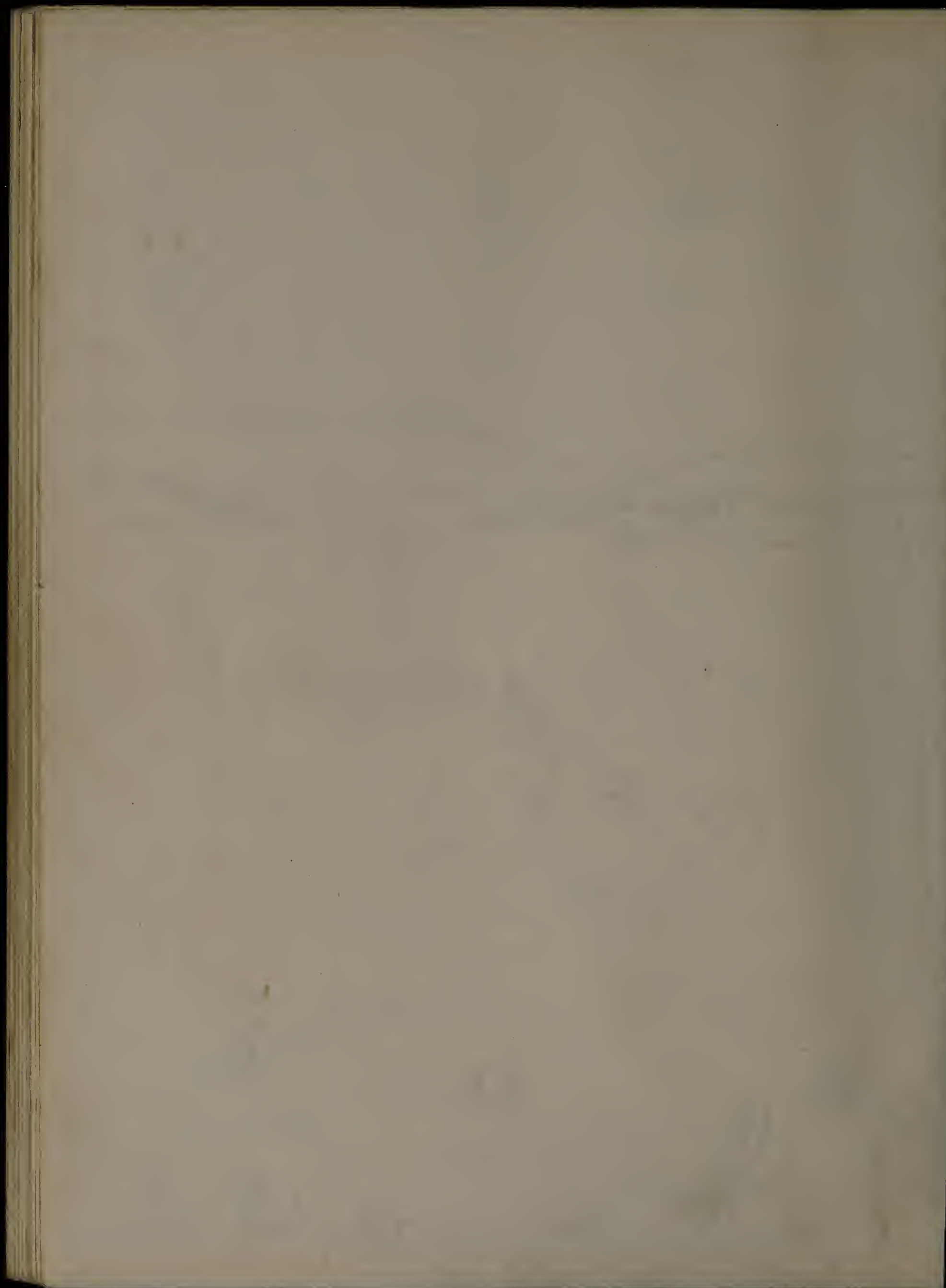
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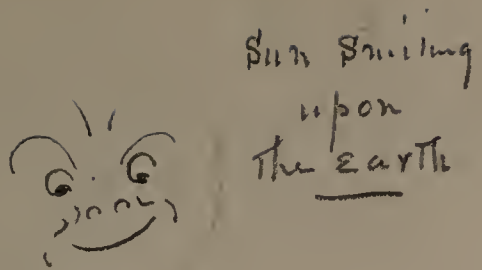


The current of "expedition" is

the "Gardiner or Bust" - in







Sun Smiling
upon
The Earth



Bird on Wing



Sir Skipper

Furious
Ripples

George

Alfred



Fishes afrighted by
Rapid approach of
Party

Alfreda
and
John
waiting for
friends



Flowers and
grasses native to
the State of Maine

3492 3

